March 22, 1961

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

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Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 61 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 408F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 451G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The "Cake of the Month" feature (page 53)—a new series on cake-decorating—stemmed from the tremendous interest in the cake-decorating sections in our February 1 and February 8 issues.

AMONG the many readers who wrote to us about these sections was Mrs. C. E. Frakes, of Northmead, N.S.W.

Mrs. Frakes said she started to ice cakes about 36 years ago.

She said: "I am 68 this month, but not as old as that in heart."

When she wrote, she was preparing to decorate a two-tier wedding cake for her nephew — the seventh she had done for the family of eight boys and one girl.

Three - tiered wedding cake decorated by Mrs. C. E. Frakes.

"And," she said, "they are always anxious to see what Aunt has done this time."

"THE SUNDOWNERS" (pages 20 and 21) and its star, Deborah Kerr, have been nominated for "best film" and "best actress" for the 1960 Academy Awards.

"The Sundowners," based on Jon Cleary's book, was filmed mostly in Australia. The Academy Awards are scheduled for presentation on April 17.

★ ★ ★

BRISBANE reader Mrs. R. R. Foran, whose request for a copy of our 1955 Cook Book we published recently, has been overwhelmed with the response.

She told us: "I would have to engage a secretary to answer all correspondence. Only this morning I sent my husband off with 18 letters to post. Going to my post box a few minutes ago, I found eight parcels.

"Amazingly enough, out of all this mail, no one has sent the Cook Book I want. All presumed it was your 1955 cookery supplement.

"The one I want is a hard-covered book, sold at 17/6."

Mrs. Foran asked us to thank everyone who has tried to help her.

She said: "I would welcome any opportunity to write to all the readers from whom I received mail today, but with a toddler of 13 months snatching at my pen and paper, it's a difficult task.

Our cover

● Magnificently gowned Queen Elizabeth, with the Shah and Queen Farah of Persia, at the State banquet Queen Elizabeth gave at the British Embassy in Teheran. The dresses of both queens glittered with superb jewel embroidery. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

★ ★ ★

THE Duchess of Windsor, in the second of her regular columns, "All Things Considered" (page 12), makes no attempt to describe the furore or frenzy or to take readers backstage during the presentation of a fashion collection.

One of the reasons she gives for this is that "both these subjects have been deliciously and knowingly recorded by others."

Among "the others" she includes Ginette Spanier, Directrice of the House of Balmain, whose book, "It Isn't All Mink," we reviewed last year.

The Duchess wrote: "'It Isn't All Mink' has given a fascinating inside story of the conception and birth of a collection, including its momentary misgivings and final triumphs.

"It's a bustly, brilliant, and brittle account, and anything more from me would certainly be an anti-climax."

NEXT WEEK: "All About Hair"—Four-page section featuring the new Paris artichoke look, with expert advice on hair problems . . . "New Life For Old Houses"—Five-page color feature showing old Australian houses made new, combining the convenience of modern living with the charm of 19th-century architecture.

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WILL HE STAY "WORLD" CHAMPION?

America's top axeman will be tested in Australia

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

● To the people who live in America's tall timber country, the one-time lumberjack Dave Geer is the "world champ chopper." But *he* says he expects to be chopped down to size at the Sydney Royal Easter Show, opening March 24.

● PROUDLY young Richard Geer watches his father demonstrating his skill with the axe on the Geers' Connecticut farm.

"NO doubt I will get a good shellacking," he told me the other day in what was either a modest mood or a psychological ploy to lull his Australian opponents.

Dave Geer is a friendly, curly-haired, 35-year-old ball of muscle from Jewett City, Connecticut. He is proud of his collection of gold-plated trophies declaring him to be "world champion" wood-chopper, but he discounts the title.

Geer is actually United States champion, having won the chop at the Timber Carnival in Albany, Oregon, four times in the past five years, including last year.

The Oregon carnival calls itself the "world championships." But he told me:

"They couldn't know much about the Australian choppers or they wouldn't be so presumptuous. From what I can judge, it looks like this 'world champion' is gonna get taken down a peg in Sydney."

Dave Geer's trip to Sydney is being partly financed by the Sydney Lions Club. He is paying the rest himself because — "I've simply got to see how your boys do it. I might discover their short-cut (no pun intended)."

Fast, accurate

His best time for the underhand chop, his speciality, is 42.2 seconds. He set it in 1957, going through a 14-inch trunk of alder wood.

He has recorded faster times in soft wood — for example, 20 seconds through 12-inch pine. This is roughly the pace at the Sydney Easter Show.

"But I understand the Australians use native gums," he said. "I don't know whether these would be hard or soft woods by our standards here.

"So I won't know until I've taken my first swing in Sydney if I have a chance of winning."

(The Royal Show uses South Coast hardwoods.)

For a woodchopper, Dave Geer is a little man, standing only 5ft. 7in. and weighing 14 stone. But he is so accurate and fast that for the past 10 years he has chopped the big, strong fellows to pieces in every major cutting contest in North America.

Like most champion axemen (including the Victorian policeman Jack O'Toole) he is a weekend chopper, not a full-time lumberjack.

He used to earn a living at it, however, starting from the age of nine, when he helped his father, a contract logger.

But 15 years ago, with lumber work getting scarce, he went into the earth-moving business. Today he is the sole owner of the Geer Construction Company, doing an annual business of £180,000. ("Heaven can wait —we move earth," says the company slogan.)

He lives with his wife and four children in a restored 180-year-old house on the 270-year-old Geer family farm.

An ancestor, who migrated from Ireland in 1631, bought 400 acres from Chief Uncas, one of the "last of the Mohicans," for 25 dollars' worth of trinkets.

This was about the time the island of Manhattan was being bought from the Red Indians for the same price. ("We got the better deal," is Geer's comment.)

Now the 400 acres are down to 200 (in hay), and the big barn is where Dave goes to workout every day on the oak trunks that he keeps turning into splinters.

He has spent half an hour a night for the past two months getting in shape for the Sydney Show. He purposely uses a dull axe, and he welcomed the recent winter freeze-up. The frost hardened the wood.

"Compared to this, when I start cutting into warm, green wood in Sydney, it'll be a breeze," he said.

Geer also puts on exhibitions in nearby towns, averaging about three a month and earning about 100 dollars a time. There is no distinction between professionals and amateurs in the sport in the United States.

Accuracy and speed pay off for him. At three strokes every two seconds, he is faster than anyone he has ever met.

His exhibitions usually also include a display of axe-throwing.

On the night before I visited him he had entertained the customers at a nearby auto show by shredding seven logs, then topping it off by throwing an axe and splitting a cigar in half from a distance of 20 feet in the first shot.

Not a climber

At Sydney he will enter only the underhand chop events. He has nothing but admiration for the tree-fellers who work while balancing on planks 15ft. above the ground, but he has no intention of trying the sport, which is unknown in America.

"A man could fall off and hurt himself," he says.

Geer's youngest child, five-year-old Richard, is about to follow in his father's footholds. So far Richard has been permitted only to swing an axe handle.

He was told that he could have a real axe when he could lift a 125lb. barbell. The boy lifted 115lb. the other day.

Now Richard's daddy is nervously shopping not only for a dull axe but a pair of all-steel shoes, small size.

With his construction business, his workout in the barn, his exhibitions, and his wood-chopping classes for Boy Scouts, Geer is usually busier than a one-armed woodcutter.

The fact is, when we came in the house, half-frozen, from the barn, Mrs. Geer had a warm fire going for us.

"Chopped the firewood myself," she said.

● Dave Geer, with his wife, Barbara, and their four children, in their 180-year-old farmhouse.

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"I just stood there, my mouth open and my mind a blank. 'You don't mean it. You're joking?' 'Of course I mean it,' he said. 'For the third time: I'm engaged to Princess Margaret. You and Susan are the first to know'."

—Carol Coombe, first stepmother of Antony Armstrong-Jones, in "He Called Me Carol"

Twenty-three years with Tony

● Next week we will publish the first instalment of "He Called Me Carol," by the Australian Carol Coombe, who for 23 years was Antony Armstrong-Jones' stepmother.

THE author, with her husband (she is now Mrs. Giuseppe Lopez), is visiting relatives in Australia.

Carol Coombe was formerly an actress. When she and the rising barrister Ronald Armstrong-Jones married in 1936, Tony was a small, blue-eyed six-year-old.

She describes him as a cheerful boy, dreamy, impish, courageous—"such a funny little chap."

A strong bond, which still exists, was formed between them.

Looking back over all those years, this first of two stepmothers now writes:

"He had taken me into his confidence on matters he would never discuss with his father or his mother; we had become more like brother and sister than stepmother and stepson; he called me Carol."

He still does.

Mrs. Lopez writes the intimate and homely story of Antony's growing-up.

Even when he was apprenticed to the Court photographer Baron and was beginning to make his way as a professional photographer, he lived with his father and stepmother in Piccadilly.

● Antony Armstrong - Jones.

In their years together Tony and Carol became such close friends that he and his sister, Susan (now the Viscountess de Vesci), went to tell her of his engagement to Princess Margaret the night before the official announcement was made.

Carol Coombe was born in Sydney, the daughter of an industrialist and theatre magnate, the late Sir Thomas Melrose Coombe. She was brought up in Darling Point.

While still in her teens she left for London to seek fame and fortune on the stage.

Her first role was a small part in "Maedchen in Uniform." Next — she is only 5ft. tall — she played a schoolgirl in "Finished Abroad," with Robert Newton.

About that time she met Ronald Armstrong-Jones, living almost opposite her in London's exclusive Knightsbridge.

After their marriage — at Caxton Hall, not a church, because Mr. Armstrong-Jones had been divorced from Tony's mother, the former Anne Messel—she gave up her stage career.

The family lived in a succession of homes, in and out of London. As well, they made frequent visits to Plas Dinas, in Wales, the ancestral seat of the Armstrong-Jones family.

It was at Plas Dinas that Tony became ill with polio. Carol and his father kept constant vigil over him for four days and nights, fearing he had tubercular meningitis.

Carol's marriage to Mr. Armstrong-Jones was dissolved two years ago. He married an air-hostess, Jennifer Unite; she married Giuseppe Lopez.

Both she and Mr. Lopez were among the 2000 guests invited to Westminster Abbey for Antony's marriage to Princess Margaret last year.

Mrs. Lopez' brother, Mr. Hastings Coombe, lives in Sydney. Her sister is Mrs. A. H. (Jim) White, of "Belltrees," Scone, N.S.W.

A niece, Mrs. David Playfair, who lives at Rose Bay, N.S.W., was one of Tony's first sitters 11 years ago, when she was staying with her aunt and Mr. Armstrong-Jones in London.

In London Carol and her husband live in an elegant little Chelsea flat, and once again she is a career woman.

She is associate producer and director of a film company and the company's one woman director.

● Carol Coombe, one-time actress, and now a film director, photographed with her present husband, Mr. Giuseppe Lopez.

Rumors persist: MARGARET as G-G?

● The Queen's return to London and the arrival of Mr. Menzies for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference started rumors that Princess Margaret might be appointed the next Governor-General of Australia.

BRITISH papers have carried several comments in their gossip columns that Mr. Menzies would consult with the Queen and the Queen Mother before making a formal suggestion to Princess Margaret in person.

If the immediate possibility of a baby makes the idea impracticable, Lord and Lady Brabourne (she is the eldest daughter of Lord Mountbatten) are likely to be discussed as candidates.

Commenting on the rumors of such an offer to Princess Margaret, a close personal friend of the Queen Mother said: "I doubt whether anything definite has actually been arranged yet, but there will never be a more perfect time for such an appointment.

"Unless it would create some immediate problems we don't know about or there is something violently against it, this would solve certain problems nicely."

The "certain problems" presumably concern Antony Armstrong-Jones. The job of husband to the Governor-General of Australia would give him something quite definite to do which is well within the range of his capabilities.

He is a friendly extrovert, an easy person who tends to get on extremely well with people of similar characteristics. He does not mix so well among the more Victorian element still remaining in Royal circles, nor with the formal diplomatic circles.

Nor is he ideally at home

From our London office

among the tweedy weekend crowd.

The Queen, entirely backed by Prince Philip, is adamant that no title for Antony will be forthcoming unless there is very good reason, and this attitude is said to be making Princess Margaret increasingly unhappy.

Her husband's job at the Council of Industrial Design has not proved as satisfactory as was hoped. Princess Margaret feels strongly that his talents are not being put to the best use, and his boss, Paul Reilly, feels even more strongly that he needs to learn more about industry before being given a free hand with the taxpayers' money.

Antony is more an "ideas man" than a regular time-keeping worker, and in his early days at the council he was apt to disturb more senior members of the staff by dashing in and out of their offices with bright but unworkably impractical ideas.

Now he does not go to the office regularly, and there have been rumors that he will give up the job, but officials of the council say that his work is creative and can be done out of the office.

The job as it exists at present should prove no barrier should Princess Margaret be offered an appointment she would like to accept. And such a post as Governor-General of Australia could provide reason, after a lapse of time, for some official recognition of the work to be done by her husband.

The next few weeks in London should see the immediate problem decided.

The feeling among many people in diplomatic circles seems to be that certain difficulties—for instance, Princess Margaret's health, queries as to Australians' acceptance of Antony Armstrong-Jones, the duration of the appointment, and Antony's lack of a title—may stand in the way of such an appointment.

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Dobell pictures for Prince Philip

WILLIAM DOBELL (above) at work on "Beach Carnival," one of two pictures Prince Philip commissioned to hang in the private rooms of Windsor Castle.

"COUNTRY RACE MEETING" (below) was Dobell's other choice for Windsor Castle, though he's been to the races only once. There are few other examples of the Australian artist's work in England.

NOTED Australian artist William Dobell chose two typically Australian subjects for his paintings commissioned by Prince Philip. They are to hang in the modernised and redecorated private rooms of Windsor Castle.

Philip gave the artist an entirely free hand in selecting subject, color, and style for the paintings, which are the result of more than six months' work. Dobell began, and discarded, at least 12 other attempts before he finally decided on "Country Race Meeting" and "Beach Carnival."

Both subjects are something of a departure for one of Australia's foremost painters. Dobell has done only one beach scene before, a small painting that has not been exhibited. The subject of the other picture is one he had not attempted before. In fact, he says he's been to only one country race meeting in his life, and hopes that the Queen, an expert racegoer, doesn't find too many mistakes.

Besides the two new Windsor Castle paintings and some small ones owned by friends, there are few examples of Dobell's work in England.

Sir Colin Anderson owns the famous "Red Lady" portrait. A portrait of Anthony Quayle hangs at Stratford On Avon, and the actor has one of the big Dobell New Guinea paintings in his home. Dobell's portrait of Lady Wakehurst, painted during Lord Wakehurst's term as Governor of New South Wales, is in Ireland.

William Dobell knew Prince Philip well during World War II, when the then Prince Philip of Greece, a junior officer in the Royal Navy, visited Sydney. The Prince and the artist shared a mutual interest in learning photography.

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LIZ TAYLOR

● Since Elizabeth Taylor was ten and playing in her first film, everybody has said, "She's got the lot." Now, 19 years later, she must sometimes wonder how much good her money and looks have done her.

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

OF course, she started off with built-in assets which put her way ahead of the field.

As a child of four she was taken to America just when all her small playmates in England were facing up to bombs and rationing as automatic ingredients of everyday life.

As neither of these ingredients has ever been recommended as an ideal adjunct to the acquisition of serene beauty in later years, it's not unfair to say that Elizabeth Taylor owes quite a bit to the fact that her Daddy could afford to send her to the United States for the duration.

But even as a toddler she was the possessor of a pair of outsize blue eyes which could make any passers-by stop and stare. Stare they did—and comment, too.

Comments of this kind in California are automatic paving-stones to the studio gates, whether you were slinging hash or went to the best schools. The camera is a great leveller.

Of course, it helps a good deal if your parents have enough money to let you learn some extra-curricular accomplishments like horse-riding and elocution. Both these came in handy when Liz stepped into her first paid job in 1942.

She was the wistful animal-loving lass of "Lassie Come Home" whose voice had just enough of her native Hampstead left in it to make the movie moguls sit up and notice she was different.

But it was in "National Velvet," two years later, that Liz attained the stardom with which she has had to live, child and woman, ever since.

Risky 'property'

Since she popped on that snappy velvet jockey cap and rode her horse to victory in technicolor she has never been anything but topline property. While still in her teens she had both the bank balance and the ulcers to prove it.

But at the same preposterous rate that her wealth grew, so, it seems, did her health decline. Now, at only 29, she is recognised as one of the greatest insurance risks in show business.

After years of constant bronchial trouble—which caused her far more hours in bed than any studio has ever admitted—she is now so liable to lung infections that even the vast English insurance company of Lloyd's have fought in the high courts for their right not to take her on as a risk.

In 1956 and 1957 she spent months in hospital with a recurring spinal injury.

For Elizabeth Taylor all crises seem to come to their peak together. At almost the same time as she won the coveted starring role in the film "Cleopatra," at the unprecedented sum of one million dollars, she was struck down by the series of illnesses, which lately almost brought about her death.

Wealth did help

Gasping for life in an oxygen tent with so critical a case of staphylococcus pneumonia that her doctors at first gave her only an hour to live, the "most beautiful woman in the world" needed the greatest medical skill to save her.

But without her thousands of pounds to spare it is unlikely that there would have been seven doctors, including the Queen's own physician, Lord Evans, fighting for her survival.

No jet plane laden with a precious, almost indispensable, drug (staphylococcal bacteriophage lysate) would have been rushed from New York for a £10-a-week extra.

Even the special electronic lung, known as the Barnet ventilator, which maintained her breathing through the most critical hours after her emergency tracheotomy operation, had to be rushed 60 miles from Buckingham to the luxurious London Clinic. Not the most inexpensive procedure for an ordinary patient.

Oxygen cylinders set up in her £300-a-week Dorchester suite, favorite dishes flown specially from New York to tempt the patient — all these and many other fantastically costly treatments have become everyday amenities for one of the most famous patients London has ever known.

Without them, her personal physician, Dr. Carl Heinz Goldman, says she would have had no chance of recovery. Even with them there were three days when he said he feared that she had only a slim chance.

Meanwhile, the great film star lay motionless in the bare, cream-walled room at the London Clinic, unable even to speak to her ever-present adoring husband, Eddie Fisher.

What must her thoughts have been as she watched the macabre paraphernalia of hospital routine going on around her?

She must have wondered, as the long hours ticked by, whether a less prosperous but more normal life might have saved her the horrors she was going through.

She admitted quite recently: "Since I started in films I've had the face of a mature woman, but I've always had the mind of a child. My toughest role is trying to grow up."

She had never before had a chance to think for herself. Long before most mothers drop the job, her studio had taken her over, body and soul. They had educated her, groomed her, dressed her, booked her first dates, even taken over the job of announcing her various marriages and divorces.

More, she had been like a puppet in their possessive hands, never knowing which string would be jerked next.

Her marriage to Conrad Hilton, son of the hotel millionaire, had come and gone in less than a year. It was fabulous publicity material for the studio, but it brought little happiness to the young bride, who later admitted she had no idea what love was all about.

Her next marriage, to Michael Wilding, had something of a father-daughter relationship about it, so for a time it brought a semblance of peace and order into her jazzy, overworked life.

It also brought her two sons, Michael, now eight, and Christopher, six, to whom she is devoted, but with whom she has had practically no home life cosier than a penthouse hotel suite since they were born.

Perhaps it was just this lack which, after five years, drove Wilding from her life to seek a relationship a little less frantic.

At a jet pace

But, with her next husband, the supershowman Michael Todd, Liz's life speeded up to a jet pace.

With full trumpets blaring and arc lights a midnight necessity, the Todds whirled around the world as if time itself was chasing them.

Liz screamed from the rooftops that she was happier than ever before, but she must have found it hard to stop still long enough to find out.

And time caught up with them before they ever had a chance to prove whether this partnership was made of lasting stuff.

Thirteen months after their world-publicised wedding, Michael Todd died in his own private plane and Liz was left with her infant Liza and a suicidal despair that her closest friends could not dispel.

Even her latest marriage, to Eddie Fisher, was accompanied by such bad feeling from those who saw her as a home-wrecker that its initial bliss was overshadowed.

Such concentrated and contradictory emotions which have been packed into her four marriages have taken their toll on Elizabeth Taylor's health.

Of course, they brought her every luxury a woman could ever want.

Not for a decade has she needed to stop and think before spending.

She recently said she did not remember ever having done so. She said it in the same impatient tone in which, years ago, she had said, "I've got ulcers. What do you know about that? I've got ulcers and I'm not yet twenty!"

But nobody took much notice of such a remark — not even Liz. The attitude was: "She can afford ulcers"; and in any case, they were fashionable — a sort of top-bracket medal of success.

Things are different now. As close a shave with death as Liz has had is only proof of one thing: Nothing compensates you for illness, not even being a millionairess several times over.

Alone no more

Liz has learnt the hardest lesson of her life — how to slow up.

Her ordeal has taught her even more than that. For years she has been suffering from a growing fear of unpopularity, of a public censorious of her actions. Suddenly all this has changed.

From the time the first bulletin was issued from the London Clinic, phone calls began pouring in from all over the world at the rate of 60 every 30 minutes.

More than half were anonymous, as were half the literally thousands of cables which came there in the following week. Others were from as unexpected sources as an aircraft factory in northern England, where all the workers had got together to pray for her recovery.

A bunch of G.I.s who had been with Eddie Fisher in Korea during his National Service days cabled from Germany.

Thousands sent flowers, religious tokens, even some quite valuable old icons, as good omens.

Liz need never feel alone again.

As one of the early cables, which was signed only "A Fan," exhorted her, "You're winning, Liz, winning."

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. . . the girl with everything except good health

RADIANT Elizabeth Taylor with her fourth husband, singer Eddie Fisher. Though she has been the subject of much criticism, no one can deny her true star quality. Hollywood says her name alone will ensure box-office success.

CHILD STAR Elizabeth Taylor with Lassie. She was then 13 and had just made a great hit in "National Velvet."

YOUNG BRIDE. Liz and hotel heir Nicky Hilton, her first husband, in 1950. They divorced after 8 months.

GREAT LOVE of Liz' life is said to have been her third husband, Mike Todd. Their daughter, Liza, was born in 1957.

LIZ AND MIKE TODD during their whirlwind trip to Australia in 1957. He died in an air crash 4 months later.

FIRST BABY. Happy 1953 study of Liz, husband Michael Wilding (20 years her senior), and their baby son Michael.

WIDOWED. Liz with Eddie Fisher and his wife, Debbie Reynolds. Debbie and Eddie divorced so he could marry Liz.

WIFE AND MOTHER. Liz and Eddie with her sons Christopher and Michael Wilding after they married in 1959.

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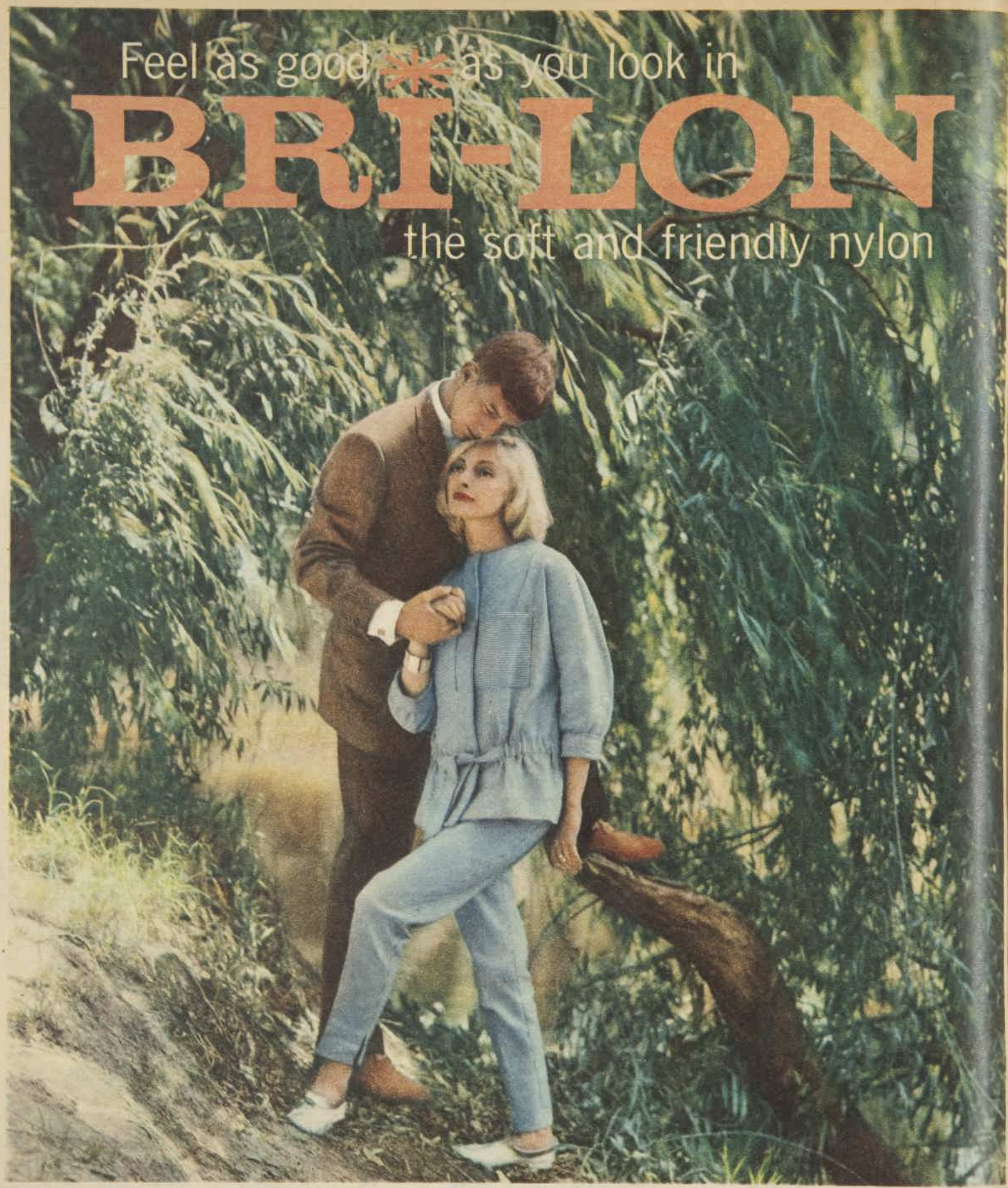

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ALEX HELPED KEEP THE SECRET

FROM OUR LONDON OFFICE

● The Duke of Kent's engagement to Katharine Worsley was a well-kept secret. Only three brother officers in his regiment, the Scots Greys, were in the know.

AMONG the Scots Greys there was a conspiracy of silence. This was aided and abetted by his sister, Princess Alexandra, who saw Katharine almost as often as the Duke did.

He couldn't risk being seen with Katharine alone in a public place. Princess Alex could take this chance, and the love affair was whispered over Chinese dishes in a chic little restaurant, the Fu Tong, overshadowed by the imposing high iron gates that shut off Kensington Palace from the busy thoroughfare.

Here, in private cubicles, Alex would sit with Katharine awaiting Eddie, who would slip in, unnoticed by other diners.

"There were plenty of other girls," said a brother officer, "but he gave the show away to us when he didn't as much as glance at one of them."

Picture of dog

Friends who visited his room when he was ski-ing in Switzerland this year saw a picture of Katharine in a folding photo frame. The fact that the other side of the photograph contained a picture of his dog caused some mirth. It also told the whole story.

The Duke and Katharine had six weeks to wait before they could announce their engagement. The Queen, whose consent had to be asked, gave it before she left for India.

Eddie and Katharine have been in love for four years. She is the daughter of one of the richest baronets in England, and they met when he was a junior officer at Catterick Camp, in Yorkshire, where Sir William Worsley is Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding.

Dutiful son

They wanted to announce their engagement 18 months ago, but the Duchess of Kent asked them to wait until the Duke was home from Germany.

The dutiful son waited the 18 months to please his mother. There was then no obstacle to the marriage.

The Queen gladly gave her consent. She had already met Katharine at a private party given by the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace to entertain the King and Queen of Thailand last year.

Queen Sirikit, who is very close to the Duchess of Kent's family, was in their confidence.

Although Katharine Worsley is heiress to a handsome fortune, she has been a working girl. She taught at a girls' school in Kensington run by Lady Eden. One of her best friends is Lady Eden's daughter Amelia, who married an Italian ferryboat engineer in 1958.

Another close friend is Lady Eden's other daughter, now Anne Negretti, wife of a city businessman who manufactures binoculars. Mrs. Negretti has four daughters, one of whom is expected to be a bridesmaid.

Katharine would have liked to be married from her home in the village church, but since she is marrying a Royal duke the wedding will be in York Minster.

Katharine Mary Lucy Worsley, of Hovingham Hall, Hovingham, has three brothers. Their father, now 70, is the fourth baronet of his line and their mother is a daughter of the late Sir John Fowler Brunner, a second baronet.

The Worsleys' family motto, "Quam pluribus prodesse," means "Do good to as many people as possible."

Two years ago the Royal friendship was clearly no secret. But a marriage between the Duke of Kent, eighth in succession to the Throne, and a commoner nearly three years older than himself had to be considered.

Many of the princesses of Europe were competing for his favors, if not his hand, but the Duke had eyes for only Katharine.

"Although older, Katharine looks years younger and has a most melting expression," said one of her closest friends.

"As the daughter of the Lord Lieutenant, she has carried out many official duties, and I think if Eddie takes up an appointment overseas Katharine is exactly the right girl for him."

"Lovely girl"

The approaching marriage makes it likely that the Duke will some day be appointed Governor-General of Australia.

Toasts to his happiness are being coupled with a wish that the job intended for his father, the late Duke, 22 years ago, will eventually be his son's.

A close friend of the Duchess of Kent said:

"The Governor-Generalship of Australia was always intended for the Duke of Kent. Now he is going to marry a lovely girl, the appointment would be ideal."

The Duke is still a serving officer with the Scots Greys, acting as personal assistant to Sir Francis Festing, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, at the War Office.

But before any immediate Australian appointment can be confirmed the Duke remains in service to the Royal family and his regiment.

He does his first tour of duty overseas when he visits Sierra Leone next month. This will be a "reconnaissance visit" for the Queen, who will visit Sierra Leone at the end of the year.

KATHARINE'S BEST FRIEND, Amelia Borelli, daughter of Sir Timothy and Lady Eden and niece of Sir Anthony Eden, on her wedding day 2½ years ago when she married an Italian ferryboat engineer at Ischia. Katharine once taught at the exclusive London girls' school run by Lady Eden.

THE DUKE OF KENT and Katharine Worsley at a car-racing meeting. At 26 the Duke is very like his father, the late Duke —6ft. 2in., with blue eyes and light brown hair—although he has his mother's temperament. Miss Worsley, described by friends as "shy and gentle," is two years and eight months older but looks younger than her Royal fiance. Her father is one of the richest baronets in England.

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BARBARA HUTTON'S

• She lives in Arabian comfort in the Casbah

THE PATIO, above, is shaded by an enormous fig tree.

MULTI-MILLIONAIRESS Barbara Hutton has many homes, but it is in the Casbah, the crowded Arab quarter of Tangier in Morocco, that she lives in perhaps the lushest lap of luxury.

Here, in a small but elaborate Moslem-type palace, guarded by blank outer walls, the six-times married American who inherited the Woolworth fortune entertains in royal style. These pictures were taken during and after a ball she gave recently.

Miss Hutton first saw the house 15 years ago when she was invited to a dinner party, and promptly bought it. It has a varied history.

An Englishman late last century converted five small Arab houses into a single house. This was sold to an American diplomat. He was an authority on Moroccan art, and he proceeded to transform it into a palace.

He brought dozens of the best Moslem artists and craftsmen to Tangier, and it took them 12 years to complete the beautiful traceries and the painted cedarwood ceilings.

Miss Hutton decided in 1959 to refurnish the home completely, and she employed an expert to scour Morocco for almost a year for traditional furniture and fittings.

The palace has two dining-rooms (one inside and one on a covered terrace) and three salons. The largest, known as the throne room, got its name from the fabulous Durbar hanging, which is studded with pearls, emeralds, and rubies, and was a present from Miss Hutton's first husband, the Russian Georgian Prince Alexis Mdivani.

Each of the three bedrooms has its own sitting-room and bathroom. Nearby is a two-bedroom guesthouse.

The most recent addition is a specially laid dance floor on the roof, which has been converted into a terrace on which hundreds of guests can be entertained.

MISS HUTTON (centre) with guests, some sitting Arab-style on cushions. At right is broadcaster Dan Farson.

AIRY covered terrace off the patio is one of the palace's dining-rooms, used on hot nights.

WESTERN FURNITURE distinguishes Miss Hutton's lavishly colored private sitting-room (at right), which leads off her bedroom.

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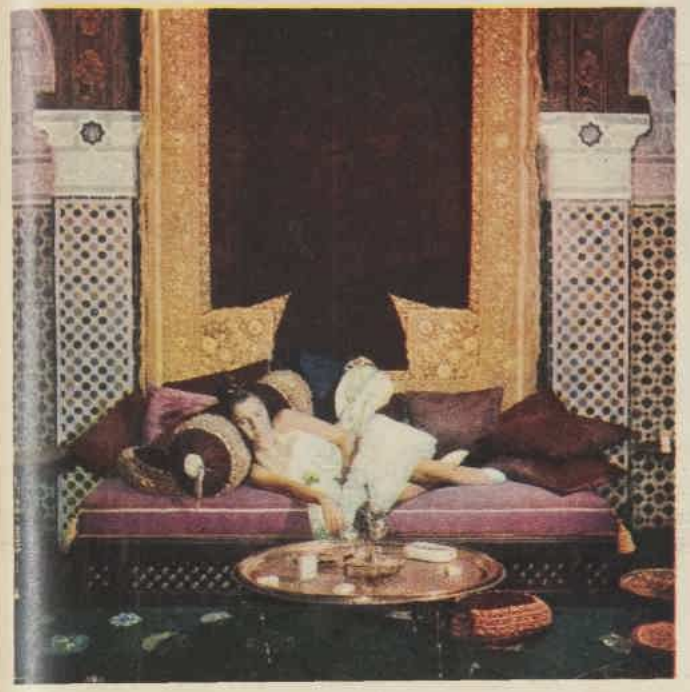
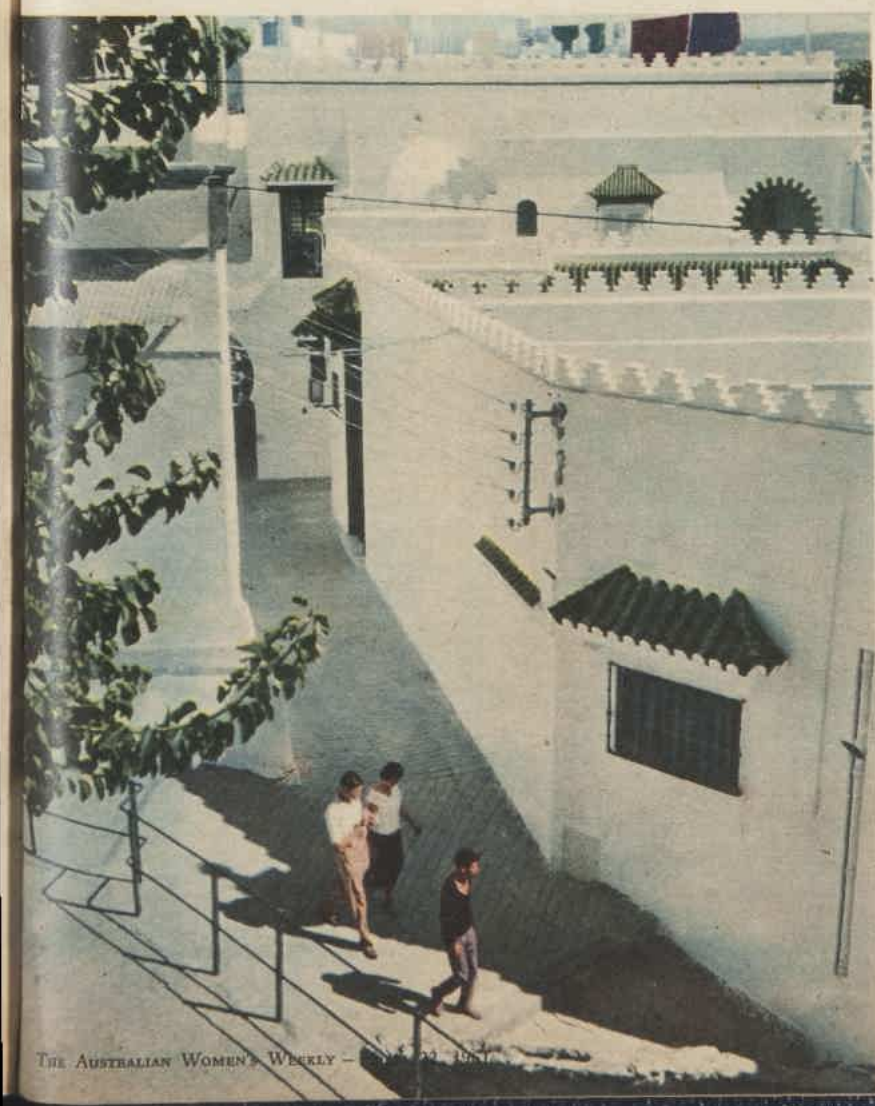
PALACE



ARABIAN-NIGHTS SCENE was caught by the photographer when he found 14-year-old Sylvita de Castelaine, Miss Hutton's goddaughter, asleep in the "throne room" during a ball. Dance floor is on the roof.

ON THE ROOF after the ball, Miss Hutton thanks her Spanish maid. With them is 23-year-old Life Guardsman Lloyd Franklin. The palace commands a wide view of the Casbah and, from another angle, the bay.



OUTSIDE VIEW (left) of a corner of the Hutton home. A house for guests is next door.

BEDROOM of Barbara Hutton has modern furniture and Persian carpet beneath an antique Venetian chandelier.

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By the Duchess of Windsor

PART TWO

Let me take you to a Paris fashion house

● Since I cannot be everywhere at once, I go to only one big opening of the spring collections in the Paris fashion houses, and that one is usually at Dior. So come along with me to the main salon, and I'll then take you around to the fitting rooms—because after the opening the show continues to play.

● "I myself . . . prefer to sit a bit to the back, by the door." The Duchess at the showing late last January of the new Dior collection in Paris.

YOU see, because it takes me quite a while to come to final decisions, I return to the various showings at least three and often four times, and, therefore, I have the advantage of seeing not only the clothes but sharply contrasting audiences.

Although I try to concentrate on my own needs, I'm afraid my eyes and attention wander to the other people present.

The first day, of course, is all Press and buyers, and there is quite a lot of prestige attached to **who sits where.**

I, myself, being non-professional, prefer to sit a bit to the back by the door. This is not as self-effacing as it might seem, however, since this spot offers the only chance of catching a breeze.

You may believe me, if breathlessness is the by-word of the occasion, airlessness is the fact!

Fashions in models

The minute the collection ends there is a tumultuous rush; the Press to their typewriters and cables, the buyers to the appointment books to make the earliest possible date to re-view and win out over their competitors for the prizewinning models.

All this time there is a tenseness in the air, and one can almost feel the strain and effort they are putting into their work. When the curtain rings down on this set and the private customers come in, the mood is immediately relaxed.

Before the war there was a marked difference in the looks of the mannequins. I cannot recall the singleness of appearance that is so much a part of the performance today.

Their hair styling is identical, as is their make-up and their walk.

I must admit that I often find this last rather amusing. One season a designer will decide on the "slither," and the mannequins will insinuate themselves into the salons.

The next time one may find them all marching about with a step that is very much like the "marking time" of a company of soldiers.

At Balenciaga's the mannequins are not striking looking, since he dislikes to have his girls' own physical attributes detracting from the clothes. So here they are expressionless — not blank, just utterly controlled and without interest in the audience.

Even English girls who come over here to work—and there are many of them throughout the country—manage to take on this very unique French manner. After a short while one would never know they had ever seen England, and I consider this quite an accomplishment.

Oddly enough, however, whatever the type, one adjusts to it after the first time out, and after that the face is forgotten and the clothes demand all the attention.

But make no mistake about it, these girls all do a magnificent job of making their costumes desirable. I think that women feel, deep down, that in that particular model they will have all the chic and aplomb of the mannequin.

This is the moment when the mannequin's own dynamism transcends the season's look and her own personality carries the customer to the cash-register.

My own behaviour and attitude at the collections have changed somewhat since the early days. While I continue to go solely to select a wardrobe for myself, I have also become a designer of patterns, and I find I must bend over backwards to avoid copying or being accused of doing so.

It is virtually impossible not to be influenced by the new lines, which, for the most part, resemble each other from one house to another. In fact, I have been inclined to think that all designers are tuned into the same creative channel.

How else could they all decide at the same time that waistlines will be lifted, or lowered, or by-passed altogether?

But copying is something to be deplored, and I fully appreciate the precautions taken by the Chambre Syndicale to prevent its happening without the authorisation of the designer.

The "private eyes"

Note-taking only is allowed, and should anyone be caught sketching surreptitiously, OUT he or she goes!

In the old days Madame Lanvin would perch herself at a high desk in the centre of the room and keep watch on one and all. Today the procedure is more subtle.

While I am not one hundred per cent. certain, I think the girls who call the numbers are today's private eyes.

However, there are many sharp-eyed people who remember detail without benefit of drawing-pad. So as not to be sued, they will frequently put together a dress or suit, or whatever, made from a detail here, another there.

My own eye being photographic, I recognise the bits and pieces, and I always think it is like a well-shaken cocktail, concocted by an amateur bartender with a taste that is far from the delectable result promised by the ingredients.

Favorite vendeuse

Now let us return to the vendeuse.

The vendeuse is the backbone of the haute couture when she is good, but, on the other hand, if she is not good, she is soon looking for work. It is her job to know the customers' tastes and needs, to supervise the fittings, and to make certain that the finished things are right in every way.

She is why so many women will deal with only one house, and if the vendeuse changes employers, the customer will follow her. I know, because I did it myself.

Before the war I went to Mainbocher, who then lived and worked in Paris and who made my wedding gown. When hostilities broke out he, like many other Americans (he comes from Indiana), returned home, and he is now happy and successful in New York.

After peace came and the Duke's tenure of office in the Bahamas was terminated, we came back to Paris. Among all the other problems of daily living was an extra one for me — warm clothing. My tropical wardrobe would hardly do in a city that was without fuel.

But I did not look for clothes. Instead, I sought out Mlle Suzanne, who had taken care of me at Mainbocher's, and found her at Hermes. Today that shop is well known for its wonderful leathers and sporting equipment, but then they were also known for clothes.

About a year later Mlle Suzanne received an offer to join the budding firm of Dior, and whither she goeth I go, and so I went to Dior.

I go to other places as well, but not to as many as when I was younger. I attribute this not to a lack of interest in clothes and their creation, but to a growing tendency in me to be lazy.

So, for the most part, I stick to Dior and Balenciaga, where I have a marvellous vendeuse, Lilly, a White Russian whose father owned a great racing stable and whose brother was an officer in the Tsar's Navy.

She is as volatile as vodka, and just at the moment you need her to do up a back button she has disappeared from the scene.

Occasionally I make a side trip to Gres or Chanel, and last season, in an attempt to knock a few years off my life, I crossed the street to Givenchy, whose young outlook helped accomplish the fact.

Don't think this bit of news didn't reach Lilly's ears within hours! But I finally persuaded her that I hadn't deserted her, and went back dutifully.

In addition to the specialised knowledge these vendeuses must have for their jobs, they must also have the tact of diplomats in handling their charges. Sometimes they often have the technique of some diplomats who must find out what other diplomats have up their sleeves.

The sly intruders

For example, the fitting rooms at Dior have no doors, only curtains. Frequently a head will pop through the slit with an "Oh, pardon!" the pretext being that she thought the room empty.

In truth, what she is doing is peeking to see what's being ordered so she can report to her own clients.

Other than this kind of intrusion, however, privacy is at a peak.

Contrary to some ideas on the subject, a dressmaking house is not a gossip mill. The hairdresser's is the place for that!

When a woman is seriously selecting and being fitted, it is big business aesthetically and financially, and she goes about it in a very businesslike way.

In fact, if I recognise a voice in the adjoining room, I signal the vendeuse and fitter to continue our discussion at a whisper so as not to be interrupted. I dare say the same attitude is pursued on the other side of the partition.

So, while the season of the collections might seem frivolous to some, and fashion a plate of spinach to others, in this town it is the bread and butter of thousands.

One of France's greatest sources of income, it is treated by all concerned with the same dedication and respect given to steel and other gigantic industries.

Nevertheless, from a woman's viewpoint, and mine in particular, it is fun, and I hope I never lose the sense of excitement that each new collection brings.

● *Another article by the Duchess will be published next month.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5796704

Picture by Mrs. B. Strange, Ballarat, Vic.

GREAT GREY KANGAROO (Macropus major). A young animal is pictured. "Old men" of the species sometimes stand six feet tall, can cover 25 feet in a single leap, and travel cross-country at 30 miles an hour. A baby is only about an inch long at birth, but, guided by instinct, makes its own way to its mother's pouch, where limbs and body develop and fur grows. The young "joey" will later learn to hop and feed itself by leaving the pouch for periods, coming back when tired. He is independent at about nine months.

AUSTRALIAN NATURE

Picture by Mr. K. Phillips, Mitcham, S.A.

HAIR SEAL or Australian sea-lion (Neophoca cinerea). An adult male is at right. The hind flippers are used both to walk and swim. Hair seals have coarse coats and live in large rookeries on rocky Victorian and South Australian shorelines or islands. Males are nearly always polygamous, with "harems" of six or seven females. The diet is usually fish, but during the breeding season the hair seals stay ashore and feed on penguins. The barking of these and similar seals probably helped create the well-known bunyip myth.

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HALO leaves hair so FRESH, so CLEAN

ONE LATHER is all you need

No overwashing! Halo cleans thoroughly with just one application — thus preserving the vital natural oils of the hair.

Halo whisks away dulling dirt and dandruff! Suddenly . . . after *one* lather . . . your hair is softer, brighter, fresh and clean.

Shining-clean, easy-to-manage hair! Halo's rich, instant lather cleans so gently — leaves your hair soft, shining clean and so easy-to-manage. Just see how those waves behave after only one shampoo with Halo.

Give your hair
that shining look-again look
with **HALO** shampoo

Small bottle **3/3** Regular **5/6** • Bubbles **1/3**

R074

FATHER

"I'll wait for you in here."

MOTHER

"If I HAVE to . . . let me get really dirty first."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

"BUT, Madam," the New Australian boy at the chain-store counter said in halting English, "the only kettle with a green handle is this."

"I'll take it," I said.

The boy looked worried. "It has no whistle," he explained. "There are plenty with red handles."

"I want a green one," I said, "like this one," pointing to the kettle in my shopping basket. "I burnt a hole in it. I've got a spare whistle at home."

"Wait," said the boy, and muttered to a saleswoman. She looked at me curiously and advised him, "Ask the floorwalker how much off."

Well, yes, I thought, fair enough.

The floorwalker was impatient. "Look in the cupboard outside," he said to the boy. "There are plenty there."

It was lunch-time. Five minutes ticked by. A friend had given me the green-handled kettle. I did not wish to be asked why it had turned into a red one.

Sometimes I forget to put the whistle on a kettle. Sometimes I go back to sleep and the thing blows its top without waking me.

Hours later—sniff, sniff. I wake to the smell of melting aluminium.

The saleswoman said, "Sorry you are being kept waiting. But there are plenty of red ones."

"I don't want anyone to know it isn't the same kettle," I said.

The saleswoman glanced at me as if doubting my sanity.

The boy came back bearing a carton. "No green ones," he reported. "All red."

"I'll take this one," I said.

"But it has no whistle."

"I DON'T CARE," I said desperately. "I've got a flat full of whistles."

The boy turned for help to the saleswoman. "But, madam," she said, "that kettle's no good. It's got no—"

"Look," I said frantically, "I just want that kettle. I don't mind paying the full price. I have plenty of spare whistles, enough to start an orchestra."

"Take two shillings off," said the woman.

The boy reached for brown paper. I dug for my purse.

"It's not much good," said the saleswoman. "It's been on display."

"Just wrap it up," I said.

"You can see it's scratched," pleaded the saleswoman.

"It doesn't matter," I cried, my voice beginning to rise. "I just don't want anyone to know I've burned one. I just want this green kettle."

A customer beside me started to laugh. I looked at her, relieved. There was someone in the world who understood.

And, grabbing my parcel, I fled.

Well, the cat's out of the bag now.

DISCUSSING modern office furniture, a visiting architect, Mr. Jens Risom, told a Sydney audience: "A good executive will join you on your side of the desk or maybe even invite you away to a lounge seat."

I know there's a tendency to conduct business that way, but I think it's rather affected.

Either someone wants to see you, in which case he comes to your desk, or you want to see him, so you go to his desk.

A desk is almost part of the occupant's dress.

I don't see why new and fancy customs should require him to withdraw from its protection and go wandering round the room.

Personally, if I encountered a solicitor or a banker who started to fidget about on both sides of the desk I would distrust his nerves and therefore his judgment.

★ ★ ★

TWO things puzzled me when I read the other day that the Mayor of Atlanta, U.S.A., had to get the White House to identify President Kennedy's signature on a letter.

The main puzzle was that President Kennedy should sign his name illegibly. The second was that any competent secretary would let it go out without a typed name beneath it.

Some people sign so many letters that their hands degenerate into scrawls. But some, sadly, take pride in illegibility. I find it hard to believe this of President Kennedy.

To sign your name so that it is hard to read suggests vanity. It supposes that the world ought to know who you are.

★ ★ ★

I'VE been brooding about that Englishman who makes a hobby of putting steam-train noises on record.

This hobby has grown into a business and there is a small, but steady world-wide sale for his LP records.

Truly, the sound of a steam-train whistle in the night has a charm, but I don't know about an LP of them.

The taste is specialised, like that for another record I saw mentioned recently — a double-sider containing 22 football marches.

★ ★ ★

RACE broadcaster, speaking of a horse which has started favorite several times but which seldom wins: "He doesn't like to go past other horses."

"After you!" he neighs in races.
Such a gentleman this horse is,
Wiping smiles off punters' faces
Week by week on all the courses.
Too well-mannered, that's the rumor,
Time and time again—it's funny.
Sad that one can't see the humor
When he's carrying one's money.

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MORGAGNI and Pathologic Anatomy—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

For centuries medical practitioners attributed illness to such vague causes as disturbance of "the humours" or "upset of atoms." During the eighteenth century, a professor of Anatomy in Padua, Giovanni Battista Morgagni, was largely responsible for universal acceptance of the idea that diseases originate in localized areas of the body. In 1761, he published a book entitled "On the Seats and Causes of Disease," based on almost 50 years of teaching, dissection, and painstaking observation. This detailed work gave impetus to the never-ending quest for knowledge that shaped the pattern of modern medical research.

Observations of many medical scientists, and conclusions drawn from many bits of evidence, are bases for advancement of medical knowledge. The human body reveals its secrets only to those who have patience and understanding to discover them.

At Parke-Davis this painstaking accumulation of medical knowledge never ceases. This continuing research has but one purpose: to help provide better medicines that will mean better health and longer, more useful lives for you and for every member of your family.

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY (INC. U.S.A.—LIMITED LIABILITY) SYDNEY

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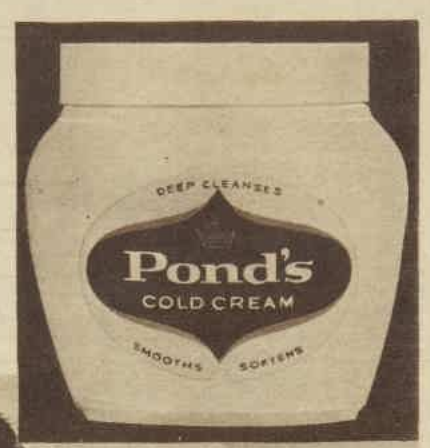
HOW LOVELY YOU LOOK TOMORROW

depends on how well you clean your face TONIGHT

How lovely you look tomorrow will depend on the success of your make-up — and *that* will depend on how thoroughly you cleanse your face tonight.
Soap and water alone will not completely remove superfine, modern make-up. But Pond's Cold Cream will cleanse your face thoroughly.
Tonight, cream-cleanse your old make-up away with Pond's — the fluffy, light cream that penetrates deep down.
Pond's cream cleansing leaves your skin delightfully soft, smooth and clean — ready to display tomorrow's make-up to perfection.

Tubes 2/11, Jars 5/3 8/11



Hat by Bernarde, Melbourne. Complexion by Pond's.

POND'S COLD CREAM

Cleanses, cools your skin—relaxes you

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's. C400

£ They learn

● Men and women — all ages — are going back to school to learn about scrip and par and blue chips and bears and bulls and bonus issues.

£ £ £ £

ONE adult Australian in 20 owns shares. Within the next ten years it will probably be one in eight.

To cope with this ever-growing interest in the money market, city stock exchanges and various educational bodies have joined forces to provide classes that teach the ABC of stocks and shares.

And all over Australia men and women are going back to school again . . .

In New South Wales, evening classes will begin next month in Sydney's big new Stock Exchange building. They were started last year in the suburbs. Recently the University of New England organised weekend classes at Tamworth and Casino.

The Melbourne Stock Exchange holds five series of five-week courses annually, also sends lecturers to secondary schools in the city and country areas.

In Adelaide there are four series of six lectures annually. Courses are organised in Brisbane and Perth.

"More than half the people who attend our classes are women—office and shop girls, nurses, widows, and housewives," said Mr. F. B. Mitchell, operations manager of the Sydney Stock Exchange.

"We started cautiously with five classes in the suburbs," he said. "The following term the demand was such that 15 classes very quickly became filled.

"Just as there is no mystery about the functions of a stockbroker, so there is nothing mysterious or complicated about the Stock Exchange.

"It is simply a clearing house where those with shares to sell and those with money to buy them come together.

"And if you want to know more about the way it works, then the Stock Exchange is open to the public. You can go into the public gallery, from where you can watch the dealings on the floor."

One of the lecturers, John

GLOSSARY

Here is a glossary which may help you to understand the financial pages of your newspapers:

Assets: Everything a company owns.

At Discretion: Instruction given by clients to buy or sell at broker's discretion.

Bears and Bulls: A bear is an investor who acts on the belief that a market is about to decline, thus a bear-market is a declining market. A bull means just the opposite. He is an investor who acts on the belief that the market will rise. So that a bull market is a rising market.

Blue Chip: A first-class share.

Bonus Issue: Free shares issued to existing stockholders.

Capital Gain: Profit from the sale of a capital asset. Investors often buy stock for the sake of expected increase in value rather than for dividend prospects.

Contract Note: Document sent to buyer or seller confirming a transaction.

Growth Stock: Share in an expanding company.

Interim Dividend: A mid-year dividend.

Par: The face value of a share.

Portfolio: Shares in more than one company held by one shareholder.

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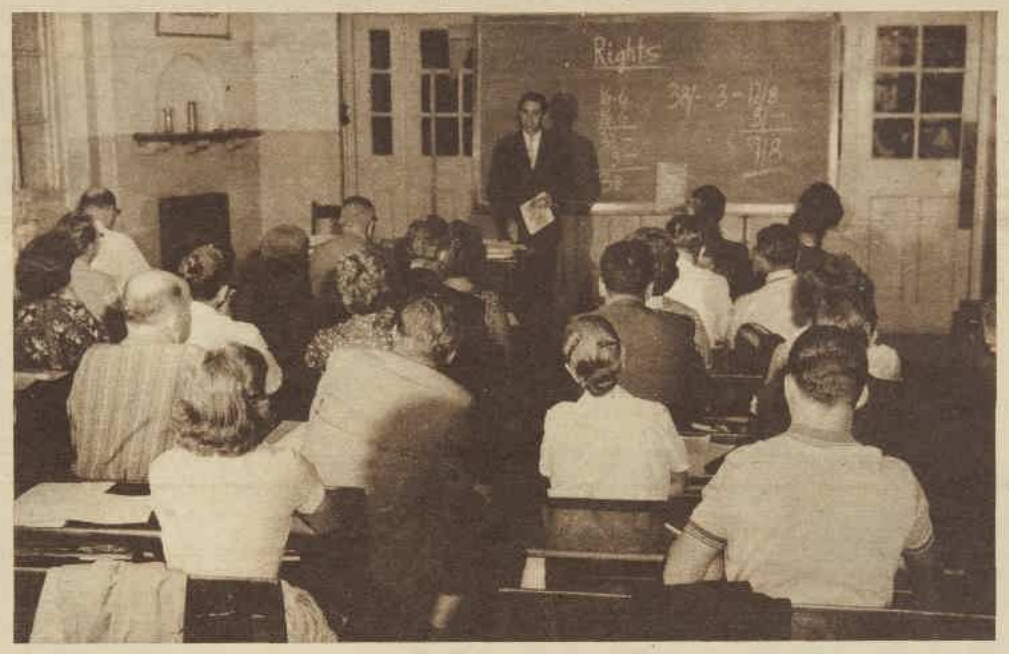
£ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £

how to make MONEY

By WINIFRED MUNDAY
staff reporter.



ADULT evening class in stocks and shares at Bondi, N.S.W. It's one of 20 classes held weekly in Sydney's metropolitan area. Classes are also held in Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.

Valder, who works in a Sydney stockbroker's office, said, "The lectures have been more successful than we ever hoped. Last term 20 classes were started. Now more than 1000 people a week are getting instruction.

"The men who come along give all sorts of high-minded reasons why they are interested in the classes. They are academically interested, they say, in how the Exchange works, feel they should know something about the country's economic state.

£ £ £ £

"The women, though, are more down to earth. 'We want to make money,' they tell us.

"One woman said she was interested in investing in shares because she couldn't make money at the races!"

According to Mr. Valder, playing the stock market is a fascinating game that becomes more exciting as you go along. He started as a small investor, became so interested that he gave up his job as a journalist to join a stockbroker's office.

Fees for the 13-week Sydney courses range from £1 to £1/5/-.

In Melbourne, where 60 per cent. of the "students" are women, the enrolment fee is £2/5/-.

"We teach how the Stock Exchange works," said Mr. Valder, "the functions and services offered by brokers and their rates of commission, what information and advice a broker can give you, the meaning of the different kinds of shares and bonds, the advantages and disadvantages of various types of investments, how to pick good and bad ones, and an elementary working knowledge of company balance sheets."

£ £ £ £

Lecturers don't aim to tell their students what stocks and shares to buy; simply to teach them how to choose, and how to avoid pitfalls.

Anyone with £50 to spare can dabble in stocks and shares.

"Theoretically £25 is enough," Mr. Valder said, "but it doesn't give you much scope."

It should only be money you can spare for a fairly long period, not savings you are putting aside for holidays or Christmas or the paying of some debt.

Many beginners expect almost to double their money overnight. This sort of break very rarely happens, but with the right advice and lots of *commonsense* there is a good chance of making savings grow at a satisfactory rate.

Mr. Valder said: "A survey was made on certain very profitable stocks and shares, and it was found that people who held these particular shares over the past ten years had probably seen a 900 per cent. increase in their investments.

"Many other companies yielded 600 per cent. profits for investors in 10 years. But, of course, other investors haven't been nearly so lucky."

£ £ £ £

Women, say the experts, are particularly well equipped to judge good investments. As the ones who do the household shopping, they know which stores are doing the best business, which brands of washing powder are selling fastest, and which household appliances are the most popular.

£ £ £ £

So they should be able to judge which are the best companies to invest in.

"I always tell our students to consult reliable stockbrokers about their investments," said Mr. Valder.

"There is no mystique about them, and they charge only on transactions. Their information and advice cost nothing.

"Again, investors who don't know too much about buying shares are afraid to touch the high-priced ones because they believe the commission rates charged by the broker may be too steep.

"The Stock Exchange sets the scale of charges to be made, and the higher priced the shares the less you pay by comparison.

"For instance, the commission rate on a share selling at 6/- is 2½d. But the commission on a share selling at 24/- is 5d.—not 10d., as the uninitiated might expect. Shares of 80/- and over are charged at the rate of 1¼ per cent.

"I get women asking my advice on investing in different companies which they have heard are good bets. I always advise them not to listen to rumors.

"There's so much misunderstanding and so many mistakes made by people who are told of 'good things' by unqualified people. At one stage during last year's boom I kept a list of all the investment rumors I heard. There were 40. During the year only four of those rumors proved to be right."

Mr. Valder advises beginners to err on the side of caution until they have experience of investing. Obviously the more risks you take the more the chance of making big money, and women investors get more daring as they go along.

"Women with just a few pounds to invest put it into fixed trusts which pool everyone's money and invest it in many companies. This is usually reliable and safe, and someone else does the work for you, but not nearly so much fun as backing your own hunches," he said.

£ £ £ £

"It is important to read the daily papers thoroughly, not only the financial pages but all the other ones as well, as they give invaluable information about market trends.

"For instance, if you read a story about a new steel process, it's worth finding out who is going to supply the equipment for it. That firm is probably expanding and its shares could mean a good investment for you.

"You read about a new road being built. The suppliers of materials and equipment for that project are probably in for a boom, and your money invested can grow with the company.

"Keep an eye on what's going on around you, and you'll get some good clues.

"Once I went down to Bondi Beach and counted the cigarette packets lying about to discover the most popular brand. I keep an eye on the trends in the most popular cars on the road . . . the successful firms are the ones to invest in.

"I advise students to watch new trends and customs, too.

"For instance, television has been a phenomenal success. But four years ago, when TV started, no one could say for certain whether it would be successful or just a temporary diversion. Some investors were sceptical and wouldn't buy TV shares.

"But those who believed in the future of TV and bought shares have since made a lot of money.

"Another bit of advice I give them is that, at least to begin with, they should not put all their eggs in one basket. Until they are fairly knowledgeable they should spread their investments."

"I advise them, too, not to invest their money and then forget all about it. There are good times for buying, but there are also good times for selling.

"I say to them: 'Treat your stocks and shares as you treat your teeth. Give them daily attention, and pay regular visit to your stockbroker.'"

FOR NEW INVESTORS

Premium: Amount by which a security is quoted or issued above its face value, i.e. a five-shilling share selling at ten shillings is at a hundred per cent. premium.

Rights: Entitlements to new or bonus issues accruing to shareholders in proportion to the number of shares held.

Scrip: Certificate of ownership of shares or securities.

Split: A splitting of shares into smaller face value units, i.e. £25 shares may be split into £1 units to help small investors participate.

Trustee Security: Security that meets requirements of the Acts of parliament relating to use of funds by trustees.

Underwriter: One who arranges an issue of new securities by guaranteeing full subscription.

Yield: Effective return to investor from a particular security, expressed as a percentage on the current market value.

Convertible Note: A fixed security that becomes an ordinary share on a specified date.

Debenture: Represents money borrowed by a company and usually charged on the whole or part of its property. Usually bought and sold in the same manner as shares, and confers status of mortgagees on holders.

Gilt-edged Securities: Securities which are very reliable, usually Government or semi-Government stock. Very safe.

Ordinary Shares: Usually bulk of company's capital, having no special rights over other shares.

Preference Shares: Usually entitles holder to first claim on profits for a fixed dividend yearly, and prior claim over ordinary shareholders for return of capital in the event of company winding up.

Cumulative Preference Shares: Entitle holder to stated yearly dividend, and should company be unable to pay in any one year, the arrears are carried forward and paid before any future ordinary dividend.

Participating Preference Shares: Receive a stated preferential yearly dividend, and also entitle holder to share in any further profits after ordinary shares have received a stated dividend.

Unsecured Note: Form of loan raised by company usually for a fixed period and at fixed interest. "Unsecured" means notes are not secured by any particular mortgage on any particular asset. Unsecured note holders rank ahead of shareholders in event of company winding up.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

THE Administrator of the Commonwealth, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks will be among racegoers at the Canberra Picnics on March 17.

It will be a marathon day — and night — for enthusiasts, and for the president of the club, Mr. Peter Watson, and Mrs. Watson, of "Murryong," Queanbeyan.

They're giving large luncheon and afternoon-tea parties at the course, as well as greeting guests at the dinner-dance at the Hotel Canberra after the races.

Weather permitting, dance floors will be put down in the north- and south-side sunken gardens of the hotel and two bands will keep dancers on their toes until about 3 a.m.

And sandwiched in between racing, dining, and dancing is the matrons' cocktail party — always one of THE parties of the year.

Mrs. Ken Anderson, of "Pine Ridge," Weetangera, who is one of the forty-five hostesses, tells me about 500 guests will be entertained at the party, which will also be at the Hotel Canberra.

★ ★ ★

DEBUTANTES Juliet Osborne, of "Redbank," Harden, Susan Osborne, of "Bundarbo," Coolac, Jill Tait, of "Gunnong Jugrawah," Gobarralong, and Sue Bragg, of "Landgrove," Cootamundra, will be "launched" at a cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Osborne, and Mr. and Mrs. Griff Tait at The Belvedere on March 24. Later that evening, Sue Bragg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Bragg, will entertain a large party at the Peter Pan Ball at Princes in honor of the foursome, who were at school together at Frensham.

★ ★ ★

ON their arrival this week from the United States, crack polo player Bob Skene and fellow members of the American team, Arizona rancher Jim Donaldson and David Moore, and their wives will go straight to "Tabbil Creek," Dungog, to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Ken Mackay, Bob's brother-in-law and sister. The Mackays have gathered up a string of seventeen of the best polo ponies in the State so that Bob and Co. can warm up for the Daily Telegraph Cup at the Royal Show and the California versus New South Wales matches at Warwick Farm with lots of hard riding at "Tabbil Creek." Mrs. Skene, who is coming with Bob from Los Angeles, will make her headquarters with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wheatley, at Cobbitty.

★ ★ ★

LINDSAY MOXHAM, of "Murrawombie," Girilambone, is skimming across the United States to fly home in time for the Broad Brimmers' Ball on March 28. Penelope Breakell says a working-bee of country visitors in town for the Royal Show will turn the Trocadero into a "claypan" for the ball, which will aid the Far West Children's Health Scheme and the Flying Doctor Service.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the seed-pearl-studded ballpoint pen which the Chief Justice of Tonga, Mr. Justice Hunter, and Mrs. Hunter are taking as a gift for Queen Salote when they return to Tonga this week in the Mariposa after a four months' home visit to Sydney.

★ ★ ★

A COVETED lucky-number prize at the morning-tea party Mrs. Percy Warren is hostessing round the swimming-pool of her home at Lindfield on March 17 for the North Shore Committee of the National Heart Campaign will be an old-fashioned flatiron. But it's hardly recognisable as such after being given a facelift by artistic Mrs. Frank Cobb. She works wonders transforming old irons into decorative door-stoppers, with white lacquer and pretty trimmings.

CHAIRMAN of the Women's Committee of the National Heart Campaign, Mrs. Charles Walton (on the right), with the winner of our Wool Wardrobe Contest, Mrs. N. A. Lucas, of Bathurst, and her husband, Dr. Lucas, at the Parade of Wool Fashion Gala Awards of 1961 at the Trocadero, to aid the National Heart Campaign. Mrs. Walton wore a pure silk dinner frock in peacock tonings, and Mrs. Lucas chose a midnight-blue brocaded satin dress.

CHEERY TRIO. Harry Coleman investing in lucky tickets from Margaret Cooper (on the left) and Virginia Rouse, of "Birkalla," Gulgong, at the Parade of Wool Fashion Gala Awards for 1961 at the Trocadero. The parade was presented by the Australian Wool Bureau to aid the National Heart Campaign.

JUST WED. Peter Glasson, of "Wyandra," Delungra, and his bride, formerly Joy Charters, daughter of Mrs. H. J. Charters, of "Hilltop," Barraba, and the late Mr. Charters, leaving St. Augustine's Church, Inverell. Joy was attended by Diana Brindley (on the left) and Gai King, of Bingara.

FIRSTNIGHTERS. Dr. and Mrs. Jeffery Tripp, of Liverpool (couple on the left), with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hardacre at the opening performance of "Out On A Limb" at the new Phillip Street Theatre. Proceeds of gala night aided the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society.

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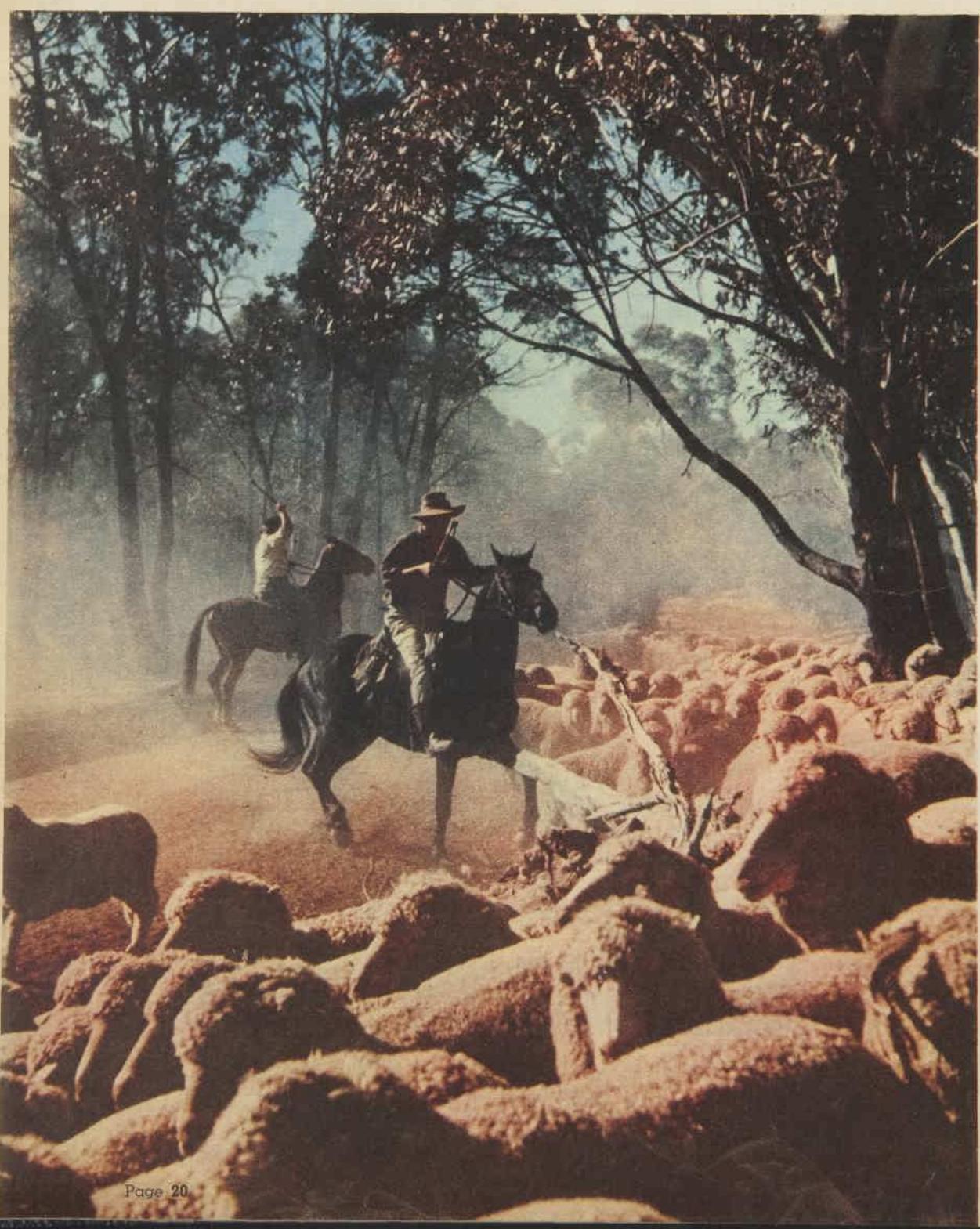
'The Sundowners'

Australian bush saga

WAGGON DAYS: Paddy Carmody (Robert Mitchum), his wife (Deborah Kerr), son Sean (Michael Anderson), Venneker (Peter Ustinov).

● Filmed at Nimmitabel and Jindabyne (N.S.W.) and Port Augusta (S.A.) by director Fred Zinnemann for Warner Bros., "The Sundowners" — based on Jon Cleary's novel — is an earthy and moving account of the adventures of an itinerant drover and his family in the hard-living Australian outback.



SUPPORTING the team of top overseas stars — Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, jun.—is a lively list of local talent, headed by John Meillon, Chips Rafferty, and Lola Brooks.

Kangaroos, emus, black swans, koalas, platypuses, and a dingo (played by a dressed-up dog) complete the Australian scene.

Renee Zinnemann, wife of the director, was on location.

"Shooting on location in Australia can be nerve-racking," Mrs. Zinnemann wrote in a letter to American friends during the filming. "We're beset by the usual visitors, but the police are quite useless. 'It's a free country,' the force told us. 'They haven't done anything, so why keep them out?'

"So the fans are free to roam the set, click their cameras, and ask for autographs during rehearsals. One went so far as to dump a baby in Bob Mitchum's lap and take a picture.

"Bob was quite a surprise to me. He's intelligent, quiet, co-operative, and completely professional. He picked up shearing know-how and the accent quickly.

"Peter Ustinov provides constant entertainment. Friendly and versatile, he's a genius at everything — except horseback-riding, an occupation which terrifies him.

"As for Deborah Kerr, she's pretty, sweet, unassuming, and delicate. But her continual assertion that she dislikes women makes me feel like taking a powder."

England's Michael Anderson, jun., "is a charming 16-year-old with a bottomless stomach and a craving for chocolate, which he is disallowed."

Cooma turned out en masse as extras for the film's racetrack sequence. "Jockeys came from all over," wrote Mrs. Zinnemann, "including the famous Neville Sellwood, whose horse Silver Phantom is our Sundowner. A magnificent beast, Silver Phantom loves soft drinks, apples, and swimming in rough surf."

"The Sundowners," now showing in the U.S. and England, will have its Australian premiere next month.

ELOQUENT English remittance man Venneker (Peter Ustinov) turns drover and odd-jobber in the tough Australian outback.

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DROVER AND WIFE: Ida (Deborah Kerr) yearns to settle down but Paddy (Robert Mitchum) has a dread of being "stuck."

CHAMPION shearer at Wattle Run Station, Paddy (Robert Mitchum) enters a shearing contest. The station shearers' union representative is played brilliantly by Australia's John Meillon.

MITCHUM (centre), Peter Ustinov (second from right), Deborah Kerr (right) watch Sean ride racehorse Sundowner to victory on a small bush track. Paddy won Sundowner in a gambling game.

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Worth Reporting

A CAT is more courageous and more intelligent than a dog.

No, we didn't say it. The brave man is Mr. John Holmes, well-known animal trainer, who claims that basic differences between these two animals often confuse owners and lead to unfair comparisons.

Agreeing or taking umbrage are Mrs. Dorothy Burnage, of Willoughby, N.S.W., who will judge cats at Sydney's Royal Easter Show and who has owned dogs, horses, and cats, and Miss P. Greenwood, committee member of the Sydney All Breeds Dog-training Club.

Mr. Holmes: A dog belongs to a pack—likes to obey a boss. A cat, being more independent, is more intelligent.

Miss Greenwood: Cats are not more intelligent. Owners are always prejudiced about their pet—cat or dog.

Mrs. Burnage: The intelligence of cats amazes me. My Siamese kitten is always finding toys for its Persian playmate, who has a broken leg.

Mr. Holmes: A dog can't work things out for himself as quickly as a cat.

Miss Greenwood: Neither animal has reasoning power — they act on association of ideas.

Mrs. Burnage: Yes, cats do work things out. One of our Chinchilla Persians, when exercising in the yard at the end of a 30ft. sashcord, used to climb the fences, cleverly hook his light body-harness over a post, and neatly slip out of it.

Mr. Holmes: A dog, lost in strange surroundings, is less likely to find his way home than a cat.

Miss Greenwood and Mrs. Burnage: Yes, cats have an extraordinary attachment to their home.

Mr. Holmes: Cats are generally more courageous than dogs.

Miss Greenwood: No! If cornered, a cat will fight hardest; but if danger threatens—a snake, for instance — the cat will turn and run first.

Mrs. Burnage: There is nothing more courageous than a cat defending her kittens.

To sum up:

Miss Greenwood: I'm still a dog-lover.

Mrs. Burnage: I still prefer cats.

"THEY SAY I'm smarter 'n' braver than you."

Now . . .

- **How clever is YOUR cat or dog?**

Send us a letter (not more than 150 words) telling us about it.

We will pay a first prize of £10, £5 for the second best, and £2 for all other letters we publish.

Address your letters "Worth Reporting," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Closing date March 29, at the above address.

The lowdown on lifts

THE modern driverless automatic lift scares the wits out of most women, we discovered this week.

Some Sydney women admitted that they often sneaked up the stairs of multi-storeyed city buildings to avoid entering one of the "shining space capsules" alone.

Said Mrs. E. A. Gell, of Neutral Bay: "Even if I escape the clutches of those closing doors I know that as soon as the lights start flashing I shall never get out until we reach Venus or re-enter Earth's atmosphere."

Mrs. Jane Fowler, of Coogee, is another "experienced" lift-traveller who would prefer retaining drivers in lifts.

Her lift was descending out of control with the driver and three other passengers when a snippet of information she had read somewhere flashed into her mind.

As the lift reached the ground floor she commanded fellow passengers to JUMP. "We all jumped together," she said, "and I am certain this lessened our impact."

Another "anti-automatics" woman said: "Office girls might get used to these lifts, but not us housewives. The more controls and lights installed, the more confused I get. I'm flat-out finding my floor button, let alone EMERGENCY.

"Give me the old-fashioned iron cage, with a terribly competent male hauling on a rope."

But lift experts, including those who are installing the 1000-feet-a-minute "rockets" in Sydney's 27-storey A.M.P. building, point out:

- Modern automatics have up to eight cables capable of supporting 10 times the normal lift load.
- If the lift overspeeds, a governor sets safety gear into action. Power cuts off and clamps bite into lift rails to stop the lift.
- If this fails (unthinkable, say the experts) a large hydraulic buffer in the shaft well completely cushions the impact.
- Many lifts have emergency phones not only to a building superintendent but to an outside trained operator on a 24-hour basis.

But those 1000-feet-a-minute lifts, we queried. Wouldn't our stomachs?

Nonsense. Modern controlled acceleration and deceleration give no unpleasant effect and the speed in transit "is thoroughly enjoyable."

Going up, astronauts?

LIFTMAN Harry Means . . . inspires confidence.

Bananas in the bathroom

THE phone rang in our Homemaker section and an unidentified man's voice, which could have come from an overhead satellite, pleaded: "You've GOT to help me!"

The panic sorted out, it transpired that he had been drying his drip-dry shirt under a bathroom-ceiling-suspended bunch of bananas when stains began to appear on his shirt.

"They were pale yellow, then brown, and now they're turning BLACK," he cried. "The stains, I mean."

Equal to the occasion, as always, our Homemaker girl suggested a good bleach, assured him all would be well.

"Thank you, THANK you," he rung off, leaving us to wrestle forever with: Is it a common practice for wifeless, bleachless young men to drip-dry shirts under bathroom bunches of bananas?

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DIET WITH US

● Final week of our five-week diet plan

● Staff reporter WINIFRED MUNDAY concludes the account of the diet which she has tried and found highly effective.

THOUGH this is the fifth week of my diet report, I have been dieting for 10 weeks. During that time I have lost two stone. The first week I lost 6½lb.

Since then my average weight loss has been about 2lb. a week — actually varying between 1½lb. and 3lb. a week, according to how strict I have been.

I should stress, in case you sometimes get disappointed in your weight loss, that the process slows considerably as you get nearer to your ideal weight.

At first it is easy to lose 3lb. a week. Now that I am within 6lb. of my target weight, a 3lb. loss entails quite severe curtailing of food.

I am quite content now to shed 1½lb. a week; even a 1lb. loss doesn't depress me when I know that at that rate I shall have achieved my goal within the next six weeks.

It is a very cheering and heartening thought. This week I bought a size 14 dress. At the beginning of the diet I was finding it a squeeze to get into a size 18, and had to go for a 20 for comfort.

Keeping it off

To get the weight off is one thing. To keep it off is another — unless you change your former pattern of eating.

It has become a habit — and not a hardship — NOT to reach for a refill of morning tea or evening coffee . . . NOT to have a second helping of sweets.

I can now say to myself, quite dispassionately, "Do I really want this . . .?" when I reach for a helping of some forbidden item of food. I find I can leave it alone!

My pre-diet mind had become so used to accepting sweet things — items oozing with carbohydrates and fats— that I never even bothered to think about finding a substitute.

Now I find my staple foods are things I used to eat *in addition* to all the fattening foods.

You'll find that a slice of fresh pineapple, a luscious piece of rock melon, papaw with a sprinkling of lemon juice, fresh firm apricots, peaches, or nectarines are as delicious and sustaining as pies, puddings, and cakes.

But as I've tried to stress throughout this report on my own diet experiences — these "forbidden" things need not be banned altogether from a maintenance diet.

Keep them strictly rationed. Refuse second helpings. When you do eat fattening food, *cut out something else to make up for it.*

When you reach your target, make meat, green vegetables, and fruit the basis of your daily eating. Supplement them with eggs, cheese, and an occasional sweet or starchy indulgence.

You will find that strong flavorings help to give your basic diet variety and palatability.

Lemon juice is a wonderful stand-by — for meat, fish, on fruits such as papaw. Mint adds wonderful flavor to many dishes, including pineapple (finely chopped and sprinkled over).

Freshly ground black pepper, red paprika pepper, onion, garlic, and herbs — such as parsley, thyme, marjoram, bay, rosemary — give hot and cold dishes a flavor lift.

Eggs can be one of your biggest allies. You can do so much with them. Added to salads, boiled, scrambled, or as omelets, they are one of the most versatile foods — and packed with proteins.

Stuff your omelets with prawns, tomatoes, chopped ham, asparagus, savory mince, or herbs to turn them into a filling, main meal.

COMPROMISE and SUBSTITUTE should be the two key words to your new way of eating.

For instance, if you think you must have a fried egg or will die if you don't — have it! But use no more fat to cook it in than you would put butter on the toast, and have the egg on dry toast.

If you're dying for an alcoholic drink, have a small one, but cut out some item of food to make up for it.

Remember that sweets like jellies and junkets — if you MUST have sweets — are less fattening than steamed puddings or wedges of cake.

No one can really gauge accurately just how much food is going to be just right to maintain a steady weight — except yourself. And that knowledge only comes through trial and error.

Your best investment to help you do that accurately is to buy a set of household scales and bathroom scales.

Weigh your food and weigh yourself as often as you need to get the right balance. I have heard some dieters say they got too depressed by daily weighing. I find it the best way to keep ME up to scratch. I guess it depends on your temperament.

The essence of a diet — and a good maintenance diet — is to adapt the established principles to suit yourself. Take a little time over experimenting and it shouldn't be difficult to find the system that suits you.

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

The filial kiss

I'VE four sons, the eldest being 20, the youngest twins of 15. Despite the fact that I've never demanded or expected it, they still all kiss me "Good night" and again in the morning before leaving for school and work. Friends witnessing this show of affection tell me I'm bringing them up as "sissies" and should not allow them to kiss me now they're "grown-up." What are other readers' opinions? Should I stop them immediately or let them go their own sweet way until they, themselves, think they're too grown-up to kiss their mother?

£1/1/- to "Mother of Four" (name supplied), Seacliff, S.A.

A letter from Winnie

I WONDER if any other reader has a cherished possession like mine—a personal letter from Sir Winston Churchill? In 1945, just after the war finished, I felt I had to write to Sir Winston and thank him for all the marvellous courage he gave us during the awful war years. Apparently my letter of thanks from a grateful British family appealed to him, for, to my amazement, I received a reply written by Sir Winston himself.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. A. Sheppard, Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

Avoiding contamination

RECENTLY my husband and I were fortunate enough to have a beautiful child entrusted to us by adoption. Everywhere we take him he attracts attention. But this presents a problem. People fondle him, mostly touching his hands (which, of course, get sucked), and these admirers aren't a bit fussy as regards the cleanliness of their own hands. As it's hard to ward people off, I carry a damp facewasher to remove the wogs before he can get his hands to his mouth.

£1/1/- to "Sue" (name supplied), Brighton, Vic.

Granny chastened them

OVER a cup of afternoon tea, several of my neighbors were discussing and condemning "the children of today" and pointing out what "we did at their age." One grandmother in the group had nothing to say until she stopped us all with a remark, "You make me feel very proud. If what you say is true, we must have been much more successful as parents than you are!" She's probably quite right.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. V. Emery, Clovelly Park, S.A.

Thoughtless — but cruel

ALTHOUGH quite normal in appearance, my little son is sub-normal. When out shopping he often flies into a rage and the withering looks I get which so obviously say, "Why can't you control your child?" are hard to take. I appeal to women to think twice before being scornful of others. There are many children as handicapped as mine, and because their affliction isn't instantly obvious much needless heartache is thrust upon the heartbroken mother.

£1/1/- to "Mother" (name supplied), West Ryde, N.S.W.

Think or act?

MISS T. MARSHALL (N.S.W.) asks which of the two sayings, "Look before you leap" or "Do it now," is the wiser. One should always think first and act afterwards. If one has a problem, sleep on it. Next morning it shows up in an entirely different light.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. M. Stone, Bald Hills, Qld.

SHORTLY after discussing the merits of the quotations with my boss he received a new air-conditioner. Not reading the instructions, he (against my advice) placed the casters on the wrong legs of the stand, and, while correcting his error, was saturated with water from the conditioner. He now favors "Look before you leap."

£1/1/- to Miss M. Lindsay, Ormond, Vic.

I SAY "Do it now." Having been reared on exaggerated Scots caution, I've found that no progress is made, or friendships founded, unless one seizes the opportunity. Life is too short to stand back.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. E.M." (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

I WHOLEHEARTEDLY vote for "Look before you leap." Most of my troubles have been brought about by impulsiveness. Had I "looked before I leapt," I would have been saved from many a perilous situation.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

THOSE two old saws quoted by Miss Marshall are not antagonistic to each other. In a split second a quick-thinking person can both "Look before she leaps" and "Do it now." I can.

£1/1/- to I. Goode, Balwyn, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

NIGHT-SHIFT

A YOUNG chap at the office, a friend of mine, has become the father of a baby son.

(What a formal way to put it: "become the father of a baby"! But you can't say a man has *had* a baby, or people think you are trying to be funny.)

I saw him today and he looked very tired.

"I *am* tired," he said.

"Do you get up and give the baby its bottle?" I asked.

"No. As a matter of fact, it's not a bottle baby. But I lie awake waiting for the baby to wake up. It's like when you set the alarm clock then wake up before it goes off."

I knew what he meant. We have a baby at our place.

I don't want to belittle the job mothers do in feeding their babies. Some of them do it better than a man could. They have the personal touch.

But a baby keeps fathers awake, too. It's not just the night feeding; it's the morning noises.

For some reason babies like to wake very early and go Er, Ah, Gug, Mmmm, Uh, Were, Ooo, etc. Gradually the noises get less cheerful and more impatient till there is a full-blown cry. Then someone groans sleepily and says: "I'd better go and get her."

The young man I was telling you about goes through this.

But he is not taking his insomnia lying down. He wants to do something about it.

His idea is this: all fathers of babies should be given a badge that will entitle them to special consideration.

He has even designed the badge. It shows a baby on a pink background (or blue, as the case may be) with the word "father" running round it in black letters.

It will be handy in trains and buses. Ladies will not expect a tired-looking man wearing a Paternity Badge to stand up. If they are good-natured they may offer him a seat.

My friend thinks his badge will ensure more kindly treatment for a father at his place of work.

At present many employers are unsympathetic when a father goes to sleep on the job.

After lunch is the danger period. When I feel a drowse coming on I get a serious-looking file of papers and pretend to be reading them. Even so, I have been caught now and then and reprimanded.

It's the snoring that gives you away.

But a man wearing a Paternity Badge would surely be allowed to catch up on his sleep.

I think a father with more than one child should be awarded bars to his Paternity Badge, the way they do with war medals.

That would make me eligible for a Paternity Badge with three bars.

An understanding boss, seeing such a Multi-Pop asleep at his desk, might tiptoe past for fear of waking him up. (I say he *might*—I can't be sure.)

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12 Suits for Autumn

● *Lively, fluid, and chic, suits continue to enact their role as a costume, often in more than two parts.*

—*BETTY KEEP*

1

4

5

2

3

6

1 Two-piece cardigan-type night-life suit made in brown silk knit. The color and fabric, the jacket line, and ruched collar are autumn fashion items.

2 Tartan, plaid, and check suits come in bright and subdued color combines. This one, by Guy Laroche, has a side fastening and a seal collar.

3 Tweed suit features the autumn-winter teardrop silhouette from Lanvin Castillo. The line is expressed in a run-under hemline. Note self-material fringe trim on the sleeves.

4 The suit with a sc neckline is hig lighted throughc the Cardin autu collection. Exam (above) has a sh jacket and easy sk

5 Dior creates fr interest and sopl tication in this s via bulky-knit slee neckline, and c The bubble-sha skirt is pure Di

6 Lanvin Castil three-piece suit made in soft p wool and highligh with a dark seal collar. Under jacket is a match pink sleeveless t

Continued overleaf

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Shapes of '61 are slim but eased . . . Fabrics are textured

7

7 Paris-designed late-day suit embraces the flapper trend of the 'twenties. The suit, with its easy-fit, short-sleeved top and reed-slim skirt, is made in gold knit-wear fabric. The hair-concealing beret is in matching gold.

8

8 Black-and-white textured tweed is the fabric choice for this two-piece suit. The longish, no-collar pullover top is fringe-trimmed in black. The skirt is straight and slender. Best for the slim, non-hippy figure over 5ft. 5in.

9

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12 SUITS for AUTUMN, *continued*

9 Fresh fashion is seen in a dark red-and-black-flecked wool handknit suit designed by Madeleine de Rauch. The jacket covers a black jersey overblouse. The knitwear suit is an indispensable and chic autumn-winter fashion.

10 Rough-surfaced wool tweed squared in violet and black makes interesting color and fabric news. More news is the braid-trimmed hem on the soft bias-cut skirt. Take note that a bias cut is good for over-or-understated hips.

11 Lanvin Castillo's dress and matching jacket suit is made in grey-and-black-flecked tweed. The slim dress has short kimono sleeves, and is widely belted in black leather. The jacket is collarless and side-buttoned, and finished with above-wrist-length sleeves. The dress can be worn solo, with or without the chic beaver fur hat.

12 Designer Chanel creates a new look in suit fashions by launching a short jacket to replace her famous easy-cut cardigan. The suit here is a chic example of the theme which is already a best-seller in Europe. It is in plaid wool trimmed with flat bands of black and white wool fabric.

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RÉGÉ COLOR

a salon exclusive created by L'Oreal of Paris

Your hair as lovely as theirs in any shade you find becoming

Your hairdresser can impart youthful lustre to faded hair with REGE COLOR. It allows you to look completely natural — sparkle with a newly-minted loveliness. Choose a REGE COLOR to revive your own hair shade or blossom out in an exciting new natural colour. Twenty-four colours to choose from including the sensational new Tabac shades and two flattering new greys.

REGE COLOR disappears gracefully after several shampoos and never shows a contrast at the roots. So easy to live with — so lovely to look at — REGE COLOR will seem a natural part of your life. Ring for your REGE COLOR appointment today — you'll be glad you did.

VOILA! 6 EXCITING NEW SHADES

DYNAMIC TABACS: Jamaica, Virginia, Granada, Havana — a spicy new variety of fashion-setting hair colours direct from Paris.

GORGEOUS GREYS: Gun Metal, Steel Grey — satiny new shades, blended to give polished beauty to your hair.

6 NEW SHADES TO YOU FROM marigny THE HOUSE OF HAIR BEAUTY

RÉGÉ COLOR

REGE COLOR — CREATED BY L'OREAL OF PARIS FOR SALONS AROUND THE WORLD — IN 24 EXQUISITE SHADES

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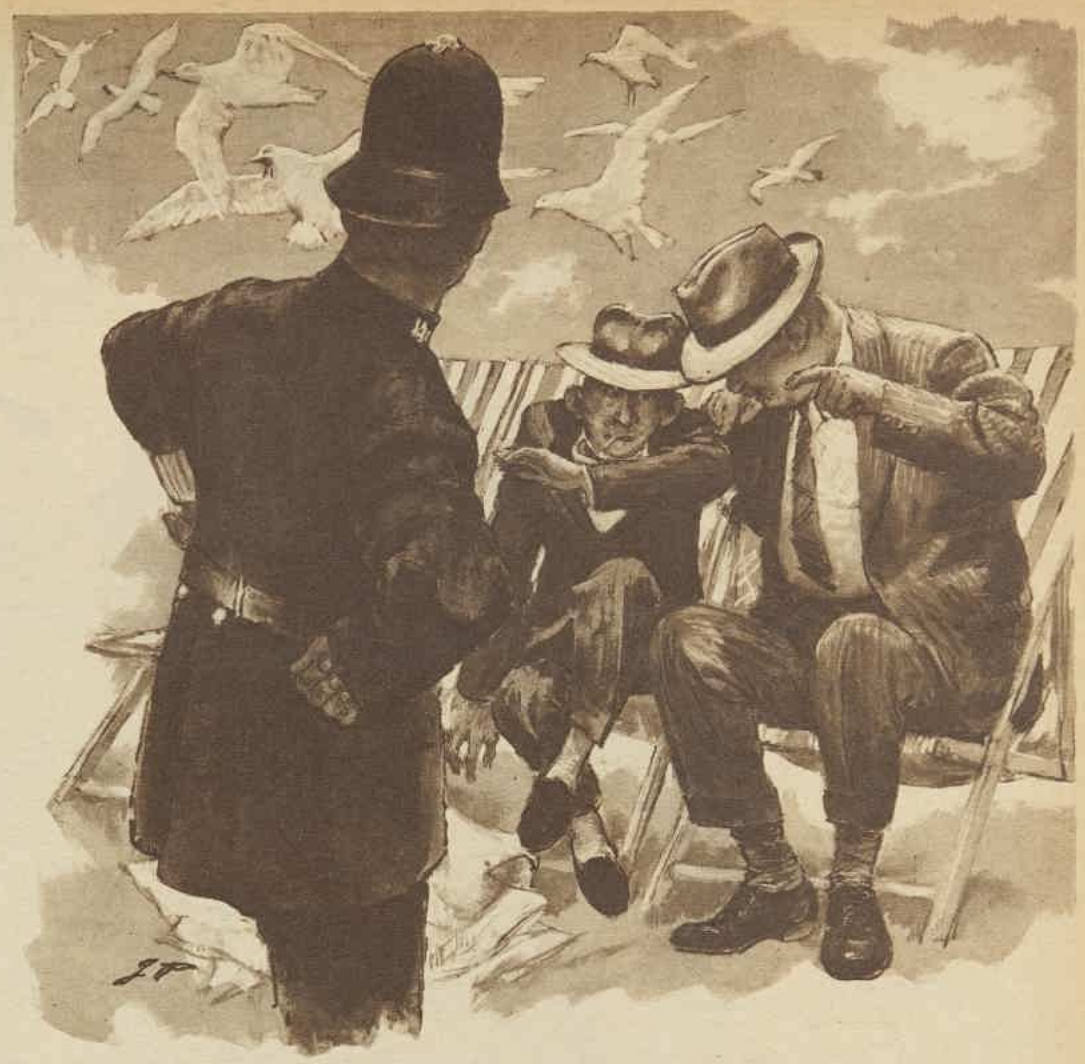
He pitted his wits against the police, but the shadow of the law pursued him . . . a story

UNLUCKY DIP

BY MICHAEL HENNESSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS



AS he sat smoking a miserably thin, hand-rolled cigarette over the untidy remains of a frugal breakfast, Charles Henry Peppit reflected on the monumental problems of going straight.

Six days earlier Charles Henry — known to his acquaintances and the entire complement of Paddington Green police station as Sniffy the Dip — had been "on the island."

Almost from boyhood Sniffy's half-hearted attempts to lead an honest life had been a failure; what was more depressing, however, was the fact that his career as a petty crook had been almost as undistinguished. He'd spent nearly a third of his thirty-eight years inside.

Sniffy hated prison—but his loathing for work was even more intense, almost pathological. So he persevered with his attempts to earn a dishonest crust and was apprehended with distressing regularity.

He'd tried almost every petty crime in the calendar, but his speciality was picking pockets, an art in which he had become moderately skilled.

Sniffy stubbed out the cigarette and moved over to the grimy window of his cheerless room — bed, gas-ring, and wallpaper with brownish apples on it, all for thirty-five bob a week — and looked into the greyness of Holcomb Street.

A fierce April wind was sweeping the tumbling rain before it. Across the narrow street the rusted metal sign of Brady's pawnshop creaked protestingly as the gusts caught it. The traditional brass balls had long since been illicitly removed to a place of honor in the souvenir-crammed common room of a London medical school.

Sniffy winced at the weather and sniffed dejectedly. He was a frail man whose utter insignificance was an occupational asset. His grey-flecked hair was close-cropped and wiry, his white face a pallid monument to constant anxiety, and his small dark eyes, fluttering continually like restless flies, gave him the air of being permanently startled.

Sniffy stood watching the rain for a minute, then he walked back to the table and sat looking at the debris of his egg and thinking about Brady, the pawnbroker.

Seamus Brady, a rosy-cheeked, silver-haired, and softly spoken man, was something of a mystery to Sniffy. But then, so many things were. Brady was much too benevolent to be a pawnbroker. Nearly everyone in the street had some trinket or bauble lodged with him, and in almost every case he'd allowed more money than the item was worth. But somehow he made a living.

Now he'd offered Sniffy a job in the shop. He didn't really need an assistant, but he felt sorry for the wretched little pickpocket and was anxious to coax him towards the path of righteousness.

"Sure," he'd said, "the cops will have their eyes on you —one false move and you'll be sent away for the divil of a long stretch. I can't pay ye much, but ye'll not starve."

Sniffy pulled on his grubby raincoat, let himself out of the room, and went out into the street. He bent his head against the rain and hurried across to Brady's. He felt the wetness coming through his tired old shoes and screwed up his toes.

In the shelter of the doorway he stopped and peered through the beads of condensation into the side window of the shop. He sniffed unenthusiastically. There was a confused array of cameras, watches, old jewellery, shoes, musical instruments, typewriters, trousers, and bizarre ornaments. The whole chaotic jumble was presided over by a cut-down grandfather clock with one limp hand.

The prospect of work daunted Sniffy — but even his meagre intelligence told him that to risk a return to "dipping" so soon would bring Detective Sergeant Harold Dawes down on him like an avenging warrior. Brady was soft — it wouldn't be hard work and it would keep him going until the heat was off.

He pushed on the door and shuffled into the dim, cluttered interior of the shop, his arrival heralded by the strident clangor of the bell.

Three days of almost constant rain did not seem to have made Holcomb Street any cleaner. Now those parts of the road which lay outside the shadows of the grey tenements were steaming in the sunshine.

Sniffy, mournfully attempting to polish the verdigris from a euphonium, looked out into the sunlight and thought of Margate — as he always did on the rare occasions when the sun penetrated the sooty gloom of his parish. Margate was Sniffy's idea of Valhalla. He'd always gone there when he'd been in funds. It was rumored that he'd been seen to smile there once.

The little ex-convict sniffed disconsolately and tried to coax his puny brain into sluggish action. He thought that he didn't enjoy polishing euphoniums, that he was losing his touch as a pickpocket, and that he wanted to go to Margate.

He studied the first and second fingers of his thin right hand — then lifted the duster with them. Next he tried lifting a heavy pewter tankard. He raised it a couple of inches — then it dropped with a loud thud on to the mahogany counter.

"Blast!" muttered Sniffy. That settled it. "I could have done that easy before that last spell inside," he said to himself. He made up his mind then to go back to the trade. Of course, he'd say nothing to Brady. He just wouldn't turn up tomorrow.

But when Brady came from the back parlor five minutes later he put another idea into Sniffy's head.

"Would you hold the fort for a while, Sniff? I'm just slipping out to the bank. I'll not be long."

"O.K., guv. Leave it to me," Sniffy replied.

Brady went out of the shop and the reverberating ring of the bell had hardly died away before Sniffy was at the till. Twenty-seven pounds ten shillings and tenpence. Not a fortune, but enough for a few carefree hours in the Margate sun.

Three hours later Sniffy was making a lunchtime round of the Margate pubs. When they closed he went shopping and bought himself a new suit and shoes. He wrapped his old gear up in a parcel and posted it back to his lodgings. Then he made his way to the beach, his expression dangerously near to a smile again.

Sniffy sank his frail form into a deckchair and dozed peacefully. He was free again — a lone wolf, pitting his wits against the police. Before long he was sleeping contentedly.

The little pickpocket started suddenly as a broad shadow fell across him. Still half asleep, he was conscious of someone lowering his heavy bulk into the deckchair beside him. Then a familiar voice jerked him into sudden consciousness.

"You know, Sniff, you really ought to change your habits . . ."

Sniffy made a dive to the right, but another large frame barred his way. The voice, which Sniffy well knew belonged to Detective Sergeant Harold Dawes, continued: "Is this the third or fourth time we've picked him up in Margate, Tom?"

"Fourth," replied P.C. Wright.

"A little matter of £27/10/10 from Seamus Brady's pawnshop," said Dawes wearily. "Sorry to cut short your holiday, Sniff. Such nice weather, too. Come on."

. . . . . .

"There's your money, Seamus," said Det. Sgt. Dawes, pointing to Sniffy's new outfit. "He's got thirty bob on him and that's the lot."

They were standing in Brady's shop, Sniffy looking distinctly depressed.

"It was a turrible thing ye did, Sniff," said Brady sadly. "After me givin' you a job, too. But look, Harry — if he goes down again 'twill be for a powerful long time. I'll not press the charge if he pays back the money."

Sniffy darted a puzzled glance at Brady. He was a bigger mystery than ever.

"You'll be making a big mistake, Seamus," Dawes said gravely. "You can't trust Sniffy half an inch. He's got fewer principles than an alley cat."

"Be that as it may, I want to give him a chance," Brady replied. "Can ye pay me back, Sniff?"

Sniffy looked bewildered. Then his slow-moving brain reacted. "'Course I can, guv. Give me a couple of days. There's one or two guys owes me money. Two days, that's all!" Sniffy avoided the sceptical gaze of Dawes and looked appealingly at Brady.

"All right — two days it is. But mind — if the money is not returned by then, I'm handin' ye over to the bobbies."

No one owed Sniffy any money. But he reckoned that his fingers could get him out of trouble.. The first dip was tough, but after that it came more easily.

At the end of the day, though, with a small pile of wallets and purses burning merrily on the fire, Sniffy was able to count out only £7/10/9.

Bad day, Thursday, he reflected. Still, pay day tomorrow. He'd do a lot better then. He'd have to!

Sniffy took out a cheap wallet made of orange-colored plastic with a broken zip and stuffed the notes into it. Then he went out for a drink.

He'd not gone more than ten yards when his quick, darting

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Illustrated: Styles by Leroy, Sharene, Lerolette — obtainable from leading retail stores.

—AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU W 1271

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Wool looks wonderful, feels wonderful, is wonderful — and all will apply to you when you emerge on the first cool day in wool's new, young "easy look" . . . colour is soft, gentle, muted (flattering at every age), the line is relaxed. Often a suit is bloused and belted — at times there is no waist at all. Coats come high, wide and handsome — almost uniformly double breasted, with a strong graceful swing from a cape-like back. Six-and-after dresses are gay and daring — Mexican poncho-styled for casual party times, beautifully figure hugging with frothy adornment for "big night" occasions. Enjoy the winter . . . live a warm and wonderful life in **WOOL**

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See you in the papers

At any time beautiful Jane Thomas was a perfect target for the cameraman . . . but with smiling Joe Blaine standing proudly beside her the picture couldn't miss.

JOE BLAINE, boy accountant, and Betty—the most beautiful girl in the world, who, for some reason beyond his ken, had consented to join him in holy matrimony—had discovered Monte Madden. Six months ago, when Joe was home with the virus, he'd happened to tune to "Homebody" — one of those programmes that examine the contents of women's handbags—and there was Monte doing a guest shot. Joe spotted him immediately as the funniest thing since bubble-gum, and when he called Betty—Betty didn't watch daytime television; it made her feel guilty—Monte convulsed her, too.

Then, three months later—bang! Monte Madden was hotter than a two-dollar pistol, and every Monday to Friday night, at 11.30 Eastern Time, a great clicking could be heard in the land as millions of viewers switched away from late movies and on to the Monte Madden Show. Betty and Joe, of course, were among his most devoted fans.

It was on a Tuesday, a perfectly ordinary Tuesday, that the main event came off. A few warm-up remarks addressed to the studio audience, a topical joke, a brief announcement for Prince, the new shorter cigarette, a piano solo by the leader of the band, a rapid-fire exchange with the announcer, and Monte introduced his first guest, Jane Thomas, the skyrocketing young Hollywood star, whose great performance in "The Sure Thing" was packing them in at the Radio City Music Hall.

Monte was given to flowery introductions, but this time he outdid himself. Jane, he announced, was the most exciting person he'd ever met. "You know," he said, "the thing that gets me is how you can be so fiery and at the same time so sensible and relaxed. You are relaxed, dear, aren't you?" He paused. "Even if there are thirty million people out there watching you?" Jane Thomas assured him that she was relaxed.

He turned back to the audience. "It's absolutely amazing how completely calm she is. Nothing flusters her. And she's so outspoken. I was talking to her backstage. Whatever she feels like saying, she says. You know," he continued, "I admire that." Then, addressing himself to the girl, "I admire you." Jane Thomas made ineffectual motions with her hands as though burrowing out from under the laurels being heaped on her, but Monte went on. "Tell me," he said, with his familiar quizzical smile, "were you always so willing to speak up?"

The girl really was terribly pretty—piquant little face, dancing dark eyes, generous mouth, wind-swept haircut and a suggestion of curves she hadn't even used yet. She wasn't beautiful like Betty, of course, Joe thought. Betty was a blonde with high cheekbones, bright blue eyes, creamy complexion. Yet he had to admit, in all fairness, there was much to be said for Jane Thomas.

Her voice was good, too—soft and sultry. "I don't think I was ever afraid of people, if that's what you mean," she was saying. "But I don't come out with everything that's on my mind, either. No," she went on thoughtfully, "you have to compromise or become a hermit. Why, if I said everything I thought, even right now we'd be cut off the air and you'd never invite me back." She smiled and the world smiled with her.

After a brief pause for a commercial for Cuffo ("Go everywhere. Do everything. On the cuff. We bill you just once a month."), they resumed, going into some of the semi-inside show-business talk for which the programme was famous, and giving Monte the chance personally to guarantee that "The Sure Thing" was the greatest thing that had happened to Hollywood since "The Birth of a Nation."

That out of the way, "Tell me, Jane," Monte said, "how did you become an actress in the first place? Were you like the rest of us? I mean, did you always want to get into show business?"

Jane Thomas' merry eyes twinkled, her lips curved into the suggestion of a smile, and good feeling sped across the air waves as the nation poised itself for her answer.

"Well, no. I wouldn't say that." The smile grew wider as she hesitated momentarily, thinking back. "You see, when I was getting out of high school, everybody was saying what college they were going to, or secretarial school, or to look for a job or something.

"And this wildly handsome boy said he was going to the School of Dramatic Art. And my mother didn't know what to do with me anyhow, so I persuaded her that I should be an actress and she sent me there." She broke into rippling laughter, and everyone laughed along with her. She looked as cute as a kitten. You could tell why audiences loved her.

When the laughter quieted down, Monte commented on the strange things that set the pattern for one's life, and then barrelled ahead with the next question. "What about the boy? Was he just a passing fancy, or did something come of this?"

Jane was still laughing. "That's the best part," she told him. "He never even showed up at the school. He's probably a doctor or a lawyer or something with a wife and seven thousand kids."

"I know that girl from somewhere," Joe said.

"From the movies," Betty answered.

And then Monte and his guest were shaking hands and Monte was saying, "Jane, it was wonderful having you here, and I hope you'll come back soon and see us again. Will you?"

"I'd love to," Jane said. "I've really enjoyed it." There was wild applause as she started to move off stage and the camera closed in on Monte. Suddenly, with the unpredictability that was so great a part of his charm, he asked another question.

"By the way, did you ever see him again?"

The camera cut back to Jane just as she was about to step into the wings.

"Hey," Joe said, "that girl's got quite a figure!"

"Oh, I don't know," Betty said.

Jane was again facing the audience, a puzzled expression on her face. "What, 'him'?" she asked.

"You know. The wildly handsome boy who lured you to the dramatic school."

"Oh, him! No, I never did see him again. I think about him every once in a while, though. Joe Blaine! He was beautiful!" And then, with a sudden inspiration, she waved directly at the camera and said, "Hiya, Joe. Keep in touch!"

As the camera again switched from Jane to Monte Madden, poised for his next commercial, there was a final explosion of laughter across the country. All across the country, that is, except in the Blaine house, where, for the first time, the Monte Madden Show had been abruptly cut off the air. After just one look at the dawning recognition in her husband's eyes, Betty had gone right over and flicked the switch.

Joe didn't even notice. "Did you hear that?" he yelled. "That must be that kid Jane Tommaso. I thought she looked familiar. How do you like that! A real movie star!"

He was already burrowing in the bookcase for his high school yearbook when the phone rang. Betty took her eyes off the beast to whom she was bound in wedlock and picked up the receiver. It was Frank Curtis. "Hey," Frank said, "you watching the Madden show?"

"No," Betty said, speaking the literal truth. "Why? Are you making a survey?"

"This'll kill you." Frank laughed. "You know that Jane Thomas? The one in 'The Sure Thing'?" He didn't wait for a reply. "Well, she was on the show

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A gay light-hearted short story By EDWARD KAYLIN

and she said the reason why she became an actress was on account of a guy named Joe Blaine. And she told him to keep in touch. You would have got a thrill out of it. I wonder if the real Joe Blaine was watching."

"What do you mean 'the real Joe Blaine'?"

"You know. The one she was really talking about."

Horrified, Betty heard herself saying, "Oh, the one she was talking about was watching all right. He's sitting here looking at his high school graduation book right this minute. Refreshing his recollection."

"No kidding! Let me talk to him."

"Frank wants to talk to you," Betty said.

Joe came to the phone with the open book in his hand. "Hello."

"Hello, lover boy," Frank said. "You certainly must have had it in the old days."

"Oh, lay off it, Frank," Joe said. "I hardly knew her. I didn't even recognise her."

"Sure," Frank said. "Sure you didn't. You tell that to Betty, old buddy. Maybe she'll go for it. Boy, oh boy! See you, lover," and he hung up.

Joe turned back to his book. "What a nut!" he laughed. "He's calling me 'lover boy.'"

The phone rang again. "You take it, will you, dear?" Joe said. "I want to find this picture."

Grim-faced, Betty picked up the receiver. It was Bill Gordon. Joe signalled that he didn't want to come to the phone. When Bill hung up, there was Sue McColl, and then Joyce Perone, and then Pete Peters, and then Betty took the receiver off the hook and left it off.

If Joe had had more experience, he probably would have sailed a better course. But he'd been married less than a year and was not yet fully familiar with storm warnings. In fact, the muddleheaded nincompoop was so crazy about Betty it had never even crossed his mind that anyone else could possibly doubt his feelings. Least of all Betty.

So instead of saying the Tommaso girl might be good-looking and a great actress, but she certainly didn't have much sex appeal, or—even better—giving Betty some tangible evidence of her own insuperable desirability, the dumb bunny hurried to show her Jane's picture and to remark that, even then, you could see she'd be something special. "She used to wear tight sweaters," he remarked, pouring oil on the flames.

"That was no Mother Hubbard she had on tonight," Betty said casually, stretching her own memorable contours. Testing. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Just testing. She might as well have been in the room by herself. Nothing happened.

Shrugging her shoulders, she took the book Joe held out to her and studied the likeness of the extremely attractive youngster who had become Jane Thomas. "She doesn't look like much there," she commented. It was a second warning. Joe missed that one, too.

"How can you say that?" he wanted to know. "Why, she's a doll. And look what they elected her! 'Most Boysterous.' B-o-ysterous. I think that's kind of funny."

"A scream," Betty said. "I see where she was a cheerleader, too. That fits in."

"It does, doesn't it!" agreed the master strategist.

About half an hour later, having nostalgically made his way clear through the book, he realised that Betty had gone to bed without kissing him goodnight. But by the time he got upstairs she seemed to be fast asleep, so he didn't disturb her.

When he awoke the next morning she was still asleep. So again he didn't bother her. This lack of bothering her bothered her very much indeed. In fact, all the time he was dressing, a seemingly closed eye was rigorously inspecting him for evidence of a disposition to trifle with connubial affections. However, he knew nothing of all this, and proceeded to the office in blissful ignorance of the emotional hurricane beginning to swirl about him.

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COMPLETE HAIR BEAUTY

every time
you shampoo
with....

RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW MEDICATED

egg creme shampoo

You get a wonderful feeling of confidence when you know your hair is sparkling clean and free from unsightly dandruff. And that's the feeling you *always* have when you shampoo your hair with Richard Hudnut New Medicated Egg Creme Shampoo. You know that while this fabulous Egg Creme Shampoo is cleansing and *nourishing* your hair, its miracle ingredient "Thersil" is effectively fighting the problem of dandruff to give you complete hair beauty in clean, healthy well-groomed hair

TWO TYPES, ONE FOR OILY HAIR • ONE FOR DRY HAIR

NO DANDRUFF PROBLEMS?

Then keep your hair clean and wide-awake with these regular type Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoos that are made specially for *your* hair.

RED LABEL — normal to oily hair.

BLUE LABEL — normal to dry hair.

Bottles, 5/6 and 9/6. Bubbles, 1/3

LARGE BOTTLES (Green Label) 5/11

MECS60.143

Continuing . . .

SEE YOU IN THE PAPERS

from page 33

There was a small amount of kidding at the office, and a couple of the girls wanted to know if he were the "real" Joe Blaine. It went off very well, though, because Joe said, "Sure, sure," and, of course, no one believed him.

After lunch, though, things changed. Frank Curtis called. He'd just seen the afternoon papers. In an interview that morning Jane Thomas had said she'd love to meet Joe Blaine again. So her studio had undertaken to find him for her. They were offering a thousand dollars for information leading to, etc., etc. That's why Frank wanted to be doubly sure that Joe was really the Joe Blaine. Because, as Joe's buddy, Frank didn't want the whole thousand, but he sure could use a third of it. "What do you say, Joe?"

Joe thought about it. Frank certainly had a point. Someone was going to collect that money—so why not Joe Blaine? And Frank did deserve something for telling him about it. Besides which, it would look better if the information came from Frank.

Of course, there was the fact that he'd hardly known Jane Tommaso at school. But so what? She said she knew him. And it would be a kick to meet a movie star. Something to talk about. And he and Betty could certainly use a little extra cash if they were ever going to get that new car.

"O.K., Frank," he said. "You call them. One-third for you, two-thirds for me."

"Right away," Frank said. "See you in the papers."

FIFTEEN minutes later Joe's phone rang again. The voice at the other end was hep, high-powered, and high-priced. "Joe Blaine?"

"Yes."

"Formerly of Philadelphia?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Hank Ellis. Eastern Director of Press Information for Palmetto Films. A fellow named Frank Curtis says you're an old high-school friend of Jane Thomas. Is that right?"

"I guess so," Joe said. "I went to school with her."

"Do you remember her nickname?"

Joe thought. "Yeh," he said after a while. "They used to call her 'Bouncy.' Probably because she was a cheerleader."

"Probably," Hank Ellis agreed. "Well, anyhow, Bouncy would like to see you. Could you come to her hotel?"

"Well, sure. I think so. I'd like to see her, too."

"At the Brinsley? Around four?"

"Not four," Joe said. "I've got a job."

"Right. I forgot. How about six?"

"Fine," Joe said. "Six."

Then he hung up and dialled Betty to tell her about the money, and that he was going over to see Jane Thomas at the Brinsley at six, and it might be a while before he broke away, so Betty shouldn't wait for him. He noticed an unusual quiet at the other end.

"You there, honey?" he asked.

"I'm here," she said.

"That's nice," Joe said. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Oh, not much. I cleaned the house and did some shopping and answered a lot of funny phone calls from people we know. And then I had lunch, and then I had some sewing to do. And then I had to take the car in to have it fixed, and then there were some more calls. Nothing very glamorous."

"What's the matter?" Joe asked. "You sore about something?"

"Certainly not. What would I have to be sore about?"

"You really sure everything's O.K., honey?"

"Fine," she said.

"O.K., then," Joe said, and hung up.

When he called from the Brinsley lobby at six, the soft, husky voice of Miss Thomas herself told him to come right up. And she seemed genuinely pleased to see him. She looked great.

As soon as he was settled in a chair Joe put it right to her. "Jane," he said "what's this stuff about the dramatic school and all? You didn't have any crush on me. You made that whole thing up didn't you?"

She had the grace to blush.

"That's right, Joe. I hardly knew you. But when Monte caught me by surprise and I reached out for a name, I came up with yours. That's all there was to it." She smiled apologetically.

"That's all right," Joe said. "It's just that I'd hate to think I missed out on something." He paused. "This is all strictly publicity, huh?"

"I'm afraid so," Jane said. "But how about taking me to dinner?"

"Fine," Joe said. "A pleasure." So they went to the hotel restaurant and people stared at them.

The conversation came easy. Jane told him how, after she'd popped off on the programme the previous evening, the publicity department had decided to milk it. They figured they could probably rack up a few stories on the movie page, maybe even a couple of lines on the front page, and a good play in the gossip columns. Possibly some pictures. Would Joe mind posing for a few pictures with her? No, he didn't think so.

And he told her about his deal with Frank Curtis. She said the publicity department was probably good for five hundred more if he'd play along another day or two. Joe said he'd be delighted.

THEN, business out of the way, they just chatted. Neither of them was in contact with any of their former classmates, and they quickly agreed that even in their schooldays they'd moved in completely different circles. So Joe told Jane about Betty and the job and the house. And she told him about Hollywood and Dan Claiborne, the Western hero on television to whom she was secretly engaged. The last part was confidential. It hadn't even got into the columns yet.

Towards the end of dinner there was a call for Jane and they brought the telephone to the table. It was Hank Ellis. Could he send a photographer over for a couple of pictures? With three drinks under his belt and a star of screen and television quite cosy next to him, who could refuse? Not Joe. "Of course," he said. "Tell him to come ahead." He had a vaguely troubling thought that he really ought to be getting home to Betty. But it was only vague.

The photographer was there in practically no time. You might even have wondered if possibly he hadn't been quite close by all the time.

The pictures taken, Jane signed the dinner cheque and Joe conveyed her back to the hotel foyer. Then, after mutual exchanges of it-had-been-great and Joe's agreement to come again if the studio wanted him, Joe headed for home.

Betty was sitting in a chair with a good view of the door as he walked in. The television set was tuned to a show high

To page 58

Continuing . . .

UNLUCKY DIP

from page 29

eyes saw the object sparkling under the street lamp on the kerb.

"Blimey!" whispered Sniffy as he picked it up.

It was a gold bracelet and it owed its presence there to the recent addiction of its debutante owner to "slumming" visits to working-class pubs.

Sniffy forgot all about his drink and went straight back to his room to think. The only fence he could trust was in Wandsworth on a long stretch. But there was always a possibility of a reward being offered—he knew the bracelet was unlikely to belong to anybody in his neighborhood.

The next day he frantically searched the evening papers—and almost laughed with glee when he found the advertisement. He phoned the solicitors, established that there would be no awkward questions, and that the £25 reward would be paid in cash, then set off for the city.

On his way back to Holcomb Street, Sniffy was in a happy mood. He telephoned Brady and told him to ask Dawes to come round to the shop in half an hour. "I've got your money, guv. I'll show that copper!"

Sniffy dived into the Tube and plunged into the rush hour. He couldn't wait to get back to Holcomb Street and produce the money. It would be one in the eye for that —— Dawes.

He felt the comforting bulge of his wallet as he strap-hung his way along the Bakerloo line. Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly, Oxford Circus . . . the journey seemed to take an age.

At last the train pulled into Edgware Road. Sniffy struggled out and ran from the station all the way to Brady's shop. Dawes was there in his off-duty sports coat and flannels, smoking a pipe. He smiled superciliously at Sniffy as he came in.

"So you've got the money, eh?" he said with obvious disbelief.

"I'll wipe that smile off his face," Sniffy said to himself. But as he felt for his wallet he broke into a cold sweat. The inside pocket of his new suit was sickeningly empty.

"It—it's disappeared . . ." he said incredulously and almost inaudibly.

Brady started to say something, but all Sniffy heard was Dawes' ponderously voiced cliche. "A likely story. Come on, Sniff—your two days are up. You'll never learn, will you? Sorry, Seamus, but I told you . . ."

At that precise moment a swarthy character emerged from the Underground at Maida Vale, ducked into a dimly lit side street, took something from his pocket with long, thin fingers, and hurriedly stuffed it into a litter bin.

It was a cheap wallet in orange-colored plastic with a broken zip.

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THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

Second instalment of our serial

BY CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG

Illustrated by Mills

Alice hid as Dr. Devon and Mrs. Peele fought near the stairs.

WHEN nineteen-year-old ALICE HENSEN married TONY PAGE they agreed never to refer to his past work in the Secret Service. On leave from his firm, they visit his grandmother MRS. REDFERN, who lives with HORTENSE STAFFORD, a niece, her husband, GREGORY, and their daughter, BEATRICE.

Meeting her in-laws for the first time, Alice is intimidated. Mrs. Redfern's quiet dignity overawes her; Aunt Hortense is snobbish; Uncle Gregory, a bore; and Cousin Bea, lonely and emotionally unbalanced.

Tony has a message calling him back to work, but Alice discovers he is really going to Mexico City to investigate narcotics smuggling at the request of the Secret Service. He is afraid to leave her, as it is suspected the family's friend and Bea's psychiatrist, DR. WALTER DEVON, is the smugglers' agent. Alice convinces Tony she can keep this dangerous secret and is determined to do so, fearing his life may be endangered also.

After seeing him off she learns that while they had been attending to Mrs. Redfern when she had been hurt in a fall, MRS. PEELE, the daily help, had seen the note revealing Tony's destination. Realising she must buy the woman's silence, Alice gives her a string of pearls, pretending to the family Mrs. Peele had been a friend of her mother's. Later Mrs. Peele hints she needs money and Alice promises to give it to her the next day. NOW READ ON:

ALICE had turned back towards the house after leaving Mrs. Peele at the end of the drive and had reached the top of the steps when a yellow car drove in. Dr. Walter Devon got out of it. "Hello, there," he called upward.

"Oh, hello, Doctor . . ."

"How are you, Mrs. Page?" He came swiftly up. "I thought I'd take another look at that ankle."

"Oh, how nice of you," said Alice. "Come on in." She was able to turn her back on him and take the doorknob. But the door had locked itself behind her. She pushed the bell button. They must stand here side by side and wait for Ellen.

Don't wonder about him at all, she told herself. Keep it out of your mind. Banish it.

The problem now was not Mrs. Peele, but herself. How to keep herself from telling.

"I'm sorry to hear that Tony was called back East," she heard him saying sympathetically.

"Yes, it's a nuisance." She turned around because she could not stand staring into the wooden face of the door. She looked out over the grounds. "This is all so strange to me," she said, "this foliage . . ."

He wasn't a man to talk about the foliage. "You know, I am very glad," the doctor said softly, "that Tony's out of that dangerous business."

She knew her eyes, her whole face, showed surprise and shock. She could do nothing about it.

The doctor exuded an air of proud omnipotence. "You didn't know I knew? Oh, I know many things. And I think it was high time he got married and dropped his cloak and dagger. A childish business! Don't you agree?"

"Oh, heavens!" said Alice. "I surely do agree!" She made it a gushing agreement, riding on the force of her surprise. After this her speech had nowhere to go.

Ellen saved her by opening the door.

Alice went first up the circular stairs, which kept her back to him.

She rapped at Mrs. Redfern's door. Her hand was all right.

To page 60

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Riding the Rocker!

Sturdy little Diana Brownbill, aged 18 months, loves to romp with her Rocking Horse in the back garden. Says Mrs. Brownbill: "Diana thrives on Vegemite. She's been a 'happy little Veg-e-mite' since she was 6 months old . . ."

(Extract from 1944 advertisement)

IN 1944

Diana Brownbill was a "happy little VEG-E-MITE"

AND NOW

Diana is an expert horsewoman

. . . and still a VEGEMITE fan

All members of the Brownbill family enjoy eating Vegemite every day — and they all benefit from its nourishing goodness.

All the family need delicious VEGEMITE every day

Through the years, the Brownbill family have eaten Vegemite every day, as a safeguard against Vitamin B_1 deficiency, because they realise that even the best Australian diets are deficient in Vitamin B_1.

Vegemite is not only the richest food source of Vitamin B_1 . . . it is also rich in Vitamin B_2 and Niacin. These three vitamins have helped the Brownbill family in many ways:

DIANA, the horsewoman, is bubbling with *vitality*, and she has a *clear skin*, free of the spots that often trouble teenagers.

Brother TOM is a fine example of *healthy growth*. He has always had a *hearty appetite*.

DAD, who is watching his waistline these days, doesn't eat as much as he used to, but he still needs *Vitamin B_1* — and he gets it from a food he really enjoys: Vegemite.

MOTHER likes Vegemite for two reasons . . . it's good for her *nerves*, and it's so *economical* . . . goes such a long way when spread on toast, bread, biscuits, rusks . . . or mixed in soups, stews and gravies.

Footnote: Remember! Your body cannot store Vitamin B_1 . . . it needs a *fresh supply daily* from the family health food: VEGEMITE.

Made by KRAFT
For big savings, buy the 16oz. or 32oz. family-size jars.

Always put VEGEMITE next to the pepper and salt whenever you set the table

K871

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A Swan of Roses

A short short story by SUZANNE EBEL

IT was a bunch of small roses, greenish white, that Kate had arranged in a china swan in the flower-shop window. It swam alone all the week, flanked by the tall leafless lilac meant for the rich, by mimosa still wearing the fluff of Provencal trees. Business was slow, her young man hadn't telephoned once, and to make things worse it never seemed to stop raining. To Kate, the swan was the only nice thing in the week.

Kate's last customer was buying armfuls of flowers with Saturday lunch-time abandon. He was dark, serious, about 30. As he paid, he gave her a slightly melancholy smile. It reflected exactly her own feelings, and pointing at the swan she said impulsively:

"Oh, do have that, too."

"Well, I don't think . . ."

"I didn't mean buy it! We're closing, and I did so want someone to have it. It's a present, for my best customer today."

Tom Campion saw a small eager face, slanting eyes, dark hair.

"It's very kind of you . . ." he said slowly.

"Don't forget to keep the moss damp," called Kate. She locked the shop door, watched him through the window, striding off, improbably loaded with flowers, like a victorious warrior.

"I hope he looks at it just once or twice," she thought wistfully. And, remembering the flowers he'd bought—surely for a girl?—"he doesn't need my swan. Why did I give it to him?"

In the taxi, Tom thought gloomily of Laura. Laura, who half-promised, half-tormented him. Who would accept his flowers and his company with that light touch he could never quite grasp. It was ironic that everything in business went right. But not this. Laura's thin figure and teasing voice never left him.

At the traffic lights there was a solid jam of shopping cars, and Tom said impatiently, "I'll walk the rest." The taxi moved off into the thick stream, when suddenly, in dismay, Tom thought, "The swan!" He hesitated—"why not forget it?"—but the eager face of the girl in the shop came back, and he ran after the taxi.

It was half an hour before he rang Laura's doorbell. The door opened and there she was looking up at him.

"This is for you," he said, pushing the swan into her hands.

"Oh, it's sweet." He laid the other bunches, unheeded, on the hall table as Laura stared down at the white roses. He said briefly, "Sorry I'm late. Left that blessed thing in the taxi."

Laura sank into a chair, and he was shocked to see that she was crying. Leaning forward, she kissed him convulsively. Tom drew her close.

"I thought you weren't coming," she said at last. "You're never late. Never a minute. And waiting seemed so long and I suddenly thought — I'm so off-hand. It's all showing off," she said, her voice breaking, "just showing off."

"Isn't there something else?" he said.

"How did you guess? It was the swan. It looks l-like a toy a child floats in the bath. And—" in a rush, "you never ask me to marry you any more."

"My dearest girl," Tom said.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Campion was having tea. "It's too silly. I mustn't mind. I must just be philosophical," she thought, for the twentieth time that day. 'I will be. I'll start now."

Her birthday cards were neatly arranged. The brooch Tom had given her glistened on her dress. The room was festive. It was tonight that was missing. Because Tom would be out with Laura. Of course he would. It was only . . . that tonight would seem rather long—"just because, I suppose, it's meant to be happy."

Laura sank into a chair and Tom was dismayed to see her crying.

She was pouring herself another cup of tea when Tom and Laura burst into the room. Their faces glowed.

"This is for you," Laura said, running over to put the swan, with its petalled feathers, carefully into Mrs. Campion's lap. "Tom gave it to me, but I want you to have it because—"

"Mother, can I bring Laura to dinner tonight?" interrupted Tom. "She really ought to be with us because—"

"Because we've got some news," Laura finished. "And — and I'm so happy I could burst."

When they'd gone, Mrs. Campion put the swan carefully on the old grand piano and went into the kitchen with her tea-tray. By the door, loaded with boxes, was the young redheaded owner of the vegetable shop. He was a great favorite of hers.

"Hello, David," she said, with a smile. "Doing your own delivering?"

"Well, Mrs. C., today's been desperately busy. But I think I've remembered all yours." He lingered, and Mrs. Campion said, glancing out of the kitchen window at the sky, "It's going to be a lovely night. What are you doing this evening?"

"Hoping to take my girl out. The trouble is I meant to get her a present. You know. A nice gesture, I thought. But I clean forgot in the rush. She'd have liked it, though. It's a pity." He wore the helpless look of a man who finds women incomprehensible.

"David—" Mrs. Campion said suddenly, "a wonderful thing has just happened to me. I feel generous. Let me give you something for her."

The swan had floated on the piano exactly half an hour.

So on a cold, sparkling night, with a haze of stars and the frost crackling under his feet, he arrived at a house where lights were shining through the dusk. He carried the swan, lightly masked in tissue-paper.

He rang the bell, and a voice called, "Oh, David! How wonderful! I was thinking of you—"

"Me, too," he said. "I've brought you a present. You have to keep the moss damp," he added.

And he wondered why, putting her arms tightly round him, with tears in her eyes, Kate began to laugh helplessly.

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NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope for the leaflet must be enclosed.

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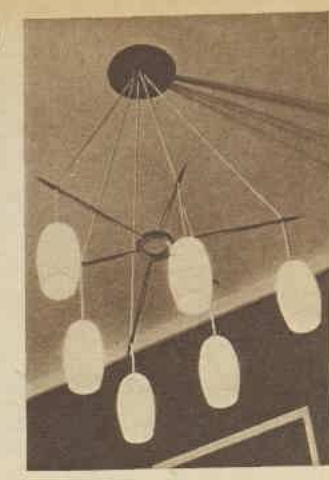
ACCENT ON LIGHT

FLUORESCENT strips concealed under a wall-to-wall cornice. Table lamps supplement this lighting.



DELUSTRED glass shades (above) hang in a group and make a good central light.

CEILING lights (below) produce a dramatic effect in a modern sitting-room.

4-page feature

LAMPS AND SHADES

● Here we give you a correct lighting plan for your home, and on the following color pages directions for making attractive lampshades.

CORRECT lighting is necessary for two reasons — to provide sufficient light for working, reading, sewing without causing eyestrain, fatigue, and headaches, and to make the home an even more attractive place to live in.

Fortunately, lighting is cheap. A 100-watt lamp runs for 10 hours for about 2½d.

As we become more light conscious the variety in shade designs increases. Although established styles are still popular, there is a wonderful new selection for the venturesome.

Groups of hanging lights can be used to great effect. So can rise-and-fall fittings above tables (these are really the old lamps of last century with a modern look to them).

Delustred-glass shades are both efficient and good-looking, and the oriental influence in furnishings is making itself felt with plastic and rice-paper lantern styles.

Concealed lighting, such as fluorescent strips under pelmets and lights embedded in ceilings, is becoming an accepted fitment in new houses.

There are no hard-and-fast rules as far as decorative lighting is concerned—choose whatever appeals to you and suits your home best—but lamps for working, such as sewing and reading, should conform to more of a set pattern.

It is practically impossible to have too much light when you are working, but glare, that is looking into a light, should be avoided.

A standard reading-lamp should have a 150-watt lamp (200 watt is better) and a table reading-lamp 100 watt.

The amount of light is reduced when you cover the lamp with a shade, so unless you're dealing with wall-lamps or background lighting it is best never to use anything less than 100 watts.

For kitchens, bathrooms, dressing-tables, fluorescent lighting is by far the best. Although it costs more to install than an ordinary filament lamp, it soon justifies this expenditure, as it costs only one-third of the price to run, lasts seven times as long, and a 40-watt fluorescent tube gives more light than a 100-watt lamp.

A general room-by-room lighting guide for the average house would be:

Entrance Hall: The idea here is to create a welcoming atmosphere. Amber is supposed to be a great color for putting people at their ease and making the most of complexions, so shades could be in this color. Only soft, incidental lighting is necessary.

Living-room: A variety of lamps here. If fluorescent tubes are used, they should be concealed behind pelmets and considered as extra effect only. They give a stark, flat effect and are out of place in the centre of the ceiling. A certain amount of soft lighting is necessary for after-dinner talk and listening to music.

Two to three good reading-lamps are a must for the average family. A standard reading-lamp should be about 5ft. high, with an inner bowl of translucent quality to shield the lamp bulb from view. The shade should be lined in white to reflect all possible light downwards and should be circular, with the bottom wider than the top. Stand it just behind the person reading, with the light coming over the left shoulder.

When watching television it is essential to have lighting in the room. One lamp is sufficient, but it should be behind the viewers.

Card players should have a light directly over the table.

Use smaller lamps to light a dark corner, to shed light on a bowl of flowers or an interesting ornament. A lamp with a pretty or dramatic shade is an ornament in itself which adds color and atmosphere to a room. Overleaf we give directions for making pretty shades.

Dining-room: The table is the centre of attention in this room and lighting should concentrate on it. Candles make an attractive picture, but a recessed lamp behind louvers in the ceiling, acting as a spotlight and with subdued background lighting is effective. The rise-and-fall lamp is pleasant to look at and efficient. In a combined large living-dining-room a concentration of light on the dining table and subdued lights in the rest of the room are by far the best choice.

Bedrooms: Soft, general lighting with reading-lamps by beds or fluorescent strips built over bedheads and on each side of the dressing-table mirror is suitable here.

Bathroom: A single 40-watt fluorescent in the ceiling and a fluorescent strip down each side of the shaving cabinet are best in this room.

Kitchen: The most important room in the house as far as correct lighting is concerned, as fatigue will soon result if the housewife has to work in bad light. A twin 40-watt fluorescent unit in the ceiling, with fluorescent strips over all work areas, creates the ideal quantity of shadow-free light.

Warm white de-luxe or white de-luxe are the best choice for fluorescent strips. They are almost as efficient as and much "kinder" than the blue strips used in offices.

Continued overleaf

NON-DAZZLE built-in lighting under this Italian glass-topped table actually makes white shadows.

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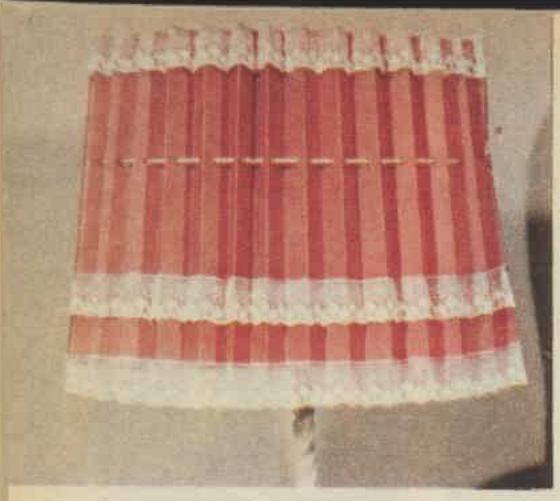
MAKE YOUR OWN

● *If you enjoy sewing, the shades on the rig*
directions. But if you're in a hurry



LACE TRIMMING is effective on a paper shade. It is attached with one row of machine stitching.

. . . with paper

THE method for making all the paper shades shown on this page is the same.

They will fit equally well over differently shaped wire shade frames. The largest shade that two sheets of drawing-paper will cover is approximately 38 inches in circumference.

Materials: Two large sheets drawing-paper (white, not too thick), paraffin oil, mineral turpentine, cotton-wool, paint powder (bought in hardware store by the ounce)—white is essential, other color depends on your choice—clean, smooth wooden board, hammer, some old saucers, clean newspapers, lace and ribbon as required, sharp kitchen knife, puncher for making holes, wire shade frame, 1yd. cord.

1. Take measurement of side of shade and cut paper about 2in. longer than you want. For lampshades shown 2 lengths of ordinary drawing-paper were needed, but the depth of the paper depends upon the size of the shade.

2. In an old saucer mix 1-3rd turps to 2-3rd paraffin oil (linseed oil makes paper go yellow very quickly). Place strip of paper flat on table covered with clean newspaper. With handful of cotton-wool wipe paper briskly and evenly with turps and paraffin all over on both sides. Hang up to dry.

3. To Color Paper: Place paper on clean newspaper. Have two handfuls of cotton-wool ready. Dip one lot in a mixture (in a saucer) of paint powder and turps — mixed to a paste. Wipe very quickly and evenly over ONE SIDE of the paper. Then very quickly wipe with handful of dry, clean cotton-wool (to avoid streakiness)—hang up to dry. If you want to tone down color, use either white paint powder or talcum powder.

4. Pleating: When dry, fold paper in half, then each half in half again and so on until you have the width of pleat you want. Then bend each second pleat the other way. Be careful to keep the pleats straight.

5. When all the paper is pleated, fix together (flat) with rubber bands, place flat on wooden board, and mark lightly the correct length. Cut along mark evenly with sharp kitchen knife.

6. Mark paper gently for holes. Top half-holes should be about 1in. from top edge. Full holes for cord about ¼ way down. Place paper sideways on board and punch holes — just a few pleats at a time, taking care to keep them straight. Half-holes are to hold the shade on frame.

7. If you want lace or ribbon trimming, mark lightly with pencil on colored side of paper. Sew on trimming with big stitches on sewing-machine. Just once with the machine will not hurt the pleats, but be careful not to crease the paper.

8. Sew sides together on wrong (or uncolored) side of paper. Turn carefully inside out.

9. Thread cord through middle holes.

N.B. If painting a pattern, paint with colored indian ink on drawing-paper before oiling. Then oil when ink is dry.

PLAIN design (above) for a sitting-room. A row of half-holes at the top of the shade holds it in position on frame.

IVY LEAF pattern (left) has been painted round the bottom of this paper shade. Single cord holds pleating together.

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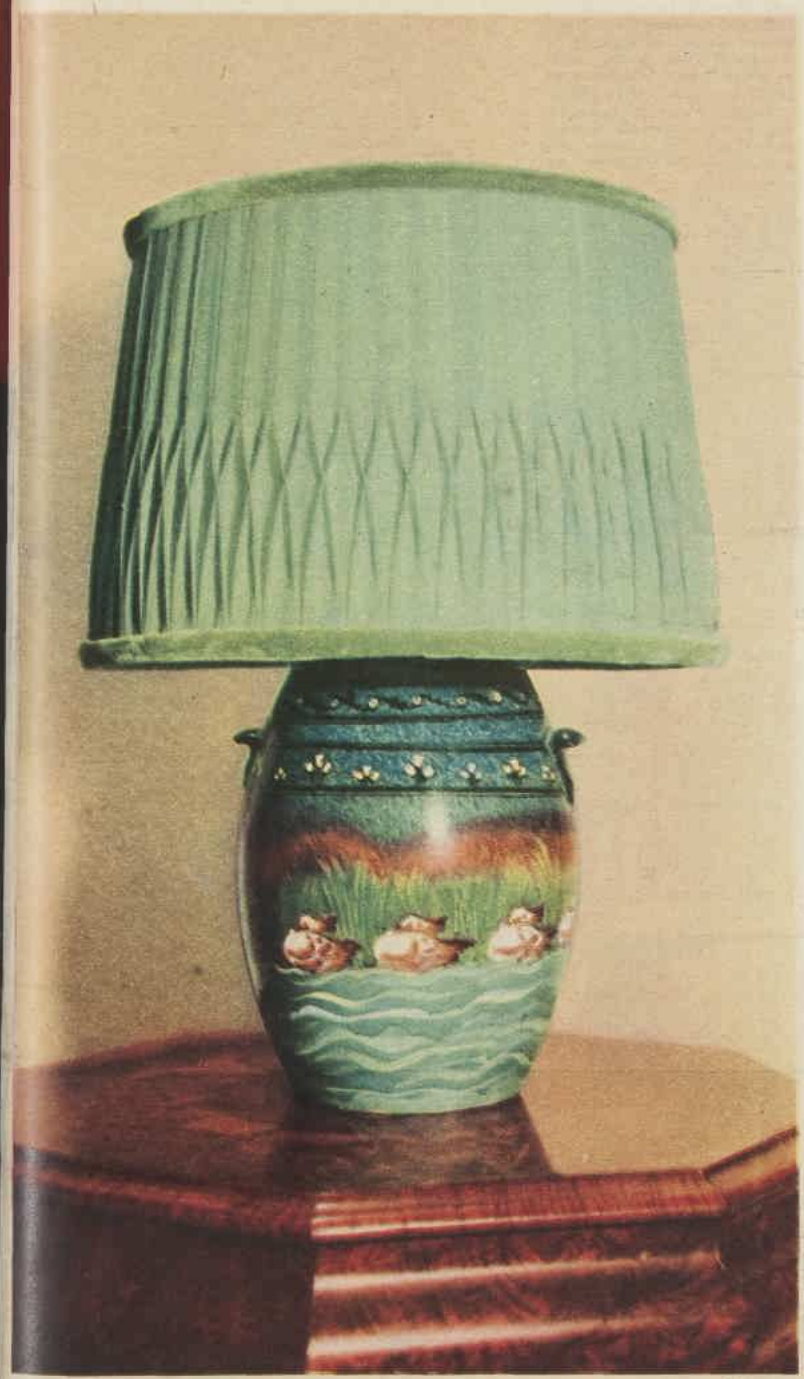
LAMPSHADES

be made from our step-by-step
retty shades on the left are made simply
rom drawing paper and powdered paint.

***COLORFUL** material can be used to great effect on a classical style. Throughout making, the material must be kept taut.*



***CROSS PATTERN** on this rayon-georgette design is achieved by carefully stitching two pleats together at regular intervals. It is lined with lawn or voile and trimmed with velvet.*

. . . with material

ON this and the following page are directions for making the cloth lampshades pictured above and left.

The method for the binding of the wire frame and the preparation of the lining is the same for both shades. Step-by-step pictures and diagrams are overleaf.

CLASSICAL STYLE
(Pictured above)

Materials: One pack of thin cotton binding, 1 yard of sellshun or lawn for lining (or more, depending on size of shade), 1 yard of covering material (more, depending on size of shade), metal shade frame, cotton to match lining and covering material.

Metal shade frames can be bought at most large stores.

Begin by binding top and bottom circles of metal frame with cotton binding. Pull as taut as possible or finished shade cover will sag.

Set metal frame on a table and hold it away from you. Start at a point on top circle where it is joined by one of vertical struts, crossing over binding to hold it firmly in place. Wind binding neatly round wire, pulling frequently to ensure it is tight. (See picture 1 overleaf.)

Repeat same procedure for bottom circle.

Lining must be cut on the cross. Fold as shown in diagram A.

Place material (double) over frame, as shown in picture 2, to cover one quarter of the frame. Cut material, leaving extra 2in. all round.

Fold remaining material diagonally.

Using first piece of material as pattern, place it on remaining material and cut.

Open out both pieces and pin ends together (diagram B).

This is inner lining, but first it must be fitted on to the outside of the frame. (See picture 3.)

Throughout process of making shade, material must be pulled frequently with the weave.

Pin top of lining to tape on top of frame. (Again see picture 3.) Repeat for bottom.

Re-pin seams, making material as taut as possible.

Remove pins from top and bottom, but leave in seams. Take lining off frame and machine two rows of stitching along line of pins. Cut away waste material, close to two rows of stitching.

Fit lining inside frame with rough edges of seams facing out and seams level with outside struts.

Pin lining to binding tape on top and bottom circles, pulling with weave all the time to make material taut.

Using little stitches, stitch lining to the binding round top of frame, removing pins as you work and continually pulling material with the weave. (See picture 4.)

As you approach inside struts, which hold the shade in place on the lamp base, carefully cut a slit in the material down to the strut to allow material to be pulled up tight and stitched to top circle.

As you work cut away all waste material, getting close to stitches.

To make a neat finish round each inner strut, take a short piece of material (see picture 5), slip it under the strut, pull tightly, and stitch to the binding tape on top circle. Cut away surplus material.

Join bottom of lining to binding on bottom circle, using small stitches and pulling material with weave. Cut away surplus close to stitches.

Make outside covering, using same procedure as for lining, remembering to get the joins on wrong side of material.

When you have machined and trimmed

Continued overleaf

See step-by-step pictures on next page

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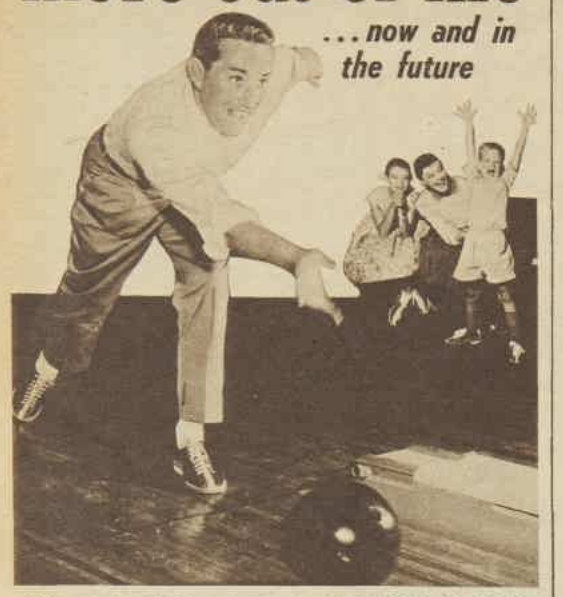
how to get more out of life

...now and in the future



Science is giving us many more years of active life—this is life to be enjoyed.

"People — especially over 35—should have a vitamin-mineral supplement to their diet"—advise the world's leading dietitians.

Dietitians could set out for us a list of foods which would ensure a balanced daily diet. But how many of us could stick strictly to it? How many of us could be bothered? But you can put the necessary balance back into your meals when you supplement your food with Vykmin — vitamin-mineral capsules.

Why are vitamins essential? Different vitamins have different functions, but there are some vitamins which are essential in varying amounts for good health. Vykmin provides these vitamins.

Why do we need a vitamin supplement? Apart from its demands on health and energy, modern living exacts another price—lack of vitamins! We eat fruit and vegetables which have been stored for a long time. We eat foods which are often over-processed. Lengthy storage; over-processing; over-cooking destroys many of the vitamins found in food.

What does this mean? It means that most of us need a vitamin-mineral supplement. Vykmin capsules, taken once a day, supplement our daily food, ensure a balanced daily intake of essential vitamins, plus important minerals.

Safeguard your health.
Stay younger—longer!
Take Vykmin once a day!

Climate-proof pack guarantees stability and correct vitamin content.

Vykmin Capsules contain:
Vitamin B1 (333 I.U.) for appetite and nerves.
Vitamin A (5,000 I.U.) for the eyes. Builds up resistance.
Vitamin B2 Riboflavin (1 mg.) for growth, energy and vigour.
Vitamin B6 (0.1 mg.) for blood and skin disorders.
Vitamin B12 (1 mcgm.).
Vitamin PP (Nicotinamide) (10 mgs.) for mental alertness.
Vitamin C (300 I.U.) for healthy gums.
Vitamin D (750 I.U.) for strong teeth and bones.
Vitamin E (1.25 mgs.), the anti-old-age vitamin.
Phosphorus, 15.2 mgs., Calcium, 30.4 mgs., Iron, 17.3 mgs., Manganese, 0.5 mg. These important minerals keep the body functioning, help the vitamins do their work.

VY163A

Vykmin VITAMIN-MINERAL CAPSULES

A quality product by SCOTT & BOWNE

From Your Family Chemist. 9/6 for 15 days', 18/- for 30 days' supply.

LAMPSHADES — step-by-step

Home lighting — *Continued from page 41*

the seams, fit outside cover over frame, making sure seams are level with struts.

Pin top and bottom of cover to binding round top and bottom of frame, keeping material taut.

Using small stitches, stitch cover to top and bottom binding, removing pins as you work and pulling material with weave.

Cut away surplus material (see picture 6) close to stitches.

Now bind top and bottom of shade as follows: Use 2in.-wide strips of material cut on the cross (if it is necessary to make any joins in this, be sure to match the pattern and join on the cross). Measure round top and bottom circles of frame so binding strip fits it exactly, remembering to make an allowance for the final hem when you join binding into a circle.

Press all joins.

Beginning with top circle of frame, fold strip of material in half with right side facing out. With raw edges uppermost, pin all round top of frame with folded edge of strip facing inwards and raw edges outwards. (See picture 7.) Using self-colored cotton, stitch binding to top of lining. If necessary, trim, cutting as close as possible to stitches.

Fold binding over top rim. Because of exact fit it will sit neatly on the outside. (See finished picture on previous page.)

Repeat for bottom of shade.

CROSS PATTERN SHADE

(See picture on previous page)

Materials: 1 pack thin cotton binding, 1yd. lawn or voile for lining (or more, depending on size of shade), covering material (rayon georgette is most suitable for this design and you decide amount needed by measuring depth of shade and allowing an extra 2in. at each end, measure round bottom of shade and multiply by 3), metal shade frame, cotton to match lining and cover, some small lace pins, velvet ribbon.

Prepare frame and make lining in same way as classical style shade. (See previous page and above.) Get whatever joins are necessary in line with the vertical struts on frames.

Pleat and pin covering material to bottom of shade. Pin it to top, allowing for fact that top is narrower than bottom and pleats will have to be adjusted accordingly. (See picture 8.)

To avoid bulky seams, overlap the selvedge edges slightly. Material will be pulled taut so it will not be necessary to stitch edges together.

Stitch material to top and bottom circles with small stitches and cut away surplus material close to stitches.

Set pleats by ironing gently with warm iron. Easiest way is to tilt shade slightly and "wipe" iron across it.

Cross pattern on shade which is achieved by stitching two pleats together with a single stitch at intervals, must be regular. Best way to ensure a symmetrical pattern is to measure and pin pleats at points where they are to join with lace pins before stitching so you can be sure your measurements are level and exact.

When pins are level and even, remove one by one, replacing with a single cotton thread. Hold together with a double knot, cutting off ends as close as possible without severing. Bind top and bottom of shade with velvet ribbon.

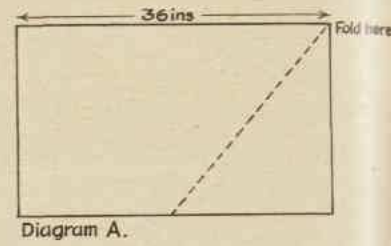


Diagram A.

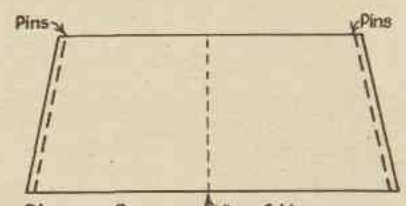
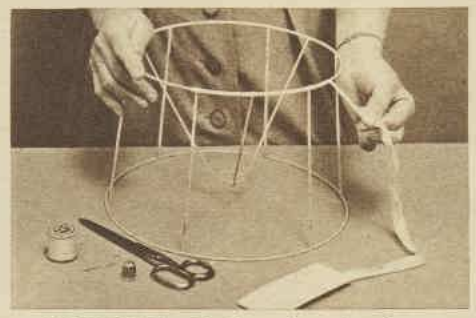


Diagram B.



PICTURE 1—binding the wire frame.

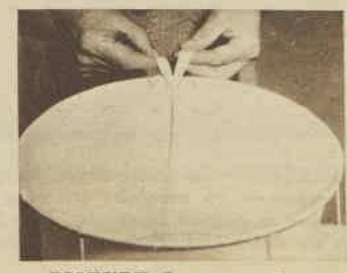
PICTURE 2—cutting out lining.

PICTURE 3—pinning lining on frame.

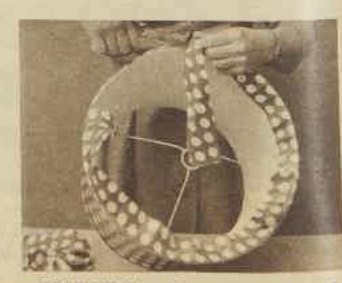
PICTURE 8—pinning pleats on the cover for cross pattern shade.

PICTURE 7—stitching top binding.

PICTURE 4 — stitching lining to tape binding.



PICTURE 5 — covering strut for neat finish.



PICTURE 6 — cutting off surplus material from cover.

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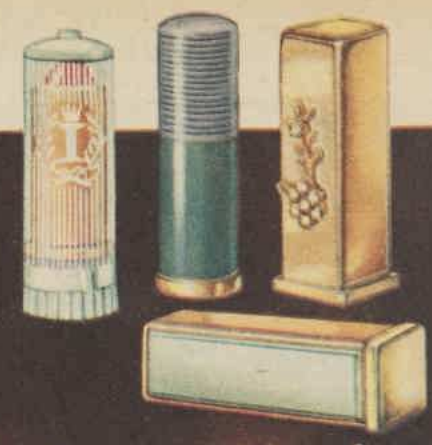
Latest, Lustrous



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what is distinctive about

Metrecal

the new concept for weight control?

Metrecal, the original brand of dietary for weight control, helps you control weight safely without resorting to complicated diets or complex calorie counting. Developed to meet exacting medical standards, Metrecal's effectiveness is proven in extensive clinical studies. It's the new, pleasant way to control weight without feeling hungry.

Metrecal was introduced in the United States a little more than a year ago, and has since been successfully introduced to countries all over the world. Metrecal has been available in Australia since December, 1960. Its aim:

To provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience.

Our continuing admonition: Consult your physician concerning the problem of weight control.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of caloric intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing programme; and Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight control, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. Metrecal is a most useful aid in the long-range maintenance of desirable weight, as part of a well-balanced diet. To control weight more gradually, or to maintain a desired weight, the amount of Metrecal used may be increased, it may be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days.

Why Metrecal is distinctive

Many factors set Metrecal apart. These include:

The new concept — The measured calories of Metrecal provide for the first time in one product a complete formulation designed expressly for weight control. Hence, Metrecal supplies: the means to achieve your desired weight through accurate control of calorie intake on a programme that is nutritionally sound, appetite satisfying and convenient.

Clinical validation — Before Metrecal was introduced, its effectiveness was proved in extensive, long-term clinical studies, all conducted under strict medical supervision. Continuing studies are providing ever-increasing evidence of the value and versatility of Metrecal.

Quality of product — The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to exacting pharmaceutical standards. Metrecal powder, for example, is subjected to a total of 396 separate quality control tests.

Range of choice — Metrecal is available nationally from your chemist, in a range of pleasant flavours in powder form.

What Metrecal can do

Overweight persons control weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they control weight safely without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. Users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger. The appetite is satisfied. Clinical studies under the careful supervision of physicians have shown that at the 900-calorie level, the use of Metrecal resulted in highly satisfactory weight control.

THE NEW, PLEASANT WAY TO CONTROL WEIGHT WITHOUT FEELING HUNGRY

Metrecal is in 3 delicious flavours: Chocolate, Butterscotch and Plain.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. For example, it cannot provide the necessary will power for weight control and maintenance. However, it is not difficult to stay on such a diet with Metrecal since little, if any hunger occurs after the first day or two.

The cost of Metrecal

The price of each half-pound can — which makes up into four beverage meals — is 12/6; so each meal costs only 3/1½.

One half-pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water provides the total daily diet in the 900-calorie programme. Single meals may be prepared as required, using only a portion of the contents. Metrecal is particularly delicious if chilled before use.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, persons with diseases of the heart, blood vessels or kidneys, and persons with other medical disturbances such as diabetes or liver disease, should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight-control programme.

Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.

Ask your chemist about Metrecal, and for a free copy of the Weight Control Guide booklet which will aid you in the successful completion of your Metrecal weight control programme. Should you require further information about Metrecal, or a copy of the weight control booklet through the post, please contact:

Edward Dalton Company
(A DIVISION OF CHARLES McDONALD - MEAD JOHNSON PTY. LTD.)
Quality products from nutritional research
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A holiday to suit your temperament

● Are you, by nature, a "driver" or a "drooper"? If a holiday is to be a real tonic, it must be right for your temperament and a change from your usual routine.

HOLIDAY should be a form of treatment—remedy for your besetting disease, the life you lead during the rest of the year.

So people of different temperaments and ways of life need different holidays.

The world can be roughly divided into two broad groups, the droopers and the drivers.

Droopers are built to last. They are relaxed, comfortable people who get by on a minimum of effort.

You will never find a drooper standing when he can sit.

Although they get there, they never appear to hurry and they certainly never do more than one thing at a time. In fact, they seldom do as much as that!

They should take stimulating, energetic holidays to tone them up.

Usually they do quite the reverse. They have quiet unhurried holidays, consisting largely of sitting and lying in the sun. The result is they return to work even more sluggish than they were before.

So energetic!

Drivers are people who have swallowed alarm clocks. They are up early in the morning bounding about full of disgusting vitality when everyone else is trying to summon up just enough energy to keep breathing.

They keep it up all day long, apparently exuding vitality, but actually driving themselves until they drop.

Drivers seldom sit down. They seldom walk. When they are not rushing about in cars, they run.

When they go on holiday they dash from place to place in a mad rush.

They return more worn-out than when they left, but fairly itching for another year's work killing themselves.

A holiday should be more than a change of air and scene. It should be a change of life itself.

Above all it should be a change of tempo.

One difficulty here is that husbands and wives do not lead the same sort of workaday lives.

The holiday should be planned to fit the life of the one who is most under stress during the rest of the year.

If your life is full of monotonous routine, your holiday should be an unplanned trip full of unexpected little adventures.

By a doctor

If your life is hard and tough, your holiday should be quiet and easy, but not too boring.

If your life is efficiency-plus with every detail organised, a completely disorganised holiday, on which you have to rough it, will do you more good than a perfectly arranged travel agents' affair.

The ideal holiday for the family man who works at high pressure consists mainly of playing on the beach with the children.

Relaxation does not necessarily mean inactivity.

Playing tennis or golf with the children, as long as they are young enough for Father to beat them without too much effort, is also good for men who are temperamentally incapable of doing nothing.

So is swimming.

Doing household chores can be as much a relaxation to a man as not doing them is to his wife.

In other words, if you don't wash dishes at home, wash them on holiday. If you wash them at home, don't wash them on holiday.

Mountaineering holidays and walking or cycling tours are suitable for those who do not have to overdo things at work.

Get a boat

Popular holiday resorts provide the same sort of stimulating atmosphere.

On the other hand, messing about in boats is a wonderful tension-easer.

Boats of all shapes and sizes are ideal for unwinding the overwound.

Painting, fishing, and bird-watching all provide interesting occupations for holidays to fit drivers.

If they enjoy life at sea, a return trip on an ordinary passenger ship or a voyage on a cargo boat will do them a world of good.

The organised gaiety of a cruise liner, however, is more suitable for those in need of stimulation.

Travelling by train is in itself a holiday for people who normally drive cars. But if you do take a car, try towing a caravan — it makes you slow down on speed.

It goes without saying that the holiday which fits the mothers of young children like a glove is one without the "little dears."

This is often difficult to arrange, but it may be practicable for Father to take them on for much of the day and thus discover what it is that makes Mother look so tired.

It's quite worth a try!

CASH PRIZES IN NEW CONTEST

● The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with the National Marriage and Family Week Council, announces a contest in which you are invited to say what you think makes a marriage happy.

THIS contest is a prelude to National Marriage and Family Week, which will be observed throughout Australia from Monday, May 8, to Sunday, May 14, which is Mother's Day.

In marriage, so much depends on the two people concerned—on their personalities and the circumstances—but in all stable, happy marriages there must be some essential ingredients that make it so.

What are these essentials? Give and take? Patience? Tolerance? Courtesy? Generosity? Or is love enough to carry a marriage?

Marriage-guidance counsellors in Australia consider that there is urgent and compelling need for much better standards of marriage and family life in this country.

To achieve this, they feel that there should be more education of young people for marriage, to enable them to face the reality of daily living together.

There is hope for an expansion of counselling services for drifting marriages, and for more research into reasons for the breakdown of marriages.

National Marriage and Family Week is being held to further these aims.

What makes a marriage HAPPY?

● To enter our contest all you have to do is tell us what YOU think makes a marriage happy.

Because ideas vary according to age and experience, we are dividing the contest into three sections:

1. Those married more than five years at date of entry.

2. Those married five years or less at date of entry.

3. Unmarried people.

To enter the contest in any of the three sections all you have to do is write us a letter setting down on one side of the paper, in not more than 250 words, your ideas on what makes a marriage happy.

Address your entry to "Happy Marriage Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Indicate your group by marking clearly on the top of your entry "Section 1," "Section 2," or "Section 3," whichever is applicable.

PRIZES:—

- **The best letter received in each group will win £50.**
- **The second best in each group will win £25.**
- **For every other letter published we will pay £10.**

Entries close on April 12

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Go gay as a carnival from now through to spring . . . for wonderful, wonderful wool has worked a new season-spanning miracle; **its name is Solange**, its weather-cleverness will bring winter late, and spring much earlier . . . it exists only to take you warm and nonchalantly everywhere you go these fickle-weathered days, and nights . . .

look for this label in any self-respecting garment

WOOL's a natural

Solange, seen here in the full feminine shirt dress by **JOHN J. HILTON.** *Flighty Gibson Girl sleeves and a wide portrait neckline to frame and flatter. At all fine stores.*

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• SCHOLL ELASTIC YARN SOFT-GRIP • SCHOLL NYLON MESH

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● We have been having calorie trouble again this week. The off-again, on-again type of teenage dieting that goes on in our household makes life very difficult for the cook.

KATHERINE is fairly sensible in her pursuit of the fashionable lean and hungry look—her appetite is too good for her to achieve it, and she's content to eat plenty of meat and salad vegetables and to cut down on sweets and cakes and sugar.

But with Diana, who could afford to lose a few pounds, there are arguments over the breakfast egg and the minimum daily requirement of half a pint of milk, but she optimistically believes that two ice-creams and a chocolate bar eaten at the beach will do no harm if she turns down a small baked potato with her dinner.

Both of the girls turn their eyes away in shocked disgust from the sight of Mike topping off his breakfast with two glasses of milk and anything from five to eight slices of toast, depending on how close bus time is.

But, eight rounds of toast notwithstanding, Mike continues to look like a piece of string.

Somebody explained the other day that the fashion for scrawniness is dictated by rich middle-aged women who can afford beautiful clothes, but don't like to see them displayed on models with all the youth and prettiness they themselves have lost.

So — the models have to be pale, underweight, and cadaverous.

I don't think there's much truth in that one. Rich matrons tend to be overweight, so wouldn't they get more comfort out of models cushioned with curves?

Nine inches off his waistline

AN argument began over the word "bant" which I used at the table the other night. Diana had just eaten two helpings of apple pie, grumbling all the time that "it isn't **fair** to serve apple pie when you know perfectly well that I'm dieting."

When I said, "Any banting that's done in this house will be done by willpower and not by interfering with everyone else's food," both the girls claimed they'd never heard the word before.

The Oxford Dictionary defined it as "abstinence from sugar, starch, and fat," but the family's ancient encyclopedia gave us a lot more information.

William Banting was born at the end of the eighteenth century. As a young man he was much troubled by a tendency to weight.

"Of all the parasites that affect humanity, I do not know of, nor can I imagine, any more distressing than that of Obesity!" he said.

By the time he was in his middle thirties he could no longer bend down to tie up his shoelaces, and he was compelled "to go downstairs slowly backwards to save the jar of increased weight upon the ankle and knee."

He consulted the most prominent specialists of the day. One advised Turkish baths (Mr. Banting took 90 of them); another suggested rowing (Mr. Banting bought a heavy boat and rowed it up and down the Thames for two hours every morning); another advised riding, and Mr. Banting bought a horse and galloped up and down on Hampstead Heath.

He followed diets, he visited spas, and he drank gallons of "reducing physic."

But "the evil still increased."

Then, almost in despair, he visited the eminent physician Mr. William Harvey, who put him on this new sort of diet:

Breakfast, 9 a.m.: Six ounces beef, mutton, kidneys, boiled fish or bacon, cup of unsweetened tea, a biscuit or 1oz. of dry toast.

Dinner 2 p.m.: Six ounces of any fish (except salmon, herrings, and eels), any meat (except pork or veal), any vegetable (except potato or parsnip), 1oz. of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding (not sweetened), any kind of poultry or game, and three glasses of good claret, sherry, or Madeira.

Tea, 6 p.m.: Three ounces of cooked fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea.

Supper, 9 p.m.: Three or four ounces of meat or fish, with a glass or two of claret or sherry.

Nightcap: A tumbler of grog (gin, whisky, or brandy), or a glass or two of claret or sherry.

"This," said Mr. Banting, "was far more lavish than anything I had allowed myself."

But he lost weight steadily at the rate of one pound a week, and at the end of a year his girth had been reduced nine inches, and he could stoop to do up his shoes.

Mr. Banting lived to the ripe old age of 82 at a satisfactory weight of 11 stone, and gave the English language the verb "to bant."

A modern dietitian would say, with reason, that there was far too much alcohol in his diet, but his friends and neighbors were probably drinking a flagon of ale for breakfast and a bottle of port and half a bottle of brandy later in the day.

"Please, someone, dong that dentist"

MIKE, who in many ways is the easiest of the children to deal with, has always been impossibly difficult over the dentist.

As a small child he screamed like a soul in torment from the time we left home until the visit was over.

When he got too old to cry about it he began a series of cunning last-minute moves for avoiding each appointment.

Yesterday his appointment was for 4.45. At 4.20 he rang me.

The gist of the message seemed to be that I was to ring and cancel his appointment, because he wanted to play cricket. I refused in no uncertain terms and banned the cricket game, and I **thought** I had got the message across in spite of his constant "I can't hear a word you're saying."

When he finally came home at ten past six he'd had "a beaut game of cricket."

Words followed. I insisted that it was inexcusable to break an appointment without telephoning, and that he must ring at once, apologise, and make another appointment.

Katherine, eavesdropping from the dining-room, reported that Mike's part of the conversation went like this: "Gee, I'm sorry about this afternoon . . . What? No, no, it wasn't anything like that, it wasn't really my fault at all. You see, Mum was supposed to ring, but, well . . . you know how it is when people get to her age . . ."

Now, what do you suppose he was implying? Memory gone? Mind failed?

Another appointment was made for Friday afternoon—and if he doesn't go to the dentist then he doesn't go swimming on Saturday.

I can see a look in Mike's eye that suggests he's wishing poor Mr. Norris rather serious harm.

After all, it wouldn't be Mike's fault, would it, if the wretched man just happened to break his leg?

for your knees...your face...
your "any place"

NOW!
BAND-AID
TRADE MARK

PATCHES & SPOTS

...AS WELL AS STRIPS

Now there's a shape for every need. And, remember, BAND-AID Strips, Patches and Spots are all separately wrapped for extra protection . . . have multi-vents for faster healing . . . and Super-Stick, for neater, firmer sticking.

Johnson & Johnson

BA327

My BIG TOE was one BIG "OH!"

When you have to "rub your poor toe"—rub it with BAUME DALET. This powerful foot ointment has proved so marvellously effective on the Continent that chemists in this country are now taking it up. Made specially for the relief of painful bunion-type swellings, but wonderful for "hot", tired, aching and tender feet, too. BAUME DALET disappears as you rub—gets deep into your foot where its special healing ingredients really get to work and bring relief. Ask your family chemist for BAUME DALET—6/- a tube.

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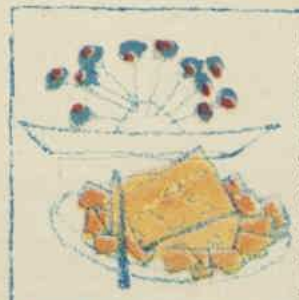
WINE

makes a party gay in the nicest possible way

Next time *you* entertain — may it be soon — delight your guests with the Red and White table wines. They're so light and refreshing it's a pity to confine them to dining alone. Introduce, too, all the delectable Sherries. Sweet, Cream, Medium or Dry, there's one for every taste. Remember, also, the Pearl and Rosé wines for their lighthearted freshness and fragrance, while, of course, Champagne and the other sparkling wines are always perfect for gay occasions. Certainly, entertaining with wine is something to do more often. Wonderful that it's surprisingly inexpensive, too!



CHEESE FONDUE

(Serves 6 at supper, 18-20 at cocktail party.)
½ bottle dry white wine ▶ 2 tbsps. brandy ▶ 1 lb. grated gruyere cheese ▶ seasonings ▶ 1 clove garlic ▶ 2 tsps. cornflour ▶ slices crusty French bread.

Note: If spirit burner available, copper casserole may go directly over low flame; if made on stove, earthenware dish may be placed in a little water over low heat. Rub earthenware or copper casserole with a cut clove of garlic. Heat wine to boiling point, add cheese. Bring mixture to boil, stirring constantly, continue to stir over low heat until cheese is dissolved. Add cornflour mixed in little water and stir thoroughly. Add salt, pepper, a little nutmeg and brandy. Serve straight from casserole. (Guests spear pieces of French bread with forks and dip them into dish.)

YOUR LIFE IS MORE PLEASANT WITH

WINE

Like to know more about wine—wine buying, wine serving, cooking with wine? Send for our free booklet "Life is More Pleasant with Wine." Free folders, too, with exciting recipes for wine-cooked dishes. Simply write to Sheila Norris—

WINE INFORMATION CENTRE

- BOX 3634, G.P.O., SYDNEY
- BOX 155C, G.P.O., BRISBANE
- BOX 260D, G.P.O., ADELAIDE
- BOX 4057, G.P.O., MELBOURNE
- BOX 809H, G.P.O., HOBART
- BOX T1650, G.P.O., PERTH

Put wine on your shopping list today. From your Hotel, Wine Retailer or Licensed Grocer.

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807

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows attractive carport, and floor-to-ceiling glass windows in the living-room.

THE KITCHEN IS A FOCAL POINT

● ***This house, No. 807 in our series, revolves around a well-planned kitchen which divides the attractive formal and informal living areas.***

FROM her kitchen, the housewife can see the play area and the front entrance to the house.

This house has two spacious bedrooms and is an ideal design for the narrow site. Areas, without the carport, are: In brick, 11.7 squares; in timber, 11 squares.

Entrance to the house is most attractive and opens directly into the formal dining area, which opens on one side to the kitchen, and, on the other, to a large living-room.

Utility rooms have been placed together, and the separate toilet has access from the bathroom and laundry. Laundry opens to the service yard.

Cost of building this house in brick is £4000-£4300, and in timber £3500-£3800.

These prices are, of course, only approximate and do not include the price of the land. For accurate costs on your own land please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Service is under the direction of experienced architects, and each of the seven Centres is supervised by qualified personnel, who will advise you on your building problems.

There are many plans, both traditional and modern, available through the Centres. Plans cost £10/10/- a complete set, which includes five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications.

Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Centres are located will assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return your plans or specifications, and the Centres will deal with your problem and return the plans as soon as possible.

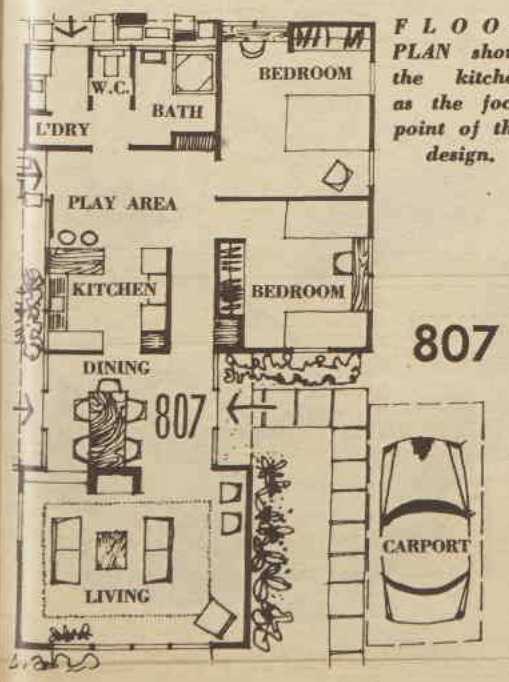
Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be included in the design.

Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

For a small fee the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect the proposed site for you, and advise as to the house most suited to the land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

When ordering your plans by mail, please state number, whether the house is to be built in brick or timber, roofing material required, whether or not the site is sewered, whether the plan is required as drawn or in mirror-reverse position.

Please also enclose cheque, money order, or postal notes to the value of £10/10/- for the plan.



807

FLOOR PLAN shows the kitchen as the focal point of this design.

OUR CENTRES

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this Centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald and Co., Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this Centre.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

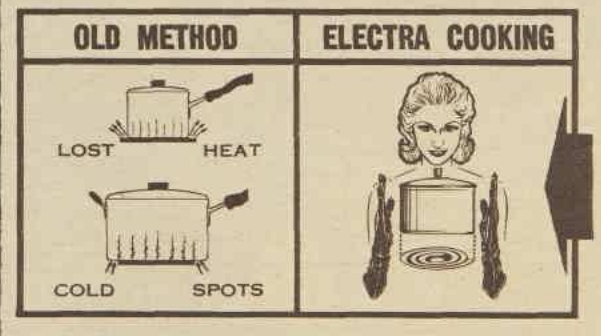
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

cooks *TWICE* as fast *TWICE* as efficiently!

The first cookware designed expressly for electric ranges

NAMCO-electra

This is news to delight the hearts of all electric range owners . . . now at last you can have cookware DESIGNED for your range. Different to old style cookware — Namco Electra, being the same diameter, exactly fits the hotplates, using up every ounce of heat — there's no lost heat or cold spots. Check your present cookware — see just how much cooking heat you're losing — then try Namco Electra miracle-fast cooking.



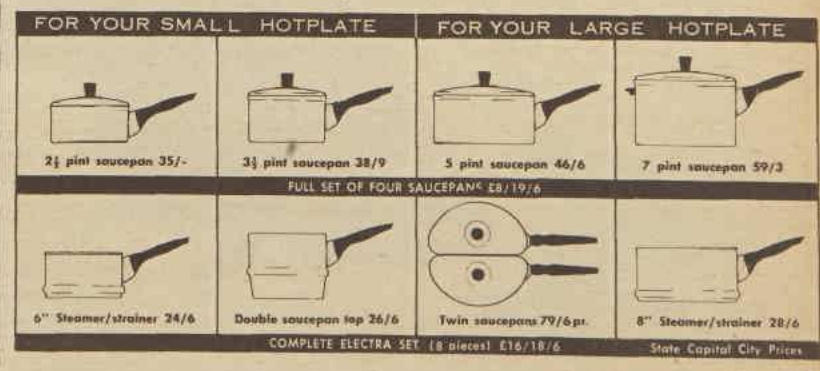
NAMCO ELECTRA EXACTLY FITS THE HOTPLATES TO GIVE YOU FASTER, CHEAPER, MORE EFFICIENT COOKING

● **LESS POWER USED — MORE MONEY SAVED**

● **FASTER COOKING THAN YOU HAVE EVER KNOWN**

● **NO MORE CLUTTERED STOVES**
Gone are the days of 2 or 3 saucepans sharing the one hotplate.

● **COOKS 4 DIFFERENT FOODS SIMULTANEOUSLY ON ONLY 2 HOTPLATES**
With the special Namco Electra steamer/strainer and unique twin set, 4 different foods in normal quantities can be cooked simultaneously! Imagine the saving in time and worry.



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FACTOR CREATES TWO ELEGANT NEW LIPSTICK SHADES

Venetian Lace

A REGAL RED

Parisian Lace

AN ARISTOCRATIC CORAL

From Paris couturiers comes the news: *this* is the year for Red and Gold. The fabrics are new, the colours exciting. And to match them to perfection come two new never-seen-before Max Factor lipstick shades.

VENETIAN LACE . . . a regal red to crown your lips with vivid, vital colour.

PARISIAN LACE . . . a truly aristocratic shade with the warmth of coral.

Each brilliant worn alone.
Each fabulous worn with another
Max Factor-only inspiration —
GOLDEN LACE — a gold-flecked lip gloss that touches shimmering golden highlights to your lips.
The effect — devastating!

LIPSTICKS
In HI-SOCIETY MIRROR CASE 14/11.
In HI-FI CASE 13/6. REFILLS 9/6
(available for a limited time with a trial size Golden Lace Lip Gloss).
GOLDEN LACE LIP GLOSS 7/11.

AND A SHIMMERING
GOLD-FLECKED LIP GLOSS

Golden Lace

MF4346-D

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MARGARET LEIGHTON, alluring star of stage and screen, says, "I've tried them all, but nothing else keeps my hair shining and healthy like Vitapointe does."

Hair so lovely... lively... soft & shiny

From Paris comes Vitapointe to make your hair really beautiful. Vitapointe is not just another hairdressing — it is a double duty cream that combines good grooming with conditioning. Vitapointe is not a luxury but an essential which protects your hair against harsh summer sun, wind and salt sea air.

Just a small amount of Vitapointe applied regularly, particularly at the dry ends, will keep your hair in perfect condition. To bring out the shining natural beauty of your hair and to enhance exciting new hair styles try Vitapointe today.

A 7/6 tube will last 2 months. From chemists, hairdressing salons and selected stores.

Vitapointe OF PARIS

The Perfect Hairdressing & Conditioning Cream

V.122

CORNFLOUR CONTEST

● Here are four more progress prize winners in our £1200 Maize Cornflour Cookery Contest.

CLOSING DATE is March 20 and entries should be sent to Cornflour Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Wonderful cash prizes are awarded for the best recipes using maize cornflour as one of the ingredients.

They include the Grand Champion prize of £400, plus a return air trip for two to Tahiti, for the best recipe in the contest, first prize of £100, second prize £40, and third prize £20 in each of the four sections. There is also a special prize of £20 for the best hint using maize cornflour, plus ten consolation prizes of £1 each to be awarded in each section, and four progress prizes of £5 each which are awarded weekly throughout the contest.

SECTION 1
Soups and Sauces

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. J. Lock, 94 Alma Terrace, Woodville West, S.A.

SAUCE NAPOLI
(For Ham and Pork)

One teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, dash cayenne pepper, salt, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, 1½ cups red wine (preferably port), ½ cup seeded raisins, ½ cup blanched slivered almonds, 2 teaspoons maize cornflour, 2 tablespoons water, ½ cup red currant jelly, 1 tablespoon grated orange and lemon rind, ½ cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Combine mustard, brown sugar, ground ginger, pepper, salt, ground cloves, wine, raisins, and almonds, and simmer for 8 minutes. Blend cornflour with the water and stir into the sauce and cook further 2 minutes. Stir in jelly, grated rinds, and juices, and serve.

SECTION 2
Main Course Dishes

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Seath, 4 Station St., Moreland, Vic.

CORNED-BEEF SOUFFLE
(With Tomato Butter Sauce)

Quarter cup butter or substitute, 1 clove garlic, ½ cup finely chopped onion, 1-3rd cup finely chopped parsley, 1-3rd cup finely chopped chives, 2 tablespoons maize cornflour, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper, 1½ cups milk, 6 eggs, 1½ cups cooked corned beef.

Sauce: One large tin tomatoes, slice onion, 2 small stalks celery (with leaves), 3 dessertspoons maize cornflour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon sugar, dash pepper, 3 dessertspoons butter or substitute.

Melt butter or substitute in a pan, add garlic, and cook until golden. Remove garlic and discard. Add onion, parsley, chives, and cook over medium heat until onion is golden. Blend maize cornflour to a smooth paste with ½ cup milk. Heat remainder of milk and stir into cornflour. Add vegetable mixture, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne pepper, and cook, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Separate egg-yolks from whites and beat yolks lightly. Add small amounts of hot mixture to yolks, beating vigorously all the time. Then pour back into pan and cook a minute over medium heat. Add shredded corned beef and set aside. Beat egg-whites until they stand in peaks; then mix gently into creamed mixture. Spoon into oiled souffle dish and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until done. Serve with sauce.

Tomato Butter Sauce: Put tomatoes, onion, celery, cut into chunks, into a saucepan. Cover and cook 15 minutes over low heat. Strain. Blend cornflour with a little water, add strained stock and seasonings and cook, stirring constantly until bubbly. Add butter and cook another 2 minutes. Serve.

SECTION 3
Desserts

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Langdon, Flat 3, 761 High Street, East Kew 5, Vic.

PINEAPPLE AND PASSIONFRUIT MERINGUE PIE

Pastry: Three ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk, 5oz. self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons maize cornflour.

Cream together the butter or substitute and sugar, add egg-yolk and milk, and mix to a dry dough with the sifted flours. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly and roll to required size. Line an 8in. or 9in. piedish with pastry and trim edge. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

Filling: Three tablespoons maize cornflour, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 cup pineapple juice, ½ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 egg-yolks, 1 cup pineapple pieces, 3 passionfruit, 1 tablespoon butter.

Blend maize cornflour and sugar with pineapple juice, orange juice, and lemon juice, and mix in a saucepan until smooth. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thick and clear. Add egg-yolks; mix well and cook further 2 minutes over very low heat. Remove and stir in pineapple pieces, passionfruit pulp, and butter. When cool, pour into pie-shell.

Meringue: Four egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon maize cornflour.

Beat egg-whites with pinch salt until stiff, gradually add sugar and beat until very stiff. Fold in vanilla, vinegar, and cornflour. Spread meringue over filling in pie-shell and place in moderate oven. Turn off heat and leave 1 hour.

SECTION 4
Biscuits

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Truscott, 5 Richmount St., Cronulla, N.S.W.

SPICED DATE AND PEANUT COOKIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 2 eggs, 4oz. chopped dates, 2oz. peanuts, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. maize cornflour, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon allspice, milk.

Cream butter, sugar, and lemon rind, add beaten eggs and then chopped dates and peanuts. Fold in sifted flour, maize cornflour, and spices, adding milk if a little too dry. Place in teaspoon heaps on well-greased tray. Press down with floured fork and bake in moderate oven 10 minutes.

Marshmallow Meringue Topping: Quarter-pound marshmallows, 1 tablespoon milk, ½ teaspoon lemon essence, 2 egg-whites, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, few sliced dates.

Combine marshmallows and milk, heat slowly, folding over and over until marshmallows are reduced to half original size. Remove from heat and add lemon essence. Continue folding until mixture is smooth, though still light and spongy. Beat egg-whites stiffly and add salt. Gradually add sugar, beating constantly. Carefully fold in slightly warm marshmallow mixture. Place spoonfuls on top of each biscuit, press date piece into each, and bake in moderately hot oven for 30 seconds, or until delicately browned. Set aside to cool.

PRIZE RECIPES

● Spicy chicken dish wins £5 prize in this week's recipe contest.

A RECIPE for an unusual sea-food mixture, which is filled into grapefruit cups to form a tangy appetiser, and a simple family-style fruit pudding win consolation prizes of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHICKEN MALAYAN

Four ounces mushrooms (tinned or fresh), 1 chicken, 2 tablespoons chopped almonds, 1 tablespoon chopped garlic, 1 dessertspoon chopped chillies (seeds removed), 3 tablespoons lard, ½ pint water, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, salt, pepper, hot rice, parsley, 1 cucumber, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar, ¼ cup vinegar, chopped chives.

If fresh mushrooms are used, wash and slice, then soak in water. Cut chicken into pieces, chop almonds, garlic, and chillies. Heat lard in pan and add garlic, almonds, and chillies, and fry for 10 minutes. Add mushrooms and chicken pieces, pour in water in which the mushrooms were soaked, or if tinned use plain water. Simmer for 20 minutes with lid on, add soy sauce mixed with cornflour, and stir until thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Simmer until chicken is tender, then arrange on a bed of hot rice. Serve with parsley and sugared cucumbers, sprinkling with chopped chives before serving.

Sugared Cucumbers: Wash unpeeled cucumber well. Slice very thinly and arrange on plate or dish and sprinkle with salt and sugar. Add vinegar pressing cucumber into juice with back of spoon until vinegar is absorbed.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Lock, 22 Bareena Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

TENDER young chicken joints cooked in piquant sauce and served on a bed of hot fluffy rice wins the main prize in our recipe contest. Recipe is given above.

SHRIMP COCKTAIL ASTORIA

Three grapefruit, ½ pint mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 tablespoons tomato ketchup, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons cream, 2lb. shelled prawns, parsley, lettuce.

Cut the grapefruit in halves and remove the flesh. Mix together the mayonnaise, ketchup, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, and cream, adding extra seasonings if desired. Take the flesh of the grapefruit and with sharp knife remove the pith and membrane, and cut into fine shreds. Stir the fruit into the cocktail sauce, and then the prawns. Fill the hollowed-out grapefruit shells with the mixture. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve on a bed of lettuce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Douglas, 31 Louis St., Annerley, Brisbane.

BUBBLE RAISIN PUDDING

One and one-third cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 cup seeded raisins, ½ cup milk, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 cups boiling water.

Sift flour and salt into a basin. Add sugar, raisins, and mix well together. Mix to a smooth paste with the milk and pour into a deep greased ovenproof dish. Mix brown sugar, butter, and the boiling water and pour over the batter mixture. Bake in moderate oven for approximately one hour. The crusty cake mixture bubbles to the surface, leaving a thick caramel sauce beneath.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss G. Tindale, 35 Collingwood Ave., Hazelwood Park, S.A.

Mothercraft Leaflet

● A free leaflet giving hints on how to deal with bed-wetting is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope for the leaflet must be enclosed.

FOOT-SORE & WEARY?

DISCOVER NEW WALKING EASE

Slip Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles into your shoes and feel your feet relax. Soft latex foam provides luxurious heel-to-toe cushioning; protects callouses, sore heels; prevents burning, tenderness. Insist on Dr. Scholl's, the only insoles made of Schotex air-ventilated foam. 5/9 pr. at Chemists, Stores, Scholl depots.

Dr Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES

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CAKE OF THE MONTH

BASKET WEAVE DESIGN

● Here is the first in our new series on cake decorating, which will be published every month. We start with basic recipe and basket design.

FOR A BOY: Sweet assortment could be replaced with moulded marzipan fruits, candies, biscuits, small toys, or vegetables.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

EVERY ambitious housewife prides herself on her cake making and decorating and in this special series we publish photographs and directions for a wide variety of cakes suitable for occasions. We will start with simple cakes for beginners.

For easy future reference it is a good idea to cut out these pages and paste them into a scrapbook.

All spoon measurements are level and an eight-ounce liquid measuring cup is used.

Here are the basic recipes:

FRUIT CAKE

One and a half pounds sultanas, ½lb. raisins, 4oz. currants, 4oz. crystallised or glace cherries, 4oz. mixed peel (or use 2¾lb. mixed fruit), ¼ cup rum, brandy, or sherry, 8oz. butter, 8oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon each grated lemon and orange rind, few drops almond essence, 2 tablespoons fig jam, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 4 eggs, 2½ cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg.

Place prepared fruits in basin, pour spirits over, mix well. Cover, stand overnight. Cream butter with sugar, grated fruit rinds, and essences, and add fig jam and golden syrup. Drop in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in prepared fruits alternately with sifted dry ingredients, mix well. Fill into 8 or 9in. square or round cake-tin lined with 3 layers brown paper and 1 layer white paper. Bake in lower half of very moderate oven 4 to 4½ hours. Remove from oven, allow to cool in tin.

ALMOND PASTE

One and a half pounds icing-sugar, 8oz. ground almonds or almond meal, 3 egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons sherry, lemon juice.

Sift icing-sugar into bowl, mix in almond meal, make well in centre, and add egg-yolks, sherry. Mix to firm dough, adding little lemon juice if mixture seems too dry. Knead into smooth ball, roll out to size and shape required.

SIMPLE FONDANT

Two pounds icing-sugar, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons liquid glucose, few drops glycerine.

Sift icing-sugar into basin, reserving ½ cup. Make well in centre, add egg-whites, cover lightly with icing-sugar, add heated glucose and glycerine, and mix to a smooth dough, using the remaining icing-sugar to obtain correct consistency. Knead firmly to smooth, pliable dough. Cover until ready to roll out.

Note: If almond paste is not required on cake, allow extra ½ quantity of fondant mixture so thicker fondant paste can be used.

ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, 6 to 8oz. pure icing-sugar, few drops acetic acid or lemon juice, food coloring.

Beat egg-white very lightly, gradually work in the finely sifted icing-sugar, beating well after each addition. Add sufficient icing-sugar until mixture forms small peaks in bowl. Add acetic acid or lemon juice and food coloring as desired. Beat well, cover with damp cloth until required.

BASKET CAKE

This can be round, oblong, or square as desired and the basic cake can be covered with a layer of either almond or fondant paste. The lid is made with a piece of cardboard cut the same size as the cake when decorated and is lined with a thin layer of fondant. As illustrated in the sewing-basket picture at left, this can be given a padded effect by marking with a plastic pastry roller or similar object. The sides and lid of the basket are then piped in a basket-weave design, making sure that the lines are close enough to avoid seeing through to the base.

The edges and base are then hidden and neatened with a simple shell pattern or a row of star roses.

The open lid is attached to the cake with a wooden skewer, but the closed lid (in above picture) rests on the cake at an angle and is fixed in a few places with a touch of royal icing.

Articles such as flowers, fruit, sweets, etc. are also fixed with icing or attached with removable cocktail sticks or pins.

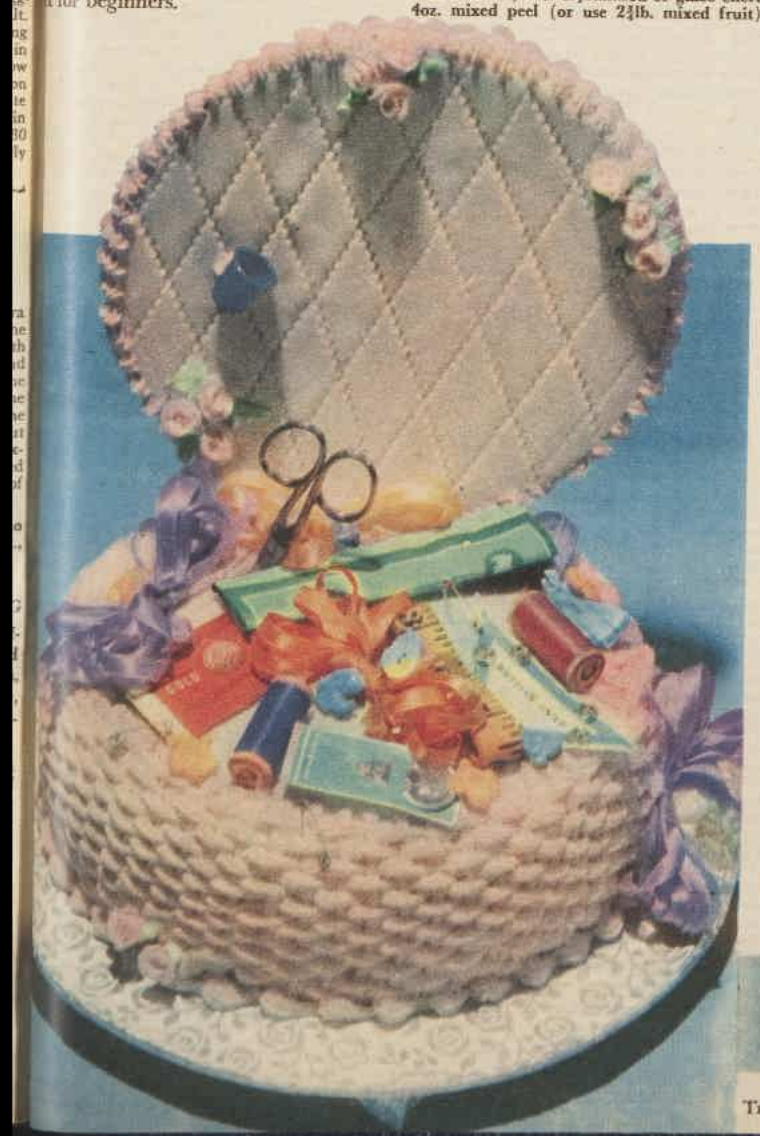
BASKET WEAVE PIPING

This can be done with basket, shell, thick writing, or star rose tube. To create the "weave" effect the first section is piped as a horizontal straight line. Then a series of short vertical lines are piped across the horizontal line at regular intervals. Another horizontal line is then placed to cover the ends of the vertical lines and the second row of vertical lines are then piped over the second horizontal line and in between the first vertical lines. Start each of these vertical lines by tucking it into the space provided so that it has the appearance of coming from underneath. Continue with these alternate lines until cake area is covered.

When piping basket weave on the sides of the cake, reverse the directions so that the first long line is vertical and short horizontal lines are piped over this.

Beginners are advised to practise their piping on a piece of colored glass or board so that they are sure of straight, even lines before they start work on the actual cake.

Copies of the various cake designs in our February 1 and 8 issues and those in future icing features can be obtained from our Photo Sales Department, 195 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. The price is 5/- plus 9d. postage for each photograph.



FOR A GIRL: Moulded fondant flowers would also make a pretty topping. Directions for cake, covering, and decorations are above.

CAKE COMPETITION

READERS are invited to send in their entries for our special cake - decorating competition. Prizes are £20 for the winner, £10 second prize, £5 third prize, and £2/2/- for any other pictures which we publish.

All you have to do is send in a photograph of your decorated cake, together with detailed instructions of decorations. Mark back of picture with your name and address (including State). Send it to Cake Decorating Competition, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Judith Aden's
vivacious autumn
lipshade sensation

Bursting into Autumn is this fantastic lipshade sensation that's fashion fresh and sizzlingly vivacious.

Try Coral Rose, it'll turn *all* heads and hearts, *especially* that *special* heart.

And then when *he* gets suddenly romantic . . . how glad you'll be you went for "Coral Rose."

2/11
push-up case

MATCHING NAIL POLISH 2/9

De-Luxe propelling
Tapered Gold Tube
firm or creamy

5/11

Judith Aden
You just cannot buy better...
whatever you pay.

WOOLWORTHS

NEW COOKERY COURSE

● Second lesson in our cookery course by Leila C. Howard, our Food and Cookery Expert, deals with grilling. For easy reference cut out the lessons and recipes and paste them in a loose-leaf book.

GRILLING— *Meat, fish, poultry, and other foods*

GRILLING, or broiling, is a quick method of cooking food by exposing it directly to fierce, dry heat.

The dry heat can come from any one of four sources:

a. Gas or electric stove griller bars heated until glowing red.

b. Glowing red coals of barbecue or outdoor fire.

c. Hot, but not red hot, surface of griddle grill heated on stove or open fire.

d. Heated surface of a controlled-heat pan.

SUITABLE FOODS

Portions or cuts of meat, fish, or poultry selected for grilling must be good quality, small and tender, because quick, dry heat cooking does not tenderise cheap, tough cuts — these need long, slow, moist cooking to soften the fibres.

BEST CUTS TO USE

Beef: Fillet, rump, sirloin, porterhouse, or T-bone steaks.

Lamb or Mutton: Short loin or small, young chump chops, cutlets.

Veal: Thin pieces steak; small rib or loin chops.

Pork: Small rib or loin chops.

Fish: Small, whole fish; fish cutlets or steaks; flat, thin fish such as flounder.

Poultry: Small chickens, cut in halves; chicken breasts.

Other Foods: Sausages; hamburgers; meat or fish rissoles or fish cakes; bacon; kidneys; tomatoes; mushrooms; pineapple slices.

PREPARATION

Meat: Wipe with a clean, damp cloth; do not wash or remove fat; slit skin of chops to prevent curling up; secure ends of short loin chops neatly with cocktail sticks; prick sausages with fork to prevent splitting. If meat is lean, brush on both sides with melted shortening.

Note: If meat is not as tender as desired, *marinate for 1 hour*, turning once or twice, in a mixture of 3 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, 2 tablespoons oil (optional), and 1 dessertspoon each chopped onion and parsley.

Fish: Remove scales, fins, and eyes from whole fish; wash, dry; prepare fillets, cutlets, or steaks by washing and drying; season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with lemon juice, slit skin of whole fish in two or three places on both sides; brush all fish with melted butter, bacon fat, or oil.

Chicken: Wash, dry; brush with oil, melted butter, or bacon fat.

Bacon: Remove rind to prevent curling and frizzling during cooking; cut rashers into halves or, if large, into 2 or 3 pieces; or cut in halves, form into rolls, secure with cocktail sticks or thread on to a skewer.

Kidneys: Remove skin and core, cut in halves, wash in salted water, dry; to prevent drying and toughening brush with melted shortening during cooking.

Tomatoes: Wash, dry, cut in halves, sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Pineapple Slices: Remove skin, brush with melted butter.

Mushrooms: Remove skins (if necessary) and stalks, wash and dry; thread on skewer, brush with melted butter.

GENERAL RULE

1. Pre-heat griller bars, griddle grill, or controlled-heat pan, or prepare fire and allow to subside to glowing coals.

2. Grease griller rack or face of griddle grill or pan.

3. Brush lean meat, hamburgers, fish or meat rissoles with melted shortening.

4. Place prepared food on rack over, or under, grill bars, or over fire or on griddle grill or pan.

5. Cook quickly 2 or 3 minutes on each side, turning with tongs or 2 spoons; avoid piercing with a fork, which allows juices to escape.

6. Reduce heat slightly, continue cooking, turning several times, until cooked to taste; for best flavor season meat towards end of cooking time.

7. Serve immediately.

COOKING TIME

Steak: 5-15 minutes, depending on thickness and whether preferred rare, medium, or well done.

Chops: Lamb, 8-12 minutes; pork, veal, 15-20 minutes; cutlets, 7-10 minutes.

Sausages: 12-20 minutes according to size.

Fish: 7-10 minutes, according to thickness.

Chicken: 15-25 minutes according to size.

Bacon: Rashers, 3-5 minutes; rolls, 5-7 minutes.

Kidneys: 6-10 minutes.

Tomato Halves: 6-8 minutes.

Pineapple Slices: Until softened and lightly browned.

Mushrooms: 5-10 minutes.

Next week's lesson: boiling and simmering.

Grilling recipes

MIXED GRILL

For each person allow 1 or 2 chops (or sausages) and 1 sausage (or chop), ½ lamb's kidney, ½ tomato, melted butter, parsley, salt, pepper.

Wipe chops with clean, damp cloth, slit skin with sharp knife. Curl tail of chop into neat shape, secure with cocktail stick. Prick sausages with fork. Remove skin and core from kidney, cut in halves. Wash in salted water, dry, brush with melted butter. Wash and dry tomatoes, cut in halves, dust with salt and pepper. Heat and grease grill rack, griddle, or pan. Start cooking sausages first, then add chops, and cook steadily, turning several times; 6-10 minutes before cooked, add tomatoes and kidneys, brushing kidneys with melted butter. Serve on hot plates, garnish with parsley.

GOURMET GRILL

Five ½in.-thick pieces fillet, rump, sirloin, porterhouse, or T-bone steak (1 for each person), melted butter or oil, salt, pepper.

Mock Hollandaise: Half pint rich white sauce, 2 egg-yolks, 3 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon paprika, strips green pepper, sliced, stuffed olives.

Wipe steak with damp cloth. Brush both sides with melted butter or oil. Place on greased hot rack, griddle, or pan. Cook 8-15 minutes, depending on whether preferred rare, medium, or well done, turning once. Dust with salt and pepper. Meanwhile prepare mock hollandaise. Fold beaten egg-yolks, butter, lemon juice, and paprika into heated white sauce. Serve steak on hot plate, mask with mock hollandaise, garnish with strips of green pepper and sliced, stuffed olives.

GRILLED FISH FILLETS FLORENTINE

Five fillets bream, salt, pepper, lemon juice, melted butter, 4 cups chopped, cooked spinach, ½ pint medium thickness white sauce, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter, little extra grated cheese.

Wash and dry fillets, [illegible] with salt and pepper, sprinkle with lemon juice. Brush [illegible] melted butter. Place on [illegible] greased grill rack, griddle [illegible] pan. Cook 7-10 minutes [illegible] flesh is soft, white, and [illegible] turning once. Lift on to bed [illegible] spinach in shallow fireproof dish. Coat with hot sauce mixed with grated cheese. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and a little extra grated cheese, [illegible] with butter. Reheat and brown under griller or in oven. Serve hot.

GRILLED KIDNEY AND BACON BROCHETTES

Ten bacon rolls, 10 lamb's kidneys, 10 pieces firm tomato, salt, pepper, melted butter.

Prepare bacon rolls and kidneys as in lesson above. Select 5 small skewers, on to [illegible] thread alternate pieces kidney, tomato, and bacon rolls. Dip tomato and kidney with salt and pepper, brush kidney with melted butter. Grill [illegible] minutes or until kidney is cooked. Serve hot on skewers.

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CROCHET HAT AND CRAVAT

● Mohair boucle wool has been used to make this attractive set which has been designed to team with a suit for town wear.

CROCHET CAP

Materials: Three balls "Pea-" Mohair Boucle; 1 strat- crochet hook, No. 9.

Measurements: To fit average

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; double crochet; rep., re- inc., increase.

Tension on d.c.: 4 sts. to 5 rows to 1in.

Crochet 4 ch., join into a

Round (4 ch., 1 d.c. circle) 4 times.

Round: * 4 ch., 1 d.c. the 4 ch. loop, 1 d.c. into of previous round, rep. * to end (8 loops).

Round: * 4 ch., 1 d.c. the 4 ch. loop, rep. from end.

Rep. last 2 rounds. Rep. round. Rep. 3rd round 7

Round: * 4 ch. and 1 into each of the next 4 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. * to end, thus inc. all round.

Rep. 3rd round until work measures 14½in. in diameter.

Next Round: * 1 d.c. into rep. from * to end.

Continue in d.c. for 3in., the first round of into the size required.

Fasten off.

CROCHET CRAVAT

Materials: Three balls "Peacock" Mohair Boucle; 1 stratnoid crochet hook, No. 9.

Crochet 9 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 5th ch. from hook, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into first of 9 ch., 1 ch. to turn.

2nd Row: 10 ch., 1 d.c. into loop, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into loop, 1 ch. to turn.

3rd Row: 4 ch., 1 d.c. into loop, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into loop, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into 5th st. of 10 ch. loop, turn.

4th Row: 10 ch., 1 d.c. into loop, * 4 ch., 1 d.c. into loop, rep. from * to end, 1 ch. to turn.

5th Row: * 4 ch., 1 d.c. into loop, rep. from * to end, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into 5th st. of 10 ch. loop (thus working twice into 10 ch. loop), turn.

Rep. 4th and 5th rows until work measures 9in. or required width.

Next Row: 1 ch. to turn, * 4 ch., 1 d.c. into loop, rep. from * to end.

Rep. last row until longest edge measures 36in. or required length. Shape other end by leaving 1 loop unworked at same edge every 2nd row until only 1 loop remains.

Fasten off.

SOFTLY flattering hat and cravat set (above) is made from six balls of wool. A number 9 crochet hook is used throughout

FLUFFY effect is achieved for beret (left) by the use of mohair brushed yarn. It is knitted in stocking - stitch on number 11 and number 9 needles.

BERET KNITTED IN MOHAIR

● With its petersham ribbon trimming this beret hugs the face and makes a warm but pretty style to wear during winter months.

Materials: 5 balls Patons Mohair Brushed knitting yarn; 1 pr. each Nos. 11 and 9 knitting needles; 1yd. of petersham ribbon.

Measurement: To fit an average size head.

Tension: 11½ sts. to 1in. on No. 9 needles.

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 136 sts.

Work 22 rows in st-st.

23rd Row: * K 3, "inc." (by picking up thread which lies between next 2 sts., placing on left-hand needle and knitting into back of loop), rep. from * to last st., k 1 (181 sts.).

24th Row: Purl.

Change to No. 9 needles and cont. straight in st-st. until work measures 4½in. from increased row, dec. 1 st. at end of last row.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 13, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 12, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Cont. dec. in this manner with 1 st. less between decreases until 24 sts. rem.

Next Row: * P 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Break off thread, run end through rem. sts., draw up, and fasten off securely.

TO MAKE UP

Using back-st. seam, sew back seam. Turn up hem round lower edge of beret and sl-st. on wrong side. Press hem and seam. Finish with band of ribbon.

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AN EXOTIC TAHITIAN DISH

Saute 1 chopped onion in butter. Drain onions off and saute 1½ lbs. cubed stewing steak in same pan for 5 minutes. Add ½ tblespn. curry powder and stir until meat is well browned. Add salt, ½ cup coconut milk (or stock), ½ cup diced apple or rhubarb. Simmer for 1½-2 hours. Stir in 1 tblspn. lemon juice and ½ cup shredded pineapple, thicken with 1 tblspn. Maize Cornflour and water and serve with rice.

Maize Cornflour has real Win-a-Trip Tricks

• *Great White Heron, an enormous frilled, semi-double bloom up to 10in. across, white with a flush of mauve and gold. Grows to 5ft. high.*

IRISES THAT PADDLE

PROVIDED you can meet its growing conditions—plenty of water and absolutely no lime—the spectacular Japanese iris will reward you with enormous blooms from early December to the end of January. The blooms are the largest of any iris, often exceeding 10in. in diameter on stems 2ft. to 5ft. high. The colors range through blues, purples, reds, and violet to pure white. They are best planted in March. If you can't put them near a garden pool, see that the ground around the irises is always kept moist—even soggy. Heavy dressings of old cow manure should be applied round about August or September. Plants are usually raised from divisions of the roots.

• *Red Violet, an original variety much hybridised by the Japanese. The seed of many varieties will revert to these if sown.*

• *The Queen, lilac-veined purple falls with gold blotch and deeper violet standards—a lovely flower 4in. to 6in. across. It grows to a medium height.*

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HINTS FROM HOUSEWIVES

● Country and city readers will find these hints helpful. Each one wins a prize of £1/1/- for its sender.

HINT for people who live in the bush and wood is the only fuel for stoves: When my irons got too worn out, I bought some old electric irons from a second-hand shop. I put these on the stove to heat, and the result was a wonderfully smooth finish to my clothes. They are also much quicker to heat than the old iron ones. — *Mrs. L. V. Bowen, Toorbul Point Rd., Toolture, Qld.*

★ ★ ★

To rejuvenate a man's favorite ties put them in a bowl and cover with cold tea to which a teaspoon of salt has been added. Leave for a few minutes, squeeze gently, and iron with a cloth while still damp. — *Mrs. S. Gillard, 99 Parkish St., Gunnedah, N.S.W.*

★ ★ ★

LUBRICATE a troublesome zip-fastener by drawing a lead pencil up and down the teeth of the closed zip. Open and close the fastener a few times and repeat if necessary. Remember to brush away powdered lead remains when finished.—*Mrs. A. E. Castle, 35 Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.*

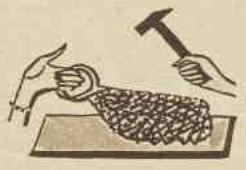
★ ★ ★

WHEN making baked custard, sprinkle ¾ cup of brown sugar in bottom of pan, pour custard without stirring in sugar, and bake for 1 hr. This makes a caramel top. — *Mrs. M. E. Fysh, "Ockleigh," Railannah, Tas.*

THE easiest way to grate a pineapple is to cut it lengthwise into four without peeling it. Then it is simple to work each quarter on a round grater right to the inside of the skin. — *Mrs. L. Walsh, Langton Downs, Cleremont, via Rockhampton, Qld.*

★ ★ ★

TO prevent an aluminium saucepan from discoloring when boiling eggs, add a half teaspoon of vinegar or lemon juice to the water.—*Mrs. W. Gocher, 3 Tulip Crescent, Boronia, Vic.*



IF a recipe calls for chopped nuts, put the almonds, etc., in a small calico bag and hammer on a solid surface or crush with a brick. This is quicker than picking up the pieces that otherwise fly around. — Mrs. G. R. Cramer, Box 189, Alice Springs, N.T.

FOR genuine gravy when making Irish stew, rub the meat in flour, and while the meal is cooking stir it every 10 minutes. — *Miss E. Brinsden, 51 Killarney St., Kalgoorlie, W.A.*

★ ★ ★

HERE is a use for left-over beetroot juice and an unusual and delicious way of preparing cocktail onions. Heat beetroot juice, and meanwhile prepare and wash some small pickling onions. Pack onions firmly in glass jar and cover with warm juice, making the jar airtight. Use a screw-type lid, and leave onions for about three weeks before eating. No spices need be added, as the prepared juice already contains the necessary seasonings. —*Mrs. C. A. Malcolm, 16 Dodd Street, Norseman, W.A.*

★ ★ ★

BEFORE laying a new carpet, wash the boards with turpentine. Moths dislike the smell of turpentine, and are not likely to attack carpets if the floor beneath has been washed over with it.—*Mrs. E. Maguire, "Rosedale," Dangarsleigh, Armidale, N.S.W.*

★ ★ ★

KEEP silver salt-shakers from going green by painting the inside of the screw-top with colorless nail varnish.—*Mrs. Reed, Nammoora, Falls Rd., Mt. Dandenong, Vic.*

WHEN suffering from sunburn, slice a potato and rub on the burnt skin. This relieves soreness, and helps to brown skin. — Miss J. Watkins, Wardell, Richmond River, N.S.W.

TO save time mending working trousers that have worn thin at the knees, cut off both legs as high as possible and exchange legs. By placing inside seams outwards, the thin parts are transferred to behind the knees, where there is practically no wear and tear and the strong pieces will be in the front.—*Mrs. U. R. Heinze, Box 150, Tanunda, S.A.*

★ ★ ★

FOR a different flavor add the grated rind of an orange to rhubarb before cooking. When cooled add the juice of the orange. — *M. Elliott, 147 Parraweena Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.*

● If you have a hint, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay £1/1/- for each one published.

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Continuing . . . SEE YOU IN THE PAPERS

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on the list of her current hates. Obviously she wasn't paying attention. "Have a good time?" she wanted to know.

"Uh-huh. We had dinner at her hotel. Very fancy." He came over to kiss his wife, but she moved her face so that he caught her forehead instead of her lips.

"There was a call for you about ten minutes ago. They want you to see her again tomorrow night. Dinner and a nightclub. They'll check with you at the office in the morning."

"Fine," Joe said. "Money, money, money! What's new with you?"

"Oh, the usual thing. I woke up at noon and had room service send up some pheasant in aspic. Then I did the matinee, took my singing lesson, and went to dinner with Frank Sinatra at a little French place in the sixties. He wanted to go on to a party at some countess' house, but I didn't feel like it. So I came home and worked on my memoirs instead."

"What are you so sore about, honey?" Joe asked, in all innocence. "You jealous or something?" It wasn't possible, but it was the only thing he could think of.

Betty gave him a withering look. "I'm going to bed," she said. "I guess you'll be seeing your old flame again tomorrow night?"

"I guess so," Joe said. "Boy! That publicity's a funny business. And, incidentally, she's not my old flame. She's just a real nice girl."

"Sure she is," Betty said and started out of the room.

"Hey," Joe yelled, "don't I get a good-night kiss?"

She came back and pecked at his cheek, then, before he could grab hold of her, was on her way again.

And that's when it came to him. "You are jealous," he said. He was more pleased than annoyed.

"Who? Me?" Betty said. "Because my husband's running around with his old high-school sweetheart and she just happens to be a big-shot actress? Don't be ridiculous. Why should I be jealous? I think it's wonderful. I love it."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Betty," Joe said. "I'm not 'running around' with anyone. It's just a way to pick up a little extra money. What's so terrible about it? She happened to pull my name out of a hat last night. We didn't have anything to do with each other in school."

Joe was so upset he didn't even stay up to watch Monte. But by the time he got undressed, bathed and to bed, the little woman was once again asleep and the subject was closed.

Joe had a very bad night. When he went out the next morning, he left a note for Betty: "Darling, please call me as soon as you can. I love you, Joe."

The note might have worked if it hadn't been for the morning papers. The pictures had come out rather well. He and Jane looked very friendly indeed. The captions were good, "Jane Finds High School Beau" "Reunited High School Sweethearts" "Jane and Joe an Item?"

There wasn't any call from Betty at about 10.30 he called her. He was already pretty frazzled. Fellow employees whom he hadn't seen in months kept dropping in, the telephone operator was busy screening his calls and the receptionist was having trouble keeping the reporters at bay.

Joe could tell immediately that Betty had seen the papers. "Why, hello there!" she said. "Are Jane and Joe really an item? Our friends are anxious to know, and I'd like to help them if I can. Care to make a statement?" She paused. Then, getting no answer, "Or are you calling about something else? Some new publicity gimmick, maybe? Going out of town for a few days? Atlantic City, perhaps? Or one of those places in the Catskills? Or was there something you wanted to tell the reporters? They're out on the porch. Or maybe they'll just go away and question the neighbors."

Joe was stunned. He'd known, of course, that Betty had her warpaint on. But not that she'd been sharpening the scalping knife, too. "Look, honey," he heard himself saying weakly, "don't get getting excited. There's nothing to it. Just tell the reporters to go away."

"But you are going to see her tonight?"

"Yes," he said defensively. "Yes, I am. For five hundred dollars, why shouldn't I?" And then he returned to how unimportant it was and how Betty was getting steamed up over nothing and how he loved her. And he went on rhetorically to inquire whether, when Jane Thomas stepped out of the picture — today or tomorrow — it would be better or worse to have a little extra money. For his part, he stated, he thought it would be better.

Betty listened to her husband's outpouring until it was absolutely clear that he wasn't going to cancel his plans. Then she said "Goodbye" and hung up. After which just to put the frosting on the cake, there was a call from Jane herself.

> ● When a man's money runs out a woman usually accompanies it.
>
> — Kenneth J. Shivel

She'd seen the papers. She hoped it wasn't too embarrassing for him or his wife. The studio wanted him to take her to dinner and dancing tonight—and they would pay him five hundred dollars—and she'd love to see him again—but if he wanted to forget it she'd straight it out with the publicity department. Should she?

Joe thanked her, and said not to bother. Everything was fine. When did she want him to pick her up? At eight? Good. He'd be there.

When Joe walked into the suite that night Hank Ellis was there. He had a drink with them—about his third. Joe guessed (actually it was his eighth) and talked about Jane's commitments. A television guest shot the next morning. A ribbon-cutting at a new supermarket in the afternoon. And then to Washington for some personal appearances. At the mention of Washington he looked at Joe and smiled. "You'll probably be just as pleased," he said. "All this must have put you on quite a spot at home."

Joe agreed that it probably would have if Betty weren't so understanding. Hank Ellis said no woman was that understanding. He'd been married a long time, and one thing he knew was that when jealousy reared its head, women reacted like ten-year-old children. They turned primitive. Jane said not at all. "Primitive, shmimitive," was the way she put it. Women, she said, could be just as clear-minded as men and where no offence was intended they take none. She was sure Joe's wife was that kind of woman.

Then she went off to the bedroom to dress, and Hank, his drink finished, gave Joe six hundred dollars—the extra hundred was for the evening's expenses—and with a firm pat on the shoulder and an admonition to take it easy headed for the door.

When Jane reappeared she looked sensational. There's something special

To page 59

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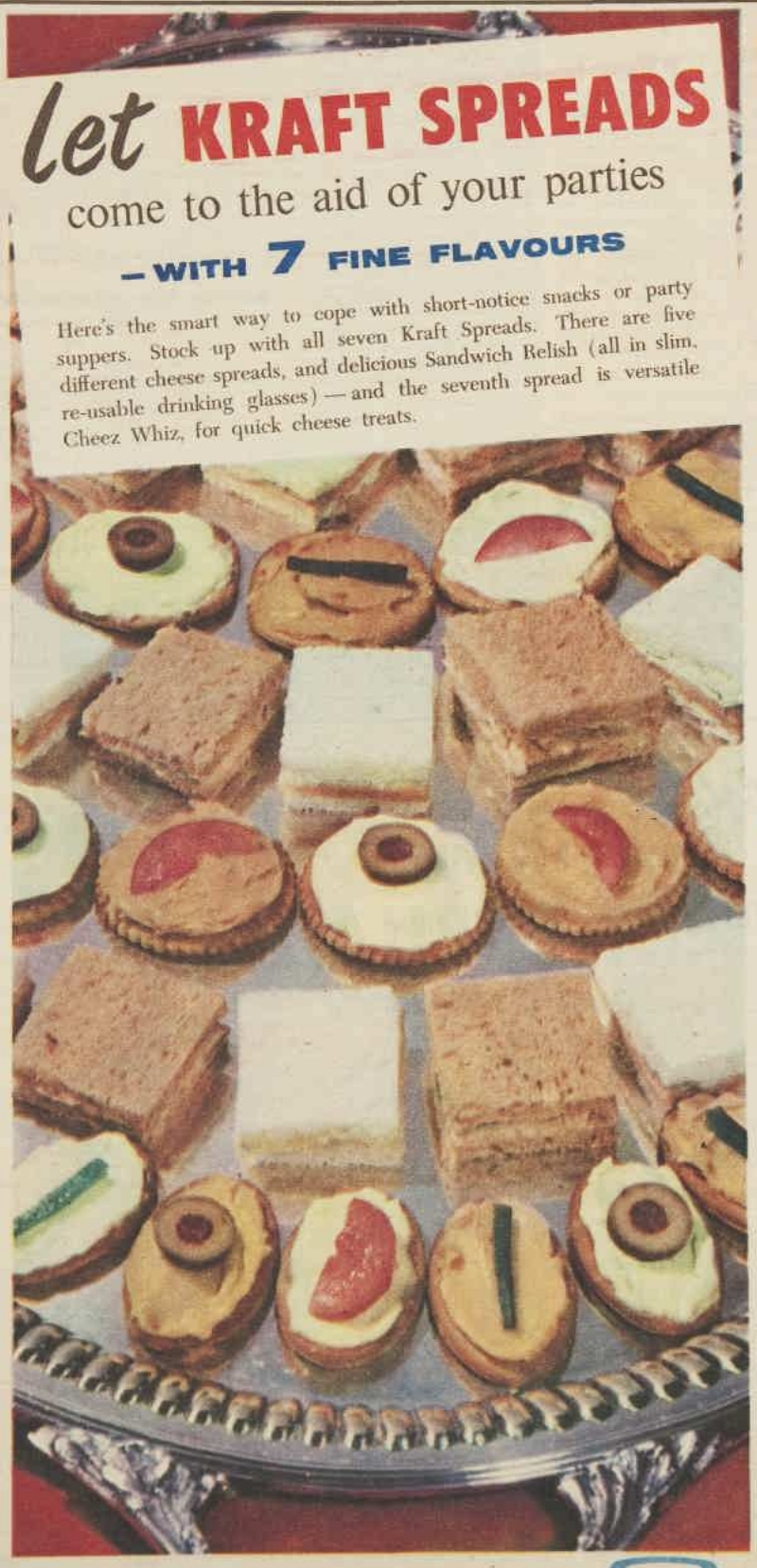

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Continuing . . . SEE YOU IN THE PAPERS

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about women whose job it is to look beautiful. And Jane was wearing her work clothes. Several times Joe felt it necessary to repeat to himself the cabalistic lines, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, Betty is the best of all."

They were greeted at Le Rond Point with a special flourish. The dinner was superb. There were lots of stoppers-by, all apparently on the best of terms with Jane and delighted to meet Joe. Some of them even tried to discuss his "plans," but Jane kept the talk carefully casual and gave him little nudges every time there was a leading question.

They danced a couple of sets and he spent most of the rest of the time being smilingly silent and alternating his thoughts between what an interesting evening he was having and what it was going to be like when he finally got home to Betty.

After dinner they went to The Marrakech to dance. Here the table hoppers and gossip columnists were a little thicker, and the photographers were out in force. But Jane handled them all with the skill of much practice and infinite understanding. She was a model of coolness and urbanity.

THAT is, she was a model of coolness and urbanity until the very tall young man with the black string tie came in. Joe recognised him immediately. Dan Claiborne, Jane's confidential fiance—big as a house, tough as the U.S. Cavalry, and as edgy as one of those Texas-to-Kansas cattle herds he was always involved with.

The maitre d'hotel seated him at a table fifteen feet away. A number of the patrons recognised him and some of them wandered over to shake his hand. But he didn't invite anyone to join him, and, indeed, was barely polite to them. He seemed to be concentrating on (1) working his way through as many martinis as possible, and (2) keeping an unwavering stare on his intended and the so-and-so who was trying to break up his not-even-completed-yet happy home.

Jane's suavity began spiralling swiftly downward the moment Claiborne appeared. The bubbles went right out of her conversation. Visitors to the table now were not inclined to linger. She was no longer interested in dancing. All she wanted, really, was to become completely inconspicuous. In the circumstances it took some doing.

And it certainly didn't work with Claiborne. Because after about twenty minutes he carefully stood up and embarked on the long and perilous journey to their table. Jane said, "If he sits down, just be pleasant. Whatever you do, don't get into a fight with him."

"O.K.," Joe said with deep sincerity. He had no more intention of fighting Dan Claiborne than of facing up to a rogue elephant.

"I can handle him if he gets difficult," Jane said. "Just let me take care of it."

By this time Claiborne had negotiated the distance to their table, where, after Jane had reluctantly introduced him, he pulled up a chair and settled himself firmly as a member of their party.

On the very next drink he went over the top. Motioning them conspiratorially towards him, he whispered to Jane, "What's the big idea saying this is a publicity trip?" Then without waiting for an answer he turned to face Joe. "And what's your big idea fooling around with my fiancee?"

He took another quick swallow from his deep-dish olive pie and paused courteously for an answer. Getting no immediate reply he held up an admonishing finger and spoke again. "I don't believe you caught my question," he said, trying to recall it. Finally it came to him. "What's the big idea?" he repeated.

"You see, Dan ——" Jane began, but Dan was again addressing himself to Joe.

"You want me to pop you one?" he inquired as he lowered his head on to the table.

"What do we do, Jane?" Joe whispered. "Should I hold him here while you leave? You want to go out together? Take him with us? What do you think?"

"Ho, ho, ho," said Claiborne, lifting his head briefly. "'Go out together,' he says. "You just try going out together." He carefully returned to the tabletop.

"Joe," Jane said, "if you really want to know what I think, I think you should just slip away. That would be the easiest. And call me tomorrow."

"Yes, Joe," Dan Claiborne breathed, "just slip away."

"I don't like it," Joe said. "It looks like he's making me run."

"No, it doesn't," Jane said. "Nobody knows anything's going on here. You'll just be doing me a favor."

Reluctantly, Joe stood up.

"And you'll be doing yourself a favor," Claiborne murmured.

Joe started to sit down, but Jane motioned violently and said, "Please, Joe, don't make trouble."

So he straightened up again, then slowly and deliberately walked out. As he passed the maitre d'hotel he peeled off a hundred-dollar bill. "For Miss Thomas and her friend," he said.

The doorman asked if he wanted a cab and he was just about to agree when he noticed an old and familiar-looking car parked down the street. It stood out like overalls at the Bachelors' Cotillion. His own car—with his own wife at the wheel. He walked over to her.

"You spying on me?" he asked.

"Certainly," Betty said. "Who has a better right?"

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"But the word of God grew and multiplied."***

—Acts 12:24.

In the early days when the Apostles were spreading the Word of God by preaching and example, they found people seeking after it, and it "grew and multiplied."

Then, "Are you going back in?"

"I was planning to go home, if that's all right with you."

Her eyes were as big as cupcakes. "But you left Jane Thomas inside. Does that mean it's all over?"

"Like I've been trying to tell you," Joe said, "it never started. There's nothing to be over."

"Oh! Honey!" She reached through the car window and threw her arms around his neck. "That's wonderful."

"It sure is," Joe said, bending to kiss her.

At which point a hand spun him around and a familiar voice said, "What kind of a guy are you, anyway? First you steal my girl. Then you make her mad at me. And then, when I come looking for you, you're already involved with another one." He peered into the car at Betty. "And a good one." Dan Claiborne managed to bow and sway at the same time.

Then, "Excuse me," he said, and launched a boulder-sized fist at Joe's chin. Joe ducked just in time. Instinctively, his left smashed into Claiborne's middle and his right clipped the big man on the side of the head. Claiborne went down like a bucket in a well. Joe felt as shaky as the legendary saloon brawler who accidentally knocked out John L. Sullivan.

After that, of course, all was confusion. Betty was out of the car and trying to push Joe into it. The night people poured out on the pavement. The cliff dwellers above the clubs threw their windows wide. Flash photographers materialised from every bistro on the block. Jane was down on the sidewalk cradling Claiborne's head in her arms. And there was a policeman.

Claiborne opened his eyes briefly, looked up at Jane, then moved his gaze to Joe. "Man!" he said. "You don't hit like any accountant I ever knew."

"Come on, now," the cop said, "move along, everybody. Break it up." The people began going away. "Any charges?" he said.

"No charges," said Jane and Betty together.

"Betty," Joe said, "this is Jane Thomas. Jane, this is my wife."

Dan Claiborne opened his eyes again. "Proud to know you, ma'am," he said.

"Oh, stop that," Jane snapped. "You're in New York now."

Dan winked and once more closed up shop.

The two girls smiled warily at each other. "Your husband and I went to high school together," Jane said.

"I know," Betty said. "And I wanted to tell you how much I've enjoyed your performance" . . . the hesitation before she added "on the screen," was barely perceptible.

"Thank you," Jane said a bit doubtfully.

Claiborne was back with them again. He tilted his head up at Betty. "I wish I'd known you in school," he said.

"No, you don't," Jane snapped. "Anyhow, she's married."

"So?"

"So you shouldn't get around with married people," she said. "Right?" She turned to Betty and Joe for confirmation.

"Right!" they said in unison.

"O.K.," Claiborne agreed. With that, Joe helped Claiborne to his feet and got him and Jane installed in a cab, which departed amid mutual declarations of esteem and affection. Then Betty and Joe got into their car and drove home.

As they entered the house he looked at his watch. Twelve-fifteen. "Want to watch Monte for a while?" he asked.

"I don't think so," she said. "Let's just go on upstairs."

On the first landing, he stole a glance at her. "You know," he said, "we'll probably get quite a going over in the papers tomorrow."

"I know," she said. "Did I look all right?"

"Great," he said. "Just great."

She reached over and took his arm and put it around her waist. "That's nice," she said.

And they went on up to bed.

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Continuing . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 35

"Yes?" the ladylike voice responded within.

"It's Alice, Mrs. Redfern. Dr. Devon is here."

"Thank you, Alice. Just one moment, if you please."

They would have to stand here side by side, waiting. Alice managed to send a little rueful smile up at the doctor. His eyes shocked her, they were so alive and aware. She could feel his interest, his inquiry, the power of it. She knew now that if this were the man, the danger was very great. And she felt afraid.

"What are you afraid of, young Alice?" she heard him saying gently. Ah no, this was never a man that she could fool.

Nevertheless she had to fool him.

So Alice said, in soft breathlessness, as if his sympathetic perception had compelled a confession, "I don't know, Dr. Devon. She's such a lady. I'll never be. And here I am . . . left alone in this house . . ." She closed her eyes, tried to squeeze tears.

"She can't bite you, you know," the doctor said.

Alice must open her eyes. She saw Bee standing at the railing of the upper hall with jealous rage frozen on her face. As Alice reacted, the doctor glanced behind.

"Come in, please," said Mrs. Redfern's voice.

Alice opened the door and went in blindly. Mrs. Redfern said, "Leave the door open, Alice, and sit down, my dear, please."

Propriety!

Alice sat down on a straight chair near the door.

Dr. Devon approached the bed with a wary bedside manner.

But fear now tumbled free in Alice's head. So Dr. Devon knew Tony's old work, all about it! So Dr. Devon knew for sure that Tony was not on the criminal side of the fence. Therefore, if Dr. Devon were the traitor, he would not like the secret presence of Tony Page in Mexico City. Would he suspect its purpose? Perhaps not. But if he were to find out where Tony had secretly gone, surely he would pass the word to watch out. He would give Tony's description.

And then, when Tony casually approached the sensitive subject in Mexico, and they, there, knew he was Secret Service—Tony would walk into a trap! Now Alice understood! Oh, Tony hadn't told her this! She'd been left to find it out in shock and ride the shock as best she could.

The only safe thing to do was assume that Devon was the man.

Alice felt herself grow cold and still. Very well. She would never tell Devon or any member of the family where Tony was, either openly or inadvertently. She had promised. She was resolved and she had the strength of that resolution: Very well. She was not quite twenty years old. But she had the strength of youth, the strength of her own intelligence, the strength of love, which is very great. And even in fear there is strength, if one can tap it. All these strengths would help her.

So to act, to lie, to seem . . . what? She would seem to be Alice Hensen Page, from Indiana, a country girl, no lady, left here with strangers . . . and—here came the false erected on the true—frightened of them. Afraid she wouldn't measure up. Gauche. Timid. Frightened of them. That was what she would seem.

Hortense came dithering in.

Alice got up and (gauchily) slipped away.

Dr. Devon said to Mrs. Redfern amiably, "Too bad young Tony was called back. But at least you will have the chance to know his little bride a little better."

Mrs. Redfern sighed. "Yes," she agreed. "Yes."

"Be kind," the doctor urged. "She is a little in awe of you ladies, I think."

Mrs. Redfern's eyes were chilly. "Thank you," she said.

Hortense said, "It's too bad. She is pretty and so young. But these girls fade early." Hortense drew up her own thin elegance.

The doctor looked inquiry.

"Our old cleaning woman," said Hortense with a fastidious moue, "is a friend of Alice's mother."

"What a coincidence," said Dr. Devon tolerantly.

Bee Stafford pounced on the doctor in the lower hall. "Couldn't I see you tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow, Beatrice, I am engaged all day."

"Sometimes I think—" said Bee wildly—"I'll scream!"

"Try to relax," he said kindly. "You will not scream, Beatrice." He concealed his wish to get away. But he moved away.

Bee made a mute, a helpless gesture. Her dark eyes followed him as he departed.

Dr. Devon entered his car, thinking to himself for the hundredth time how easy it would be to addict Bee Stafford to narcotics. He could drop a word and she could be approached.

He wouldn't have bothered with Bee at all had it not been for Gregory, who was useful to him. The epitome of respectable solidity. An excellent reference. Unhappy, of course. (Perhaps all respectable people were unhappy.) Hortense was the epitome of snobbery. And Bee, naturally, was a mess. He thought of the pseudo happiness of drugs for her and was tempted. Oh, yes, she was the type. Drugs interested him. He had a cold and curious brain. Mortals were fools. Which was an infallible source of money, he had found.

Poor Bee. He had taught her to know her enslavement to her grandmother. Wasn't helping her a great deal. Jealous of the little Alice. What a nuisance Bee was! He used his charm, of course. One does, if one has it.

He drove away.

Alice did not see him go.

She was beginning to catch on to the rhythm of this strange house. It was a shrine. Hortense considered endlessly the old lady's preferences. The servants served them. Gregory deferred to them.

Even Bee's rebellious contempt deferred to them, if only in reverse. When the old lady was not about there was no life in the house.

She was not at the dinner-table. Bee was sullen and Hortense was silent. Only Uncle Gregory rambled on.

Alice, wearing a pink dress and the silver-and-sapphire earrings again, wondered how she could live the evening through. She pounced upon a chance to ask, "Is Dr. Devon coming to play chess this evening?"

"No, not on Tuesdays. As a matter of fact . . ."

Alice cut in, as was the only way. "If you would like a game, Uncle Gregory, I play a little."

"Well, do you, indeed?" Uncle Greg discoursed upon the royal game until coffee.

At ten o'clock Uncle Greg showed back his chair. His brown eyes stretched very wide. "Do you know you have beaten me rather badly?"

"Guess I have," twinkled Alice. Oh, chess was good! You couldn't think of anything else, much. Yet she had found out things about Gregory. He was a man with mental ruts. Nobody you could quickly convert to the astonishing idea that a crony of his was possibly a scoundrel.

"Remarkable," said Uncle Greg. "You must have a game with Walter Devon."

"Oh, no," said Alice, "really." She looked up and Bee's gaze was like a sword. "I'd be embarrassed," Alice said. "Please . . . with you it's different, Uncle Gregory. It's family. I couldn't play with Dr. Devon. Please? Promise me."

To page 66

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FIRST sight of Dorothy Provine in "The Roaring Twenties," the popular TV show, as she wiggles her way through the Charleston, brings back thoughts of Clara Bow and old songs like "Has She Got Naughty Eyes?" But the second look, if you're female, shows why Miss Provine isn't a true 'twenties girl. She has a shape. Her chest profile is pure 1961. But all women will applaud the line she has taken between vanity and authenticity. The 1920s fashion look has something, but no woman is prepared to sacrifice her 1961 brassiere for authenticity. That's going too far.

— *NAN MUSGROVE*

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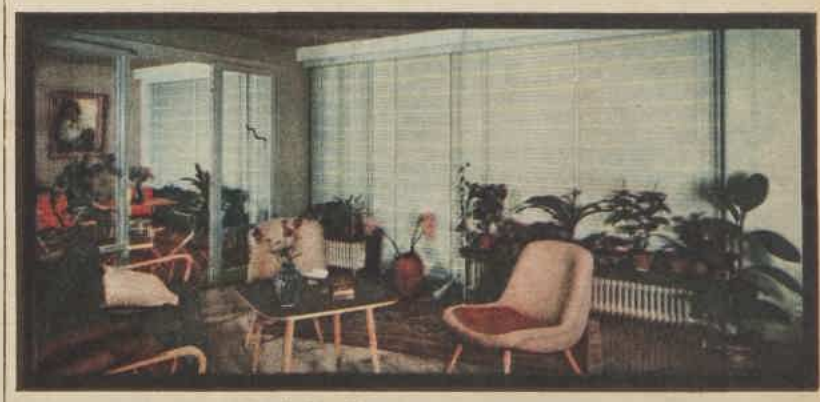

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A.B.C.-TV's NEW HISTORICAL SERIAL

By NAN MUSGROVE

● *"The Outcasts," A.B.C.-TV's new historical serial, will have its Australian premiere on Channel 2 on May 28. It is the story of the fight by Governor Lachlan Macquarie for the rights of the colony's emancipated convicts.*

Sketch for Mrs. Macquarie's maternity costume.

THE central figure of "The Outcasts" is Dr. William Redfern, after whom the Sydney suburb is named.

Dr. Redfern was an ex-convict who became an assistant surgeon at Sydney Hospital. He was the first doctor to get his diploma to practise privately in Australia and was also Governor Macquarie's medical adviser.

"The Outcasts" is not a sequel to 1960's astonishingly successful A.B.C.-TV serial "Stormy Petrel," but it begins immediately after Bligh's departure and could be called a sequel in time.

Outdoor scenes

When I visited its producer, Colin Dean, this week in his office he was knee-deep in blueprints, casting and wardrobe charts.

He had already cast the serial, had gone through sheet after sheet of costume design, okayed blueprints of studio sets, decided on the scenes, and was planning location trips to find spots for filmed outdoor sequences.

I asked him the obvious question: How did "The Outcasts" compare with "Stormy Petrel"?

"It has not quite the clear, dramatic line of 'Stormy Petrel'," he said. "It involves more people, and although it lacks the central issue of the rebellion, much more happens in 'The Outcasts,' which covers from 1808 to 1822.

"'The Outcasts' illustrates the change in the colony — Macquarie's policy of building up a settlement rather than administering it as a penal colony."

"The Outcasts" will be shown in 12 half-hour episodes. The first one is set in Lower George Street in a general store owned by a general merchant and importer, Edward S. Wills.

Wills had two pretty daughters, Sarah and Eliza. Sarah later married Redfern and Eliza married Captain Henry Colden Antill, of the 73rd Regiment.

Sarah and Redfern were married at St. Philip's, Church Hill, and televiewers will see the wedding. They'll also see the wedding breakfast given by Dr. Redfern and his wife in their parlor following the wedding some time later of Mrs. Redfern's sister Eliza to Captain Antill.

The scenes include a number of episodes in Government House (the same one as in "Stormy Petrel"), and at the Rum Hospital when it was built on the present site of Sydney Hospital.

There are many more outdoor scenes in "The Outcasts" than in "Stormy Petrel."

Colonial Architect Francis Greenway is seen on one of his building sites, Blaxland, Lawson, and Wentworth cross the Blue Mountains, and there is an outdoor reception at Government House.

Mrs. Macquarie's Chair, in the outer Domain, will not figure in the outdoor scenes. The site is unsuitable today for the early period.

During the serial, Redfern scores one of his greatest medical triumphs when he brings Mrs. Macquarie, who had previously had many miscarriages, through her pregnancy and the birth of her son Lachlan. This joy makes Macquarie a very much easier man to deal with.

But "The Outcasts" is not all sunshine and light and felicitous domesticity. The fight for recognition by the emancipists was a bitter one which ended happily for some, was a blow to others.

It has more than its share of villains. They work together as a group to wreak their wicked ways. They are Rev. Samuel Marsden, Ellis and Jeffrey Bent, Commissioner John Thomas Bigge, and our old friend, John Macarthur.

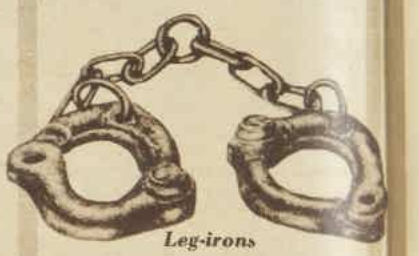
Big cast

The characters who reappear in "The Outcasts" are filled by the same people who played them in "Stormy Petrel." Walter Sullivan is John Macarthur, Margo Lee, his wife, Henry Gilbert is Governor Macquarie, Delia Williams, Mary O'Connell, and James Condon, her husband, Maurice O'Connell.

The coveted role of Redfern has gone to Ron Hadrick (whose last appearance for A.B.C.-TV was in the live drama "Close to the Roof"). Other well-known people in the cast of 42 named players are Edward Howell as D'arcy Wentworth, Al Thomas as Francis Greenway, John Gray as Rev. Samuel Marsden.

And what about Brian James, who did such a splendid Bligh in "Stormy Petrel"? He'll be a viewer this time. It's too soon after "Stormy Petrel" for him to assume a new identity.

Sketch for convict costume.



Leg-irons

DESIGNER for "The Outcasts" is Jack Montgomery, who did all the sketches on this page. They are the result of research into old pictures, sketches, and diaries at the Mitchell Library. Over 100 new costumes will be made for "The Outcasts," although many of them will be made-over jobs done by the A.B.C.'s wardrobe department from "Stormy Petrel" costumes. Mr. Montgomery has spent hours conferring with the wardrobe supervisor, Mrs. Weatherly, on the choice of materials. They have to both match those of the period and photograph well on TV. The convict costume is duck trousers with coarse cotton shirt and coarse blue woollen jacket. The leg-irons used for the worst offenders weighed 35lb.

Beehive bonnet

MRS. MACQUARIE'S maternity costume is a skirt of chartreuse silk worn with a spencer (an overjacket then) of sage-green velvet. The cuffs, seen at right, are tied with pale green ribbon and have a slashed inset of pleated white organdie. Her mobcap is white. She wears it all the time and when she goes out puts on her beehive bonnet, left, over it. The bonnet, of plaited straw, is trimmed with sage-green velvet.

Cuffs

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ARESTA SNAG **14/11**

QUEEN OF HEARTS **11/9**

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Cary — ace horseman

● When he's not in front of the cameras and not inside the foot-thick walls of his desert hacienda, Cary Grant can generally be found at Smoke Trees Stable—owned and operated by his good friend Ken Johnson.

AT Smoke Trees, Grant —relaxed in his jeans and jacket — divides his time between talking to men who "really know how to ride" and watching visitors mount and dismount. He often goes solo riding along the many picturesque desert trails.

By everyone's admission (save Grant's) the star is an accomplished horseman. "I can stay on a horse . . . usually," he'll tell you, but Johnson takes another view.

"Cary is a wonderful horseman. He has the good rider's rhythm and control. In fact, I keep begging him to make a Western so he can put some of his talent to work," he said.

Although Palm Springs offers seven outstanding golf courses and dozens of championship tennis courts, they're glamor sports in glamor settings — and Grant steers clear of Palm Springs highlife.

The actor firmly believes that everyone can have his own Palm Springs — it's a matter of values.

"When I ride out on the desert in the morning, I breathe deeply for a while," he says. "Then I look at the mountains — and at the sky. I lift my face to the sun, then feel warm all over."

★ ★ ★

AUSTRALIAN - BORN writer-director Dan Sharp has got his career well under way in Britain by turning out a first-rate picture about teenagers. Titled "Linda," the film stars young actress Carol White and Alan Rothwell and tells the story of a bored group of youngsters who want to "live for kicks."

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★★★ THE MILLIONAIRESS

Take a single-minded Sellers, a determined, leggy Loren, a bland charmer Sim —blend in a sophisticated G. B. Shaw comedy—and success is guaranteed. With strong, understated wit, Peter Sellers is at his off-beat best. Laughs are subtle, controlled, and consistent and the color photography is excellent. A timid Indian medico, devoted to slum-clinic duty, Sellers is unmoved by Sophia's looks. The temperamental millionairess, stunned at her spurned come-hithers, determines to wed him. Dazzling Balmain couture thrills. — **Century, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SPARKLING.

★ TAKE A GIANT STEP

Intense and bitter, Johnny Nash fights the fruitless battle of a negro adolescent against racial discrimination. A type of high-school true-confession, the plot features plenty of dramatics, a few light moments, and little action. At home Johnny gets a sympathetic ear from his humorous gran and a hiding from practical parents.—**Esquire, Sydney.**

In a word . . . CHASTENING.

NEGRO singer Johnny Mathis has wanted to play a dramatic part in a film ever since he started his career, but Hollywood gave him only singing roles. Now Mathis intends to produce his own movie, "The Rumble," and also star in it. "It's a story of trouble among Puerto Rican teenagers in New York," he said. "I will play a strong dramatic role and I won't sing a note." Johnny's manager, Helen Noga, will supply 50 per cent. of the money to shoot her star's picture on location in New York.

★ ★ ★

ELVIS PRESLEY had his 12,000-dollar Cadillac and his 20,000-dollar Rolls-Royce shipped to Hawaii so he could have transportation on the islands while making "Blue Hawaii"!

★ ★ ★

PAUL NEWMAN believes in knowing what he's doing in a picture and that's why he's taking billiard lessons from the champion, Willy Masconi, for his role as a pool hall sharpshooter in "The Hustler" in New York. Jackie Gleason also has a starring role in the film. "The Hustler" will be shot entirely in the 8th-9th Avenue area in the Broadway district, inhabited by pool sharps and racetrack bookies.

CARY GRANT and his friend stable-owner Ken Johnson (left) make themselves a barbecued steak dinner on a desert outing.

FRED ASTAIRE'S daughter Ava is currently dating Swedish actor Gunnar Hellstrom, who was brought to Hollywood for "Return to Peyton Place." Curiously, Astaire didn't take the time to bring his daughter into contact with the young Hellstrom until he discovered the actor was interested in his protegee Barrie Chase. "Fred's daughter had been dating Tab Hunter," a family friend confided, "but he discouraged that romance by seeing to it that Ava met Gunnar."

★ ★ ★

MOODY Montgomery Clift granted an interview recently, but when the reporter — who had forgotten his pencil — asked Clift to lend him his, the actor ended the interview then and there.

★ ★ ★

"TUESDAY WELD is a sweet child, but a spoiled brat" is what the teenage rebel actress' friends are saying about her. Recently she displayed this "brat" quality by demanding that a certain number of pages be devoted to her in "Life" magazine as a condition for her sitting for that magazine. Although "Life" photographers accompanied Tuesday to Mammoth Lake, outside Hollywood, for the photo session, they returned to headquarters after only one of the four days' schedule because of her ultimatum. Now she gets nothing.

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Continuing . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 60

Uncle Greg was looking at her uneasily. "Very well," he said, "but you are remarkably brainy, my dear, aren't you?" He didn't seem to be pleased about it.

"Oh, this was an accident," said Alice hastily. "And I'm going to quit while I'm ahead." Her slang, her laughter, sounded a little cheap. But, oh, she was afraid she had made another mistake. To seem! To seem young, timid, gauche, frightened. That was the role. Such a one did not display the ability to play a bold, sound game of chess!

Uncle Greg soon excused himself. He had nothing to say to his wife or child, no life in this house. His real life must be in the community and his status there. He disappeared upstairs.

As soon as he was gone, Hortense began. Alice now discovered something about Hortense. She was a gossip. She sucked life from other people's real or imaginary sins and adventures. She had none of her own, except this sin. Hortense was a scandalmonger. She clucked over a neighbor's wayward child. She worried at the story. It animated her. Alice lay low and listened and was afraid. Hortense was one who would tell all she heard, and more!

All the while Bee took a butterfly interest—now pouncing, now drifting away. Once she broke in to invite Alice to a luncheon at the club tomorrow. Alice accepted shyly, but Alice knew she would not go. She could have a headache. She could not leave the house with Mrs. Peele in it.

Alice was trying, a little late, to keep herself a background figure. Young, timid, and a little overwhelmed. The day crept to its end. Alice was invited to say good night to old Mrs. Redfern.

"Good night," said Alice at Mrs. Redfern's door. The old lady lay, leaf-light, upon her bed. Dainty. Self - contained. Uncomplaining. "Sleep well," said Alice, with uncontrollable good will.

"Thank you, my dear Alice. Good night." A little surprise curled in Mrs. Redfern's grey eyes.

Alice went to her own room. Soberly she realised that it was not easy to pretend to be what she was not. Her intelligence had shone out in that chess game, without her meaning to betray it. Just now her willingness to respond, equal to equal — her genuine lack of awe—had betrayed itself, too.

Alice was not a timid, unforceful, negligible, country-bred, awestruck little girl with no personality of her own. Tony wouldn't have loved such a one.

Oh, Tony! she thought; I must be more careful. I must not be myself at all!

Tuesday was over.

Tuesday; Mexico. Tony registered in the middle of the night by a name he had used in this same hotel before. He spent the balance of the night moving from restaurant to bar, to restaurant to bar.

At the fourth place a man called him by the old name.

Now one did not walk up to Big Frank and ask prying questions. One did not, in fact, walk up to Big Frank at all.

So Tony let it be understood that he would not be averse to a word with Big Frank, for auld lang syne.

This was understood. It was a beginning.

On Wednesday Alice came up early, spying out the routine of Mrs. Peele. The woman seemed to be occupied in the back regions before breakfast. Afterwards she began in the big room, when Gregory had gone and the ladies still lay abed.

Alice gave her good morning and took care to seem to have forgotten all about any urgency of any twenty dollars. Mrs. Peele, in a blue-striped dress that had been starched to the point of ostentation, buzzed about her work with the energy of the driven. She hadn't quite the brass to remind Alice of their bargain so early in the day.

Mrs. Redfern's ankle permitted her downstairs by mid-morning. Alice took note. When the ladies came down, Mrs. Peele went up. She did their rooms while they were out of them. Good!

At a quarter to twelve Alice produced her headache, and Bee went off alone. Alice retreated to her bedroom to "lie down." Mrs. Peele was still somewhere upstairs.

Alice heard her go down at about 12.30. Did she eat lunch in the kitchen? Talking? Alice scarcely knew what to do.

Then her door slammed open and here came Mrs. Peele bearing a tray.

"I made them let me bring it, dear," said she. "How you feeling? Got a headache, dear. Too bad." Mrs. Peele feigning sentimental concern was rather frightening.

"It's a bit better," said Alice feebly.

"That's good. You don't mind if I dust?"

"Of course not."

ALICE was happy to have her. Indeed, Alice would keep her as long as she could. So Alice asked questions. Mrs. Peele, darting around the room, dusting with a grim thoroughness, told Alice that her husband was dead. She lived with her son. He had been married, but his wife had turned out to be "a lazy good-for-nothing." So they'd split up and now he lived with his ma.

Mrs. Peele showed Alice a snapshot of a young man. His name was Cary, she said. A hard worker. He was a truck-driver.

Mrs. Peele and her son spent a lot of evenings together, watching TV mostly. He didn't have so many friends. His ex-wife told a lot of lies about him. (In her heart, Alice pitied any daughter-in-law to Mrs. Peele.) The implication became clear. Mrs. Peele and her son were very close indeed.

"I didn't say one word to Cary, even," said Mrs. Peele meaningfully.

Alice could see the sense of injury crystallising. (I didn't tell, but you haven't produced the money!) Mrs. Peele was all ready to be the wronged party.

It was her way of life, Alice divined, to be the wronged party and a spitefully efficient servant to those she despised.

Alice said, "I'm glad you didn't. By the way, I have that money."

Alice got off the bed, fetched her purse and took out the bill.

"Thanks a lot," said Mrs. Peele mechanically.

"I promised you," said Alice, "so there it is. And you're welcome." She was trying to seem insouciant. Mrs. Peele got it.

"You hear from your hubby?" she asked curiously in a moment.

"Not yet. But I will." Alice climbed back upon the bed. "What programmes do you like, especially?"

But Mrs. Peele had lost her chatty mood. "I dunno," she said discontentedly. "There's a lot of junk on TV." She turned her back and began to wallop the surface of the dressing-table.

Alice lay against the headboard. The truth was, she remembered sadly, that she would not hear from her husband at all. And this was her birthday! Normally, Tony would never—even in the fake emergency circumstances — forget her twentieth birthday. The family, if they knew, would think this odd. Bee, who did know, would think it very odd. Could she do anything about it?

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Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 66

And then she thought, Oh, I could have stopped him! Too late she saw how she could have done it. Too late she remembered Herb Innes in Minnesota. She could have called him at Mr. Delgado's in Minnesota yesterday. There would have been time. No plane is faster than the telephone. Herb Innes knew how to reach the Old Man. And surely the Old Man would have known how to reach Tony, in Dallas, and stop him in time.

Too late now!

Alice felt stricken. She could have got herself out of this whole mess and kept Tony safe. No help to think of it now. She caught herself close to tears. She looked up. The cleaning woman was watching her by way of the dressing-table mirror.

Alice swallowed.

"Say, Alice," said Mrs. Peele in a minute, "you know I'm going to my club Saturday night?"

"How nice!"

"I'd sure like to borrow these earrings off a' you, if you wouldn't mind."

"What . . . . earrings?"

"These here."

Mrs. Peele held up in her gaunt hand Tony's mother's silver-and-sapphire earrings.

"I guess these is real stones," Mrs. Peele said and her tongue examined her upper lip. Her eyes were sly.

Alice loved the dainty things. Cobwebs, wrought of silver, set each with two sapphires. They were her treasures. It crossed her mind now to lie, to protect the sapphires, the beloved heirlooms, and say that they were only glass.

But what was a sapphire . . . what was an heirloom, what was any physical thing to Tony's life?

"Yes," said Alice, "they are real sapphires."

"You can kinda tell," said Mrs. Peele with satisfaction, as if she congratulated Alice for telling the truth.

Alice said slowly, "And a week from Saturday I will give them to you."

Mrs. Peele's thumb came up and pressed the jewels.

"If you haven't . . . told what I ask you not to tell," Alice said. It was bald and direct, but necessary.

"How would you know," said Mrs. Peele, just as baldly, "if I did or didn't tell?"

"I would know," said Alice steadily, "by the results."

The thumb moved on the sapphires. "You sure don't want nobody to know where he's at, do you, dear?" said Mrs. Peele saucily.

Alice said nothing.

The woman switched her bony hips to and fro. "Only thing is, see, this — uh — club meets this Saturday night." The voice faked hesitancy. The sharp eyes keep watching. "So a week from Saturday don't do me any good."

She's got me and she knows it, thought Alice.

"I'll loan them to you for the party," she said quietly.

"Thanks a lot," said Mrs. Peele in a voice a little higher than was normal. She knew there had just been a clash of wills. She knew she had won. "Say, how do they go on?" She held one to an ear.

"I imagine you can figure it out," said Alice without spirit. Her heart was leaden. The old woman was looking into the mirror now, trying to put the dainty things on her lobes. Alice stared at the window. At the mountainside.

"You ain't mad, Alice, dear?"

Alice did not stir.

"Listen, I wouldn't do anything to upset your hubby's business." Mrs. Peele was definitely uneasy. Why?

Alice turned her head and smiled faintly. "I was just thinking," she said slowly. "Maybe I'm foolish. We don't have to get rich this year. We are young."

There was power in resignation. Mrs. Peele felt her own power slipping.

"Listen," she said, "I'll just borrow them for the party, see? I wouldn't take a present like that from you, Alice. I mean, these is worth something."

"Yes," said Alice. "Mind you don't lose them."

"Oh, I wouldn't! Now, dear, you aint eating your broth."

"I've had enough."

"Headache?"

"No," said Alice listlessly.

"You don't want to worry," said Mrs. Peele. "I mean, nobody's going to say nothing . . . far as that goes."

Alice plucked at the bedspread.

"You just don't feel well, that's what it is. You sure looked awful sick a couple of minutes ago."

Alice closed her eyes.

Mrs. Peele removed the tray. Alice felt it go.

Then the door slammed.

Alice blinked and sat up. No earrings on the dressing-table. She got off the bed to look in her box. The earrings were gone. Alice began to gnaw the knuckles of her thumb, to bite it. Needed the pain.

What would the old woman do now?

She stood it for about twenty minutes; then she began hastily to dress. She put on her pink again, to be ready for dinner. She put a pair of pearl buttons in her ears.

She went downstairs, stepping quietly, and the strange house, the huge luxurious lonely house, was still.

Alice went into the dining-room. All was neat and silent here. She pushed the swinging door to the pantry. Nobody. This was the hour of the day when nothing went on in the kitchen. Lunch over. Dinner not yet in preparation. She pushed at the second swinging door to the kitchen proper. Peered through.

No Ellen. No cook. But there was Mrs. Peele. She was standing with her long muscular legs apart, wielding a wet mop upon the kitchen linoleum. She was alone, working vigorously. In her ears were the lovely old earrings that Tony's grandfather had given Tony's mother years ago.

Alice let the door shut softly and she leaned upon the cupboards. In her pulse time beat by.

But not enough time had beaten by (not enough for Tony!) when Alice heard movement in the house.

She moved swiftly through doorways into the big front parlor.

"Oh, Alice, there you are," said Hortense. "Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, I'm fine now."

"Too bad you missed the luncheon. Excuse me, I must speak to cook if she is down . . ."

Hortense clattered off towards the kitchen.

Something of her feigned resignation had crept into Alice's mind, truly. Fate was fate. You rode on risks and chances. Perhaps Dr. Devon was not the man. Anyhow, she could not possibly keep Aunt Hortense out of the kitchen.

With scarcely any surprise she heard female voices going high. She heard Hortense calling, "Alice? Will you come here, please?"

She moved numbly.

The kitchen, although well supplied with modern appliances, was in size an old-fashioned kitchen. Mrs. Peele had only now finished her mopping. She stood at bay. Hortense faced her and Hortense was aflame.

"Alice!"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Those are Eileen's earrings!"

"I know they . . ."

"Miz Alice said I could wear them," mumbled Mrs. Peele. "Didn't you, Miz Alice?"

"Miss Alice shouldn't have

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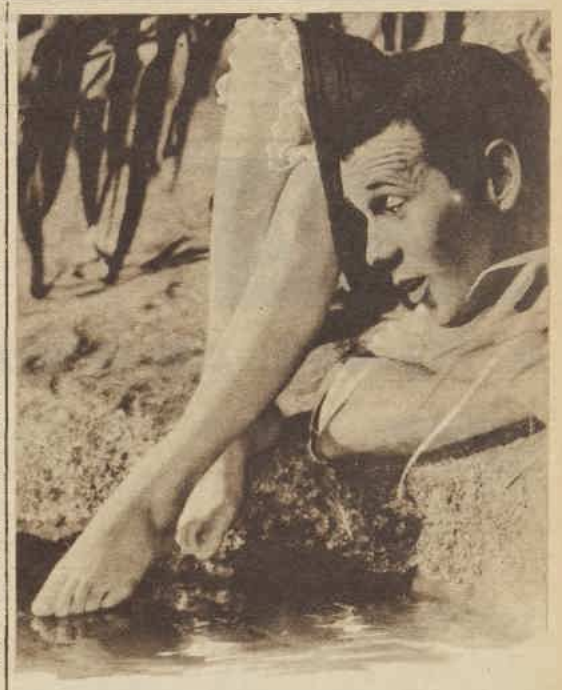
● Nowadays the expression "mother's home cooking" probably means she has bought a sun-lamp.

—George Hart



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Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director, made her into a film actress, and, even since his death years ago, has remained a compelling influence in her life. Garbo announced early that she would never marry, came nearest to it with John Gilbert, the actor. In summing-up her character, Billquist says that Garbo has simply had the courage to be herself. Fans may possibly find in this book as true a picture as any of Garbo's enigmatic personality.

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The Caribbean is the setting for this adventure story by an Australian writer-adventurer who has himself sailed the rough seas on which his hero Kappick battles with his schooner, loaded down with contraband cargo, which he is running from Panama to Costa Rica. There's good money in it, and as long as his cargo doesn't include drugs, but remains scotch whisky, American cigarettes, or nylons, Kappick is willing to take the risks, which include arrest by Customs or being wrecked. When one threatens and the other becomes reality, Kappick's escape is not made easier by the presence of an American girl passenger. Intriguing background, pace, and unusual situations make this book highly readable.

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said any such thing!" Hortense quivered with rage. "They belong to the family! They are priceless heirlooms. Alice, you hear? Mrs. Peele says you loaned them to her."

"Yes, I . . ."

"Alice, you cannot! Don't you know that Mr. Redfern brought them from Paris?" Hortense was beside herself.

Mrs. Peele's face contorted. "I ain't good enough for something from Paris, is that it?" Her hostility was out.

"Alice!"

Alice stood with heart pounding, throat dry.

"I guess you don't believe me," said Mrs. Peele angrily. "I guess there's some things you don't know. I happen to done Miz Alice a kind of favor. You want to know what it was, Miz Stafford?" Her face showed naked malice now.

Continuing . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

Iron rammed into Alice's soul. "Just a minute, Aunt Hortense . . ."

"Take them away from her!" blazed Hortense.

"But just a minute . . . They belong to me, you know," said Alice.

"They are family . . .!"

"But Tony gave them to me. They are my property. Don't you see?" Alice spoke as gently and reasonably as she could manage. Mrs. Peele's face began to show great satisfaction. The lips tightened.

"You are out of your mind," said Hortense rudely. "They cannot be replaced. She'll lose them."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Alice soothingly. "Please, Aunt Hortense, there is nothing to be so upset about."

Now Hortense was speechless!

from page 67

"And I guess you don't understand," said Mrs. Peele, nasally. "I'se going to say, see, I used to know her mama back in Indiana. Molly Mercer, that was. I knew Miz Alice when she's a little bitty kid." The black eyes swivelled to Alice, looking for approval now. "And that's why she gave these here earrings," said Mrs. Peele, turning the screws. "Ain't that right, Miz Alice?"

"Gave them!" Hortense was close to shrieking.

Cook put a startled face in at the door from the back hall.

Alice moved and put her hand on Hortense's forearm. "Won't you please," said Alice softly, "let me talk to you just a minute and not in front of people?"

The mummy face was stiff with outrage.

"Please," said Alice, turning the thin body, guiding it towards the pantry. Hortense stumbled along. Alice looked back and sent Mrs. Peele a cold and disapproving glance, and saw the hands go nervously to the ears.

But Alice did not let go of Hortense. The thin arm, all bone, was quivering in her grasp. They went through the pantry into the dining-room. Here Alice said, "Please, Aunt Hortense, I am begging you not to make a fuss."

"Fuss!" the woman hissed.

Alice said, "Will you please not mention this to anyone?"

"Not mention . . .!" The body jerked. "I don't care to have you touching me, Alice."

Alice tightened her fingers. "Aunt Hortense," she said, as honestly, as appealingly as she could. "I have a reason. Will you believe me? Will you do this for me? Will you wait until Tony comes? They are Tony's heirlooms, Tony's gifts to me. And Tony's business. So please wait. Let him do what he wants to do about it. Isn't it his business, really? Won't you agree to that?"

"I think you are . . ."

"Think whatever you . . . think. Just please promise me?"

"You are hurting me," said Hortense icily.

"No, I am not hurting you. I only want you to promise me."

"Why should I promise you?"

"Because I ask you to," said Alice with quiet despair.

"Let me go!"

"If you promise to let Tony deal with this. Not to mention it."

"I promise," said Hortense angrily.

So Alice opened her fingers and let her go. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "that you are so upset. There is no need."

Hortense turned and simply walked away.

Alice stood there trembling. She heard the heels cross the tile margin of the hall, begin to stumble up the stairs. She knew despair. But she could not afford despair.

She whirled and went back into the kitchen. The old cleaning woman was standing there with an unholy excitement in her eyes. Cook was agog at the far side of the room. Alice went over to Mrs. Peele.

"That wouldn't have happened if you hadn't worn them," said Alice sharply, "to mop the kitchen floor."

"Now, Miz Alice, I didn't . . ." The nasal whine died away.

"I don't know," said Alice sternly, "whether I can give them to you now."

"You said they's yours, didn't you? You can do what you want . . ."

Alice said coldly, "If not, I will make it up to you somehow. Do you understand that?"

"Who's going to stop you . . .?"

Then her face changed and Alice knew who had come into the kitchen.

SHE turned, and there was Tony's grandmother. Walking as well as if she'd never hurt her ankle. Small, erect, wearing the grey with the white lace, with the velvet at her throat. Her face unsmiling but serene, her head high. Mrs. Redfern came towards them.

"Mrs. Peele," she said in the gracious tones that went to an inferior, "I have been told that you were wearing a pair of earrings that belonged to my daughter Eileen."

"Miz Alice said . . ." Mrs. Peele's eyes went to and fro. Her whole mien had fallen to servility. The essential anger in Mrs. Peele grew out of this servility that she despised in herself. But she could not help it. Mrs. Redfern was too much for her.

"Give them to me, if you please."

"But she said I could have them!"

"Will you give them to me, if you please?" The voice was exactly the same. No anger. No loss of poise.

Mrs. Peele seemed to crumble. She put her fingers into the pocket of her work dress. The blue-and-silver earrings came out, sticking to them.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Redfern.

Mrs. Peele then dropped them meekly into the lady's hand.

"And that will be all," said Mrs. Redfern, inclining the frost of her high-done hair very slightly. "It was in very bad taste, Mrs. Peele, for you to accept such jewellery from anyone in this house. And especially from a very young person. I do not think you need trouble to come back tomorrow. If you will let me know how much is owing you in wages, I will be glad to see that you receive it. Goodbye."

Mrs. Redfern turned, without any haste. "Alice," she said in the same gracious tones, "will you come into the drawing-room please?"

Mrs. Redfern left the kitchen.

Mrs. Peele now went into rage. "See that," she snarled. "You see that! Now I'm out of a job! And what did I do? You give me them earrings. The Duchess! Wait till she finds out her precious grand——"

To page 69

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"This one even attracts boys OUR age."

"Your OTHER left foot, Willy"

"I don't know about his bite . . .
but his bark scares the daylights out of me!"

Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 68

Mrs. Peele," said Alice, me out here with me a ute."

ook had been a silent wit- s to all of this, standing de the sink, her neck ed, her eyes round.

lice pulled the old woman into the back entry.

"You won't be out anything," said fiercely. "Write down e you live, where I can you. I will bring you e money."

"How much?" said Mrs. truculently. Her anger deep. It would cost money. A hundred dollars," Alice

Mrs. Peele's lips drew back her teeth.

"Write it down! Hurry, I to go . . ." said Alice. so do you."

"You can let the Duchess ," said Mrs. Peele viciously. can listen to me a min- . . ."

"I am listening," said Alice ly, because she felt so cold. My son, Cary, he wants to in Arizona," said Mrs. rapidly. "I'd just as soon along. But . . . that's to take more than a dred dollars."

"How much will it take?" time for anything but blunt aining.

"Three hundred dollars," said Mrs. Peele, and the eyes were cold.

So Alice knew that Mrs. Peele had seen and counted the traveller's cheques that Tony had left her. Mrs. Peele knew that they totalled three hundred dollars.

"That is all I have," said Alice.

"So? What about that?"

"When would you go to Arizona?"

"Soon as I had it."

"Tomorrow?"

Mrs. Peele's bony shoulders shrugged.

"I'll have to get to a bank," said Alice.

"Guess that's right."

"Will you pack," pressed Alice, "tonight? And be ready? Because otherwise the family might . . . you wouldn't keep three hundred dollars . . ."

Mrs. Peele got the point. "I guess," she said, "I could go tomorrow. We could kinda take off and nobody would know where, huh?" Was she willing to conspire again?

"Yes," said Alice urgently.

Mrs. Peele looked around her. Was she choosing between revenge and money?

"Write it down," said Alice. "Put it under a stone on the back porch. If you don't write it down I can't bring you the money."

Then Alice made a mighty effort. With all her strength, she made herself relax and smile. "Unless you'd rather tell," she said lightly.

She turned.

"Alice, dear?" Mrs. Peele's voice was anxious to please. "I'll be waiting on you, then? Tomorrow? Okay?"

The old woman, seeing the money slipping away, had chosen the money.

Alice went through the kitchen, giving cook's round eyes a nervous smile.

She went through the door to the hall, this time, and crossed its length and entered the drawing-room.

Mrs. Redfern was there, sitting near the fireplace, her hands lying quietly.

Alice went to her. "Yes, Mrs. Redfern?"

"Sit down, won't you, please?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Redfern inclined her head. "I am afraid," she began in her silken voice, "that there are some things you may not understand, my dear. In a family like ours, there are memories."

Alice could feel her face flushing. She choked down the angry retort. My family can remember things, too.

"Your son has no talent but he could still make a fortune in the music business."

"My husband went abroad one year," went on Mrs. Redfern gently, "and in Paris he bought those earrings for our only daughter. They were his gift of love, a long time ago. She wore them with love, and they went to her son with the memory of love from her and from his grandfather. These things have meaning." The voice was teaching, benignly. "Although the earrings have some intrinsic value, the greater value, by far, lies in their history."

Alice could barely tolerate what was being said to her. As if she were a barbarian! She kept her face down. She tried to look humble.

"You must see," went on the old lady, "that in them is my husband's taste. And taste is an intangible value, too. Now, I don't doubt that you wished to be kind to a woman whom you knew as a child. But clinging to these earrings are all these intangibles which you could not give her. Even if she kept the earrings, she would not appreciate, she would not understand. You ought to have found her another little gift. Oh, I know that you did not quite realise what you were doing. And I am sorry that I had to step in so arbitrarily. But it was necessary. You would have broken Tony's heart, my poor child. And you will be grateful to me, I assure you."

Mrs. Redfern paused. But Alice could make no sound. She had never felt so humiliated in her life. And she could not defend herself. She certainly would not explain to these people! Hortense had promised and gone promptly to break the promise, as if it had been moonshine. Alice would ask nothing of Hortense, ever again. Nothing of any of them!

Mrs. Redfern said, "I concede that the woman was at fault, too. She ought to know better than to accept such a gift, even if you . . ." Mrs. Redfern left off the end of her sentence. "Now . . . all is well, and I am sure that you understand better. So we will say no more about it."

Alice could not move.

"Alice?" The voice was gentle as to a naughty child.

"What's going on?" said Bee's voice. Bee was there.

"Oh, Alice gave Eileen's lovely earrings to the cleaning woman," said Hortense in her grating voice.

"She didn't!" Bee was convulsed.

"It's all right now. Aunt Geraldine will just keep the earrings until Tony comes."

"I should think so!" said Bee, and then flippantly, "How

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Continuing . . .

THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

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hummy can you get with the help?"

Mrs. Redfern said kindly, "Alice simply didn't understand."

Alice could do nothing at all but burst into childish tears and run upstairs.

Upstairs, however, and alone, she dropped the luxury of tears. What was to be done? She would have to get the traveller's cheques cashed somehow. She would have to fetch Mrs. Peele's address from the back porch. She would have to find the place, take the woman the money. Tomorrow. And all of this without the family knowing what she was doing.

But if Mrs. Peele actually did go to Arizona, this was worth all the money, all the trouble, everything!

She stared at the mountain. After a while she began to make ready for dinner — which was not going to be pleasant. There was a cloud forming in her mind, a warning, a foreboding. Even if Mrs. Peele were gone, there was another problem.

The problem stated itself when, having found the piece of paper under a stone on the back porch, and hidden it carefully upon her person, she slipped back into the hall.

Hortense was waiting in the hall. The mummy face put on sweetness. "May I talk to you, Alice?"

"Yes, ma'am?" Alice was cool.

"I am very anxious to help you, my dear."

"Thank you, Mrs. Stafford," Alice said.

Hortense caught no irony. Her pale eyes roved upon Alice's face. "Just what is Mrs. Peele to you?"

"A friend."

"Of your mother, you say?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Hortense licked her lower lip with a small flash of her tongue. "Aunt Geraldine, of course, ought not to be upset. We can't allow that. But Greg and I feel that Tony left you in our care. Now, when you give a pair of valuable heirloom earrings to a . . ."

"I begged you not to fuss about the earrings," Alice murmured.

"And you said you had a reason!" pounced Hortense. "I distinctly remember you saying that you had a reason! I told Greg . . . the point is why? Why did you give her the earrings?"

"I wished to," said Alice stonily.

"You couldn't have wished to," cried Hortense. "Greg is right. You are not that stupid. Why won't you tell me?"

"What is it you want me to tell you, ma'am?"

"The reason! The reason!" Aunt Hortense was in an agony of curiosity. "And what did Mrs. Peele mean when she said she had done you a favor? Is there anything in your background . . . ?"

Alice said, "Mrs. Stafford, I don't want to quarrel about this. Please excuse me." She started to walk. Hortense followed.

"What is that old cleaning woman to you?"

Alice walked on without answering. She looked back from the arch to the drawing-room. Hortense stood still now, wringing her hands. Alice actually felt a little sorry for her.

But she saw the problem.

She began to understand what Tony meant when he used the word "cover." She began to see that "not telling" was too simple an idea. She could not let them wonder. Must satisfy a curiosity so violent. Must give them something else to believe.

Uncle Gregory was in the drawing-room. He gave Alice a reproachful look and went on talking towards the old lady. Alice sat down, silent, subdued. Her mind, however, was busy searching for a lie to tell them, to cover up, to keep the secret safe for Tony's life.

Dinner was no more ordeal than usual.

When Mrs. Redfern had risen to proceed to the drawing-room, Alice lingered to be last.

Gregory, the gentleman, was politely waiting. Alice said to him, "Uncle Gregory, Tony said you would help me cash my traveller's cheques. He endorsed them, you see, and I guess that's not quite proper."

"It is not," said Greg. "They should be signed when cashed. Why don't you go into the bank, my dear? The nearest branch, right down in our shopping centre. Ask them to phone me if they make any question."

"Oh, thanks," said Alice.

"Not at all, my dear. By the way, Dr. Devon is coming in. Won't you try a game of chess?"

"Oh, I'd so much rather not!" Alice panicked. She must keep away from Dr. Devon. "Please, Uncle Greg, promise not to get me into that!" She'd had enough for one day.

"As you like," said Uncle Gregory. And then he said, "Alice, Aunt Geraldine tells me you have not apologised to her."

Alice's head snapped up.

"After all," said Uncle Greg, "what you did today was, at the least, very thoughtless. And a lady apologises."

"I . . . I'm sorry," she stammered with a burning face.

She went into the drawing-room where the ladies were seated. Had to be humiliated to the ground. She walked over to Tony's grandmother and bent a little almost as if she bowed. "I would like to apologise," said Alice gravely, "for my mistake to-day."

"Yes, my dear."

"And to thank you," said Alice, steadily, "for what you did to correct it."

"You are forgiven, of course," said Mrs. Redfern graciously. "Come now, let us have a pleasant evening."

Alice sat down. She stared at the room, without focusing. She would endure.

But when Dr. Devon came, the first thing Alice heard was Uncle Gregory saying, "We have a chess player in the house, Walter! This will surprise you. What do you think? Young Alice, here, beat me all hollow!"

"Is that so?" said Dr. Devon. "Who taught you to play, Mrs. Page?"

Alice was pinned in his attention. But he promised, she thought; Uncle Gregory promised me!

"Try her, Walter," urged Gregory. "I dare you."

"I'd be delighted," said Dr. Devon.

Bee said, with a roll of her eye, "Alice, I didn't hear your answer. Who taught you to play?"

A whole paragraph stuck in Alice's throat. None of you understand about me. My father and mother have played chess together ever since I can remember. My father's hobby is mathematics. My mother works in the drugstore, but her hobby is doing things for the blind. She types Braille books. My sixteen-year-old brother, who's in public high school, could

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Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

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beat Uncle Gregory at chess even better than I did—although he is probably going to be a first-string football player at some college. You don't understand the complexity of real people.

She couldn't burst out with all this. Finally, she murmured, "My father . . ."

"Mayn't I have the pleasure?" smiled Dr. Devon.

She saw no way out of it without another fuss.

But when she was seated at the board facing the doctor, with Uncle Gregory standing over, silent and intent, she could not think straight.

She was in such an inner turmoil — part fury, part fear — that her mind was fuddled. Her game was uncertain.

She looked up when Dr. Devon forbore to pounce upon an error. "I don't think you are in the mood for chess tonight," he said softly.

"I'm not," she confessed.

"Then let's not go on. It is a game, after all, and if it is not being fun . . ."

"I am sorry," Alice said, meeting those probing interested eyes. "It's just that I've been upset. I did something stupid."

"Now, that's all over," said Uncle Gregory.

"We all do things for which we call ourselves stupid," said Dr. Devon. "Usually there has only been some misunderstanding along the way." He smiled. "We'll have a game another time."

The doctor began to put the pieces back in place. Greg moved away. Alice sat still, studying the doctor's face. She could not help a glow of gratitude. She could not believe this was the evil man.

He looked up at her. "Whenever you are upset, young Alice," said he softly, "remember that I am in the business. We don't actually shrink heads, you know. We encourage hearts. Will you remember?"

She knew her eyes were melting.

"Heard from young Tony yet?"

"Not yet," said Alice, easily, as to a friend.

"Pretty funny, too." She heard a hard spiteful voice. She turned her head and there was Bee, eyes flashing. "When you consider this is her birthday, and, as far as I know, Tony forgot all about it."

"Beatrice," said the doctor gently, after a moment, "won't you please play for us?"

"Will you listen?" said Bee furiously.

Alice looked behind her. Gregory was at his cigar-box. The ladies sat erect in their chairs. She couldn't doubt that they were all thinking how odd it was that Tony hadn't called her on her birthday.

Dr. Devon escorted Bee to the piano and returned to Alice. "Shall we be more comfortable?" So Alice rose.

"Tony went to see Simmons, did he?" the doctor said into her ear, very casually.

"To see whom?" She responded with genuine bewilderment.

"No matter. Come."

They settled in easier chairs. Mrs. Redfern said in her calm tones, "My dear, is this really your birthday?"

"I didn't want a fuss made. Please."

"Congratulations."

"Many happy returns," said Aunt Hortense stiffly.

"No game?" said Uncle Gregory.

The doctor said, a little sharply, "We must listen to the music."

So Bee played.

The doctor seemed to listen. Actually, he turned in his mind his growing curiosity about young Alice. About the calling away of Tony Page. It was "pretty funny," this birthday business. For a bridegroom. Well, he'd discovered one thing. The little bride had never heard of Simmons, otherwise known as the Old Man. So if the bridegroom was gone on some secret mission the little bride did not know. Perhaps this was what made her so unhappy, uneasy. Perhaps not. He thought complacently, she is going to tell me everything she knows sooner or later.

Bee played a long piece with great style. When she had crashed down the final chords the doctor sighed and prepared to be charming. "A great talent. Is it in the blood, I wonder?"

"Supposed to have been an Italian contessa in the Stafford line," said Bee in good humor.

"Redfern blood," said Hortense in her harsh, tense way, "is entirely English. Stafford, too, is an English name. Very old."

"I see," the doctor murmured.

Something in this response, so bland as to seem mockery, tempted Alice, who had sat seething beneath decorum. Now she looked up innocently. "What does 'old' mean? I would think that everyone alive must have had just about the same number of ancestors."

"Ah, true," said the doctor, twinkling at her.

Alice twinkled back. He can't be the man, she thought again. He doesn't like this ridiculous stuffiness any better than I do. He is nice!

Bee had not missed the twinkling. "Hensen," she said. "What is that?"

Alice looked up into her jealous eyes.

"Norwegian?" asked the doctor amiably.

"Scandinavian stock is healthy," said Cousin Bee in such a way as to imply that health was vulgar and unrefined. "How long ago did your people come over?"

Alice said steadily, "I don't know." Her heart was pounding. This Cousin Bee!

The doctor said musingly, "Some people are too busy to look back, I imagine. Mine were. I know very little about my name."

"But surely Devon is English," Hortense gushed. "And very old."

"And Peele is English, too," said Alice impulsively. "And very old." She sat smiling.

The room was still.

Dr. Devon was immediately aware that a hit had been given and taken. He did not understand. He said, "Was Peele your mother's name, young Alice?"

As Alice shook her head, the old lady spoke calmly. "I am sure, Beatrice, you did not mean to be rude."

Bee said nothing, but Alice flushed. She had been goaded into impertinence and the reproach was indirectly for her, too.

Mercifully Uncle Gregory spoke up. "Walter, aren't we having a game at all?"

So the men fell silent at the chess table. The ladies were silent in their chairs.

Alice sat still. Well, after all, she was not a girl who took snide remarks on her chin without retort. She was very angry with these people — all but Dr. Devon. Their old English names, their ridiculous pretensions, did not strike any awe into her soul.

She was not impressed by their wealth, by their blood, and certainly not by their behaviour. This had been a bit thick, all right. A bit too thick. Must Alice Hensen sit here, still and cowed? To receive Bee's malice, Hortense's snobbery, the old lady's oblique reproaches? She felt restless and rebellious.

"Music doesn't disturb anyone?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, no . . ." said Mrs. Redfern with a faint surprise.

"Then may I?" Alice didn't wait for the white head to nod. She went to the piano. Alice knew how to roll out jolly little rhythms . . . tinkling tunes . . . popular classics. Her fingers were nimble and gay. No sombre crashes for Alice. Her hands went along of themselves. Then Alice looked up.

All the ladies' heads were still. Bee's face (like the face of Hortense) was haughty. Offended? Alice looked toward Dr. Devon, wishing for his understanding smile. But Dr. Devon was intent upon the chess board. Without the eyes, his profile had no charm. It looked . . . different, she realised with a sinking heart. Sour.

What am I doing? thought Alice. Showing off? Antagonising? Oh, Tony!

Her hands fell upon a discord. "I would like to be excused," she said weakly.

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Redfern, and under the ladylike sweetness there was audible a faint eagerness to have her gone.

Alice ran into the hall and up the quickest way by the circular stairs. She hung upon the

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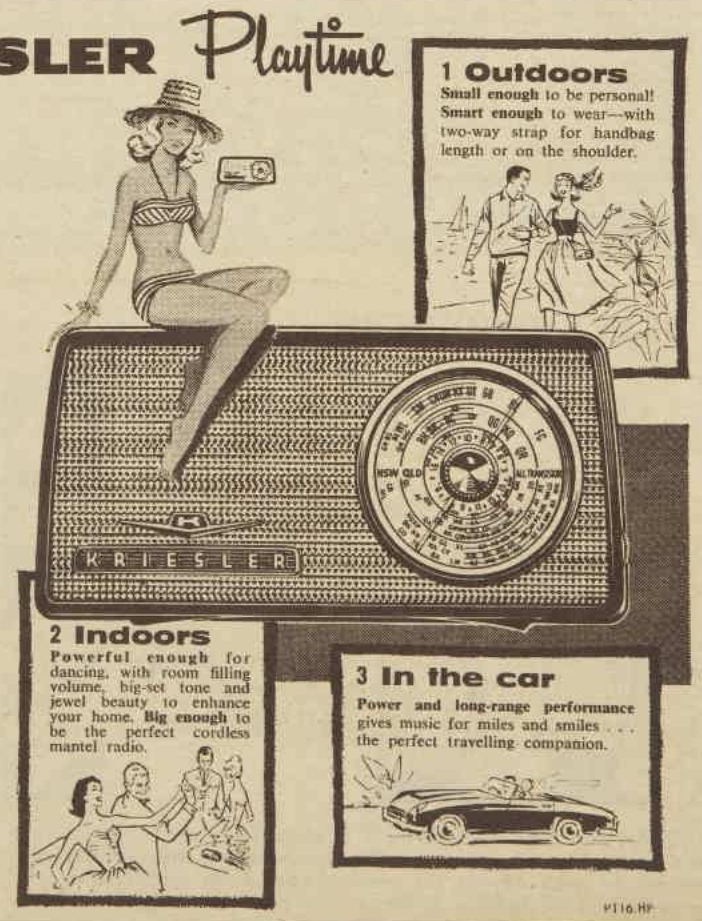

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Continuing . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

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upstairs railing, felt it, hard and real, against her abdomen. Oh, Tony, she cried silently, I can't. I am not able! I do everything wrong.

Then she could hear Bee speaking in the big room. "Did any of you realise that Tony picked her up?"

"Aah!" Hortense's gasp.

"She told me that. Then she tried to take it back. Then she said they met in church." Bee's voice was derisive. "Goodness knows where he found her."

Hortense said, "To give our Eileen's precious earrings to an old cleaning woman!"

Alice heard Dr. Devon say, "What was that?"

"That's what she did!" cried Bee. "Oh, Aunt Geraldine got them back and fired the woman. Alice says Mrs. Peele is a friend of her mother's. I wonder what her mother is like."

There was a beat of silence. Then Mrs. Redfern's gentle tones carried all the way across the room and up the stairs. "I'm afraid the poor child feels out of place here."

"What a strange thing to do," the doctor said.

"I think she's covering up something," said Cousin Bee. "And do you know what I think? That old woman from Indiana knows what it is. Something Alice would rather we didn't hear about. Something in her past, I suppose." Bee was vicious. Alice's heart jumped.

"Aaah." Hortense gave out her gasp.

Alice heard the doctor say with amusement, "Her 'past' is not of great duration . . ."

"Oh, she's young," said Bee. "And jazzy, isn't she? Maybe she's been mixed up with jazz people. Who knows? Maybe she smokes marijuana."

"That is very cruel, Beatrice," said Mrs. Redfern in a moment, wearily.

"It's a joke, Aunt Geraldine," said Bee shrilly.

"I can assure you," said Dr. Devon's smooth voice, "that it cannot be so. I would know. I am rather an expert on narcotics."

Upstairs, Alice drew away from the railing, tingling with alarm.

"I should imagine," she heard him go on, "that what troubles her may have to do with young Tony. A young person in love . . . you know? It is strange she had no word today. He might have telephoned."

"Long distance," said Uncle Greg, grumpily. "Your move, Walter."

"There is something . . ." Bee said.

"Beatrice," warned Mrs. Redfern. Then, gently, "You must excuse her, Doctor."

BELOW, Dr. Devon took his warning. He chose to wipe the wild malice from Bee's face. "Alice seems a pleasant child," he said. "Too bad her music is such trash." He sent Bee his charming smile.

He was a bit tired of being charming to Bee. She was such a nuisance. And the old lady irritated him, too. Always banking down human passions, whence information could come. Save the surface and you save all, he thought contemptuously. Her motto. But her day was over.

Young Alice interested him more and more. Now, why had she given the cleaning woman the heirloom earrings? There would exist a reason. He told himself that he knew how to find out.

Upstairs, Alice went along the hall to her room, one hand on the wall. She was frightened. Bee guessed too well. The doctor kept thinking of Tony far too much. The speech about narcotics had rocked her. She had no right to like Dr. Devon or to trust him of her own judgment.

She had a secret to keep and she must keep it.

She felt as transparent as glass. The affair of the earrings was perfectly obvious to them all. It must have been bribery, they were thinking. And it had been. And they knew it. So they knew she had a secret. And she must confess something . . . something . . . anything . . . to explain herself. To satisfy. To keep them from guessing the true secret. For Tony's life.

She sat on her bed in the dark and it came to her what she could tell them.

But she would not do it while Dr. Devon was in the house. She could not tell this lie to his eyes.

So she waited, and when she heard his car going away she opened her bedroom door and walked back down the hall, down the stairs. This had to be done.

Below, Mrs. Redfern had just risen from her chair, with Hortense solicitously by her side. Bee and her father looked around at Alice with surprise.

"There is something I think I had better tell you, please," said Alice bravely.

"Yes, Alice?" Mrs. Redfern sat back. The whole room hushed and waited. They were already feeling satisfied.

"I didn't want to tell you," said Alice nervously. "It's something Tony doesn't know, you see. I only wanted to tell him first, myself."

She swallowed painfully. All of them were giving her their complete attention and she was launched, with no return, into this lie.

"I was married once before," said Alice.

"Aah . . ." Hortense rocked on her feet. Bee straightened.

"Mrs. Peele knows about it I suppose?" said Bee briskly.

Alice produced the inspiration that had come to her. Was Peele your mother's name? the doctor had said.

"Mrs. Peele was my mother-in-law," she said bluntly. "I had been married to her son."

Thunderclap. Silence.

Now they must concede that she was explained. One might give a valuable gift to one's ex-mother-in-law, especially if one wanted her to be quiet about the relationship. They were snobs enough to take this for a valid motive. Alice thought it was going well enough. They were shocked enough.

"The marriage was just a mistake," she went on. "It didn't last at all. I ought to have told Tony. Of course, now I will tell him." She produced a tremulous smile. "I'm sorry."

"What is the son's name?" snapped Uncle Gregory.

Alice turned her eyes to him. "Cary."

Uncle Greg stretched high. "What makes you think you can lie to us?" he said furiously.

She didn't speak.

"Don't you think," said Gregory, "we check up on people hired in this house? We know Mrs. Peele lives with her son, Cary. We know he was married and divorced."

"Yes, I . . ." Alice's tongue fell.

"We checked it when she came here," said Uncle Gregory, "seven years ago."

Thunderclap. Silence.

"How old were you," said Gregory, "more than seven years ago? Seven from, let us say, nineteen leaves twelve, I believe."

"And do you think I've forgotten," went on Uncle Gregory, who was not a stupid man, "that you asked me at the breakfast table who Mrs. Peele was? I think you've forgotten that. You are not a clever liar, Alice. Just a liar."

"Aah . . ." gasped Hortense.

"This is unforgivable, Alice," said Mrs. Redfern into the swirling silence.

"But you—" Alice rose. Her plot was in ruins.

Mortified beyond endurance and at bay — "you people!" She stormed childishly because there was nothing else that she could do. "You won't

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Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

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believe that anyone of Mrs. Peele's p-profession can be a friend. You fuss so about those silly earrings. You keep looking down on me and making cracks. You . . ." She was weeping in helplessness. "Well, I have to wait here for Tony. I don't care what you think. I thought I'd give you something to think. I thought it would please you. Well, I won't say any more to you, true or false." She turned to run.

"Alice," said Uncle Greg.

"Let her leave the room," said the old lady, sadly. "This is all quite impossible. Quite impossible."

Alice ran upstairs and threw herself upon her bed. What a fiasco! Shudders of humiliation shook her. The trouble was, she honestly knew that if the situation was not her fault, it was not theirs, either. They had good reason to look down on her now. How stupid she had been! And then how childish, how small she'd had to be! Never mind. Never mind. No humiliation mattered, if Mrs. Peele was going off to parts unknown, if the secret was still safe.

Whatever they guessed, they could not guess where Tony was. Because Alice would simply never tell. Never tell. And Tony would be back. She did not know what day, what hour, would see him safe. So just hang on. Do what she had to do tomorrow. Never mind them. Keep still. Don't tell. She was too poor a liar to lie any more. Alice buried her tired head. The house was quiet.

It was not as quiet as she thought it was. Downstairs Gregory was on the phone.

"Glad I caught you still awake, Walter."

"What's the trouble, Greg?"

"It's Alice. There seems to be something very peculiar . . . She just tried to tell us a shocking lie." Uncle Greg recounted the scene. "So I'm afraid there's something very wrong going on between her and this Mrs. Peele, Walter. Alice forgets she let slip to Hortense that she 'had a reason.' And Hortense got it out of our cook . . . something was threatened. It sounds like blackmail. Now, we are in a responsible position. I thought you might help us."

"I'll be glad to try," said the doctor alertly. "Have you been in touch with young Tony?"

"No. No, I don't like to disturb him, so late. If we only had some hint that would tell us what we ought to do."

"It would seem she had a powerful motive," said the doctor thoughtfully, "to tell that lie."

"And who knows what the truth may be? We know nothing about the girl. And, I am beginning to think, neither does Tony."

"I can see how it is worrisome," said the doctor sympathetically. "Perhaps I can drop by tomorrow. She might talk to me."

"Come for dinner," pressed Greg.

"Thank you. Yes, I will. Something else occurs to me. You say the cleaning woman was discharged?"

"Yes."

"Where does she live, do you know?"

Greg said, "I can look it up."

"Will you?"

Greg looked it up and the doctor took it down.

"Why do you want this, Walter?"

"Whatever is between them," said the doctor reasonably, "they both know what it is, you see? It might be easier to talk to this Mrs. Peele."

"I see, I see," said Greg, with admiration.

He hung up. Wednesday was over.

Wednesday; Mexico. Word seeped to Tony late in the day that Big Frank was agreeable to a visit. So Tony went.

After politenesses, Tony suggested that if Big Frank wished anything done in Los Angeles, Tony, who was going there, would be quite willing to oblige.

Big Frank, who was a rather distinguished-looking gentleman with long thin restless fingers, replied sweetly that all he wished done in Los Angeles was already being done. He thanked Tony just the same.

On Thursday, Alice, neat and businesslike in her grey suit, walked into the branch bank fifteen minutes after it opened. An official came to her beckoning smile. "I am Alice Page," she said, in carefully planned, confident words. "My husband was called away suddenly and signed his traveller's cheques, hoping that I could use them. My uncle, Mr. Gregory Stafford . . ." (She saw with relief the man's nod of recognition) ". . . said that if it seemed necessary you could call him."

"I see, Mrs. . . . er . . . Page." Alice tore a cheque out of the little book. He inspected it and smiled a cautious smile. "I had better call, if you don't mind?"

"Of course not." Alice leaned gracefully upon the counter.

The bank man seemed to know Gregory very well.

"Greg. Hank Bowman, at the bank. Mrs. Anthony Page is here . . . how about these traveller's cheques?"

Finally, he said beamingly, "That will be all right, Mrs. Page."

Now Alice handed him the entire bookful.

She walked out of the bank in another fifteen minutes with three hundred dollars in her purse.

The address where Mrs. Peele was to be found meant nothing to Alice. She looked up and down the street, but no cabs were to be seen cruising. So she found a telephone and summoned one. The driver looked shocked when she gave him the street and number. "Cost you about seven dollars," he warned her gloomily.

Alice let the cab go when the long ride was over, for she could not afford to ride back again in such luxury.

She looked up at the two-story building, which stood in a nondescript neighborhood. The building was divided into two flats, and Alice hesitated between two doors.

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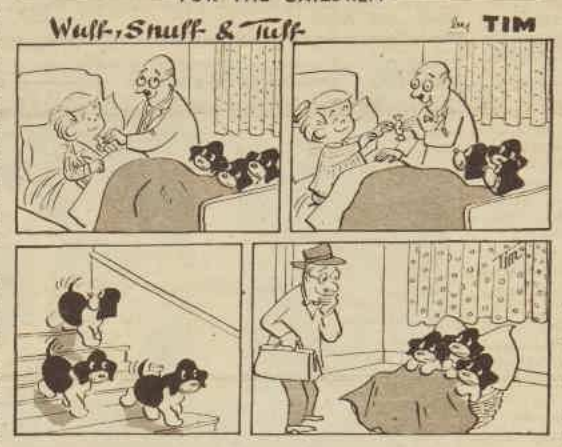
FOR THE CHILDREN



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Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 74

lley, Alice!" somebody d over her head. "Up the s, dear. Door to your t."

lice opened the door on her and went up a steep ny enclosed flight of stairs. door at the top was open Mrs. Peele welcomed her in.

lice looked around her and some suitcases standing on floor. She realised that Mrs. was dressed for travelling, er black, all severe. Alice er gaze drag over the suit- and then looked a ques-

We'z about ready to take said Mrs. Peele with super- ddiness, born of nervous ex- ment. "Cary, he's got a half ay's little job, but he's all I'z kinda waiting on you that business."

lice said, "Yes." She opened purse. The black eyes went ediately to her hand. Alice slowly, "I have it here. at did you say to your son, Peele?"

Nothing," said Mrs. Peele mptly. "I never said your e or that I knew you, even. d I'z going to have a little n, that's all. He trusts me."

lice went on, still slowly, I don't give this to you, Peele, what will you do?"

Well, can't hardly see how I go," said Mrs. Peele with peration. "I'z counting on You know that."

And what would you do if couldn't go?"

Well, now," said Mrs. Peele gnantly, "a favor is a favor you know that. I mean, counting on you. And if you't do what you said you'd then why should I?" The was belligerent.

lice put the packet of ey down on the table. Mrs. e's hand darted to it. Alice said, quietly, "What you have just done is a crime. You could go to gaol for it."

Mrs. Peele recoiled — not, however, letting go of the money.

"I was talking about blackmail," said Alice steadily. "No, I don't want the money back. You take it. The point I am making is — If you don't keep your side of this bargain, I can, and I will, see that you go to gaol."

"What are you talking about? Blackmail!" burst out Mrs. Peele. "Sounds like blackmail, what you're saying."

"Yes, it does, doesn't it?" said Alice. "I wanted you to realise that the threat can go the other way."

"Don't know as I like this."

"You will have to like it," said Alice, sternly. "Because I won't take the money back. So the only solution is to be quiet. The only one. Well, goodbye, Mrs. Peele." She held out her hand. "I hope you have a successful trip."

"Hope so, too, dear." Mrs. Peele spoke mechanically. She had the bills in her hand. "I guess we understand each other all right."

"I'm sure we do," Alice returned. "Neither of us will say a word to anyone. You must never say that I was here."

"Well, that's okay." A bell pinged. "And you don't, either. Now, who's that?" Mrs. Peele went to the window. "Somebody in a yellow car."

"Is there any way down, except those stairs?" Alice felt her breath catching. "Better not let me be seen," she gasped.

"Why don't you just step in the hall, there. Or go on in the kitchen. It's probably just a salesman." Mrs. Peele lifted her skirt and thrust the money inside the top of her stocking on the bare skin of her old thigh. "I'll call you when whoever-it-is is gone. Okay?"

Alice stepped out of this living-room into a narrow hallway that seemed to run through the middle of the flat to a brighter room at the back. She pulled the door shut behind her. The air was dusty and still. She heard Mrs. Peele sing out, "Who is it?"

Then she heard the suave familiar voice she had half expected. "Mrs. Peele? My name is Devon: Dr. Walter Devon. I am a friend of the Stafford."

"Them people owe me ten dollars," said Mrs. Peele promptly. "You bring it?"

"As a matter of fact, I did." Alice could hear an undertone of opportunism, a very faint amused surprise in his voice.

"Well, thanks a lot." Mrs. Peele sounded pleased. "Nice of you."

"Oh, I wanted to come because I am also a very good friend of young Mrs. Page's," Alice heard him say. She could almost see his eyes. His smile. "I do want to help her in every way I can."

There was a second of silence. Then Mrs. Peele said, shortly, "Well, that's good, I guess."

"She told me all about it," purred Dr. Devon. "About the trouble. I know you want to help her, too," the gentle voice went on.

"Yah?" said Mrs. Peele in a sudden hoot. "I dunno what you're talking about, Mister. I don't know you. And there ain't no trouble I know of. And ain't going to be any. So I'll say thanks for the ten bucks, and I'll say goodbye. I'm kinda busy."

Alice stood behind the door with her heart racing. She felt dizzy and she put her hands on the wall behind her to ease her body back upon its support. She did not entirely understand. But Dr. Devon was out there telling lies! And the old woman had been shrewd enough to perceive it. Something in Mrs. Peele was on Alice's side!

"Just a moment," she heard him say in less than dulcet tones.

In the barren, colorless, about-to-be-deserted room, the doctor's eyes examined this old woman. Tough old biddy. Not the type to be taken in by any friendship routine. Or charm, either. "I want to talk to you," he said rather harshly. "Alice Page gave you some earrings," he said with menace.

"And I gave 'em back," she answered saucily.

"You lost your job."

"So what?" The old woman was staring at him steadily.

"Now Alice says she was once married to your son." The doctor permitted himself a nasty smile. He expected denial, but not the denial he got.

"Go on!" snorted Mrs. Peele. "Alice never said any such thing!"

"I assure you she did." The doctor's lips drew back, felt dry.

"Naw!" Complete scorn. The old woman simply was not going to believe him, which was irritating when what he said was true.

"I want to know why," he said brusquely.

"You do, eh?" The toss of the woman's head was infuriating. "And who are you?"

"Somebody who can get you into trouble," he said, with no aim but to intimidate.

"That so?" said Mrs. Peele with no visible alarm.

"I can get your son into bad trouble" said the doctor, hunting for a purchase on her.

The old woman's black eyes flickered. "No, you can't. Listen, you get outa here, will you? I dunno what's the matter with you."

"Have you seen Alice today?"

"Nope. Get along, mister."

"Where is your son?" He watched her. "Is he here?"

"Nobody's here, and it's none of your business where my son is."

He fell back upon quiet firmness. "Mrs. Peele, you know something Alice doesn't want you to tell."

"Is that so?" jeered Mrs. Peele. "You're the one said she told you something. Listen, mister, who do you think you are, anyway?" She looked tough and embattled. He hadn't fooled her. He wasn't scaring her. He had no purchase.

"You are going to tell me," he said.

"Oh, I am, am I?" said Mrs. Peele. "You sure got a crust!"

He remembered that flicker. "If you don't," he said coldly, "I will arrange to have your son arrested."

"Aw, shut up," said Mrs. Peele disgustedly.

The doctor felt his temper rising.

"I have friends on the police force . . ." he began.

"You're a great kidder," she said. "You bet you are." And then, viciously, "You got nothing!"

She simply did not believe that he was dangerous.

But he was! He was!

"You run along outa here," she said. "I got no time." The old woman lifted her hard muscled arm, put her big hand flat on his chest, and gave him the contemptuous push one gives a stubborn child.

As he staggered the doctor's mind flamed. The physical indignity outraged him. "Listen, you old bat," he said viciously, "you want to see your son arrested for pushing dope?"

"I guess you're plain nuts," said Mrs. Peele.

"Oh, you do, do you?" He caught her wrist in his fingers and twisted. His anger had made him say something indiscreet, and this made him angrier. "Now, see here. Stop this nonsense. What is between you and Alice Page?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" said Mrs. Peele, her eyes mocking him with angry triumph. "And for nonsense, man, you got the world beat. Arrested! For pushing dope!" Her voice rose in a screech of derision.

"You have no idea," said the doctor, "how easily I could fix just that. Believe me."

"I wouldn't believe you! Better let go of me, mister, or I got a mind to throw you down them stairs."

So he twisted his fingers on her skin and Mrs. Peele yelped and then they were wrestling.

He was putting all his strength in his one hand

To page 78

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 6000 words, short short stories, 1200 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

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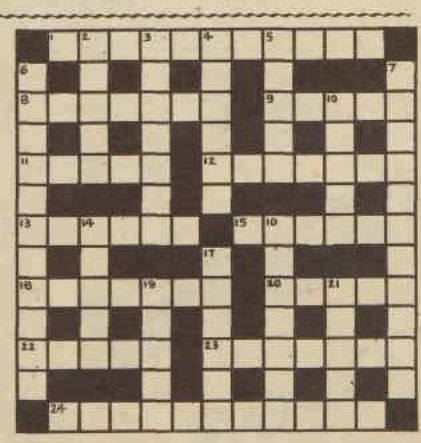
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Nothing extreme for this contented spiritualist (5, 6).
3. Great Lake and you find in it rain, too (7).
9. Attack on a group (5).
11. Lament for a digger who lost a gee and broke the rest (5).
12. Pleasing sound made with a puny hoe (7).
13. Athwart a religious symbol (6).
15. Kind of cinnamon carrying a donkey (6).
18. Ladies from Madrid (7).
20. Extend an acre with an aspirate (5).
22. Old Irish writing with an edible end (5).
23. In this case nag a ram is one (7).
24. Battles which often lead to unions (11).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Change later (5).
3. Clear P.S. (Anagr., 7).
4. Add nothing to a great religious leader to get large animals (6).
5. Hang down or pod (5).
6. Musical instrument heard by the wedding guest (4, 7).
7. If he does this, he is certainly not the man in the street (5, 2, 4).
10. Keeps back the summit in the steamer (5).
14. Cattle farm kept by a veteran charwoman (5).
16. Age race (Anagr., 7).
17. Get safely away and see the cap inside (6).
19. Dance for an odd graduate (5).
21. Mohammedan demon produced in a fritter (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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against the formidable strength in her arm. He found himself moving the few feet to the open door. Then they were out at the head of the stairs. He said, through clenched teeth, "I'll let you go when you tell me . . ."

"You got everything real wrong, mister," panted Mrs. Peele. "I ain't going to let you go, and my son, he's coming in a coupla minutes, and he's going to beat you up . . ."

His hand ached.

"Dope!" shrieked Mrs. Peele. "Dope, you say? Well, we'll see about you and dope. Maybe you got friends in the police. I heard about snoops like you before. You try that mister . . . the police would like to know about it!"

The doctor perceived that he had said a good deal too much. Frantically, he used both hands, both arms, and — on almost the first occasion in his life that he had been engaged in physical violence — he did quite well. The old woman tottered, and with no sound out of her mouth, the long, hard skeleton lost its balance. It went banging down the stairs.

Alice, standing behind that door, was shaking as if she were having a chill. Her hands dripped sweat. She pressed them to the wall with desperate force. She ought to have moved, gone through the door, stopped them, whatever they were doing scuffling out there. How could she have stopped them? And what were they doing? She could not see!

She could hear no more. All was quiet. The old woman was neither shrieking nor even speaking now. She dared not move until her ears could tell her more.

Continuing . . THE GIRL WITH A SECRET

from page 77

The silence was long. Had he gone? Could she escape?

She heard feet coming up the stairs.

Alice was rigid. Her whole frame was taut, paralysed. Surely Mrs. Peele would sing out. Nobody sang out. So Alice knew it was the doctor, moving around on the other side of the door.

And he was the man, the evil man! He had lied! He had threatened! And narcotics were in the threat! And the threat was evil! He was the man.

He had used violence, too. Mrs. Peele must have been knocked unconscious somehow, somewhere. No sound of her. Then the doorknob rattled, two feet away.

Alice stood against the wall and felt the sweat drip off her fingers. She did not breathe.

The door opened against her. It swung into her face. She did not move or breathe. If it hit the soft resistance of her paralysed body, he would know it. He would find her.

The door did not swing quite far enough.

She could hear his breath whistle. He did not come through the door. He must be looking along the passage towards the kitchen.

All was very still in the flat. Very still.

Suddenly the door swung away from her. The latch clicked. She heard his feet going away.

They shuffled down the stairs. Alice did not move, except to breathe again.

She stood rigidly where she was. Someone would come soon. The son, Cary, was coming. She realised that she must move. She must go, see what she could do to help the old woman, who had physically fought to keep the secret, who had resisted pressure, who was reliable, after all. Help her.

This thought released the fear-bound limbs.

She swayed away from the wall. Her heart suffocating her, Alice cracked the door open. The living-room was silent, empty. The suitcases stood on the floor. A little breeze flapped the sleazy curtains of the front window.

Alice tiptoed across and looked down into the street. No yellow car. No car at all.

Where was the old woman?

Alice tiptoed to the exit door to the top of the stairs.

Mrs. Peele was lying, head down near the bottom, her skirts up to her knees.

Alice went down, fingers on the wall, shaking, shaking.

Mrs. Peele's neck was awry. No one could live, and her neck twisted so.

Alice did not touch her. She did not think of the money in the stocking top, which was still concealed by the skirt. Alice thought murder. Thought police. Thought again.

New questions swarmed into her mind. Had anyone heard that thumping? Was there anyone in the downstairs flat? No, surely, for such a one would have heard, would have come to see by now.

Alice clutched her purse in her sweating slippery hands. She stepped very carefully around what lay there. A spasm of her heart bade Mrs. Peele farewell. Then she pushed at the door to the street with one shoulder: it opened.

ALICE slipped out into the air and walked, as slowly and as steadily as she could, on her trembling legs. She walked to the corner, a mercifully short distance. There was a clock in the window of some kind of office there: 11.50. She turned the corner. No one in that office? Alice began to walk up the hill to the cross street. She turned the next corner. And the next — without aim, except to get far away.

Alice had "witnessed" a killing. But she could not tell!

Two miles away, and lost, with no idea where she had got to, Alice had affirmed this in her mind. Gone over it again and again.

She could not tell.

Because Dr. Devon was the traitor, the one Tony was after. Because the police do not keep a prisoner incommunicado. If she told what she had heard, and knew, about the death of Mrs. Peele, they would arrest Dr. Devon, no doubt. But he would have a lawyer. He would be able to send messages.

If she told, the police would want to know what Alice had been doing there. Why had she come there? Why had she hidden herself there? Why had she given Mrs. Peele the money? (Oh, the money! She ought to have taken the money away. Too late.)

She could not imagine standing up against a police inquisition, stubbornly telling what she had done, but not why. It would be impossible. They'd wear her down. They'd know how. Then Tony's secret would be known. How could Alice trust the police to keep it a secret? Something was rotten in some law-enforcing department, or Tony wouldn't have had to go away.

Even if there were no rottenness, Dr. Devon would be told Alice's story. He, and his lawyer, would be most interested parties, with the right to know. So Devon could get word to Mexico. Tony would be in a trap. Tony would die. Corpse-dead. Mrs. Peele — dead.

No, thought Alice, I cannot tell.

Her original secret had a terrible secret added to it, piggy-back.

When Tony was back safe, then she could tell.

Alice felt cold and filthy. Her clothing was beginning to dry upon her back. Then she set about finding herself and putting herself on the way back to the house. There was one thing to do, and one thing only. She must go back to the house and act as if Mrs. Peele were still alive.

To be concluded

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● ***Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication.***

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For the week beginning March 20

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, lt. blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a dynamic personality.

★ This is a time of beginnings which are always exciting. Your qualities of leadership, originality of ideas, ability to organise will all be called upon in whatever field your interests lie. You can accomplish nearly anything you set out to do and win success over obstacles. Your only danger is in expecting of others the same drive and enthusiasm.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a secret.

★ Should this be your own secret it could be anything from an engagement not yet announced to the firm promise of an attractive job. It might be an ambition on which you have set your heart, or a decision influencing your whole future. In some cases this could be the secret of a member of the family or a close friend. Whispering behind doors can be thrilling.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck through organisations.

★ If you can't find the right organisation to join you will be apt to found one which suits you. If quite young this is likely to have sport for its main interest, but if older it could be a group working for the welfare of the community. If in your early twenties, you are likely to meet through club activities one who will later become your life partner.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in your career.

★ If in paid employment promotion to a more important job with greater responsibilities may be on the cards. Some of you change your jobs for a more suitable niche. Applications should be favorably received. Should you be a voluntary worker you may have new tasks hitherto outside your experience. Most of you will be away more than usual.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in travel.

★ The more distance you cover, the greater your pleasure. Whether you are planning long leave journeys to distant parts, a weekend jaunt, a day-long expedition, or merely time out to see something which interests you, there's a fresh breeze blowing which opens new worlds to you. Romance blooms in very unexpected places.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in treasure trove.

★ Lady Luck may tumble into your lap something you have never looked for. You could receive a bonus, an unexpected present from your beloved, or you might find a lost article and be rewarded for it. You may start on an errand with definite ideas and come home with a much more attractive scheme. Be prepared for lucky twists of fate.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in partnership.

★ If you are soon to be an Easter bride these next few weeks should be among the happiest in your life. If love is in bud it will soon find its climax in an engagement. If already married you may start a joint project. If you take part in *sport*, choice of a partner in a tournament will be the deciding factor. For many, friendship leads to romance.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in hard work.

★ Slipping behind with essential tasks can spoil that playtime which is rapidly approaching. Clean the slate of odds and ends, attend to your wardrobe, furbish it up where needed, so you can look your best on every occasion. Don't cut corners or skimp; you'll regret it later. Being a worm now will enable you to be a butterfly soon. Guard your health.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in taking a chance.

★ Only the bold and self-confident will benefit from these influences but the rewards will be commensurate. If you wish to indulge in a mild gamble the stars are propitious. If it's romance you are seeking, the next stranger you meet could turn into the object of your dreams. For older folk business matters should click.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck on the threshold.

★ While seeking far-off pastures which look greener you may be missing something good right under your hand. Your home may offer more interests than those you'll find abroad. Your own neighborhood might have undiscovered resources for meeting people or entertainment. Anything connected with your home is under smiling stars.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. Luck in the printed word.

★ Your attention may be drawn to an article in a publication which puts you on the track of an exciting new enterprise. If you have been waiting for a letter, especially the reply to an application, you find it in the box. If your romance has gone on the rocks you can find in a love story a guide to mending your own love affair.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in wise expenditure.

★ Make sure you get full value for your money. Fix your programme so that no important item will crop up unexpectedly. Don't buy second-beats, but don't splurge disproportionately on any one thing. The pathway to your wishes depends on a practical approach, combined with artistic talents, and you want most of all to please the man in your life.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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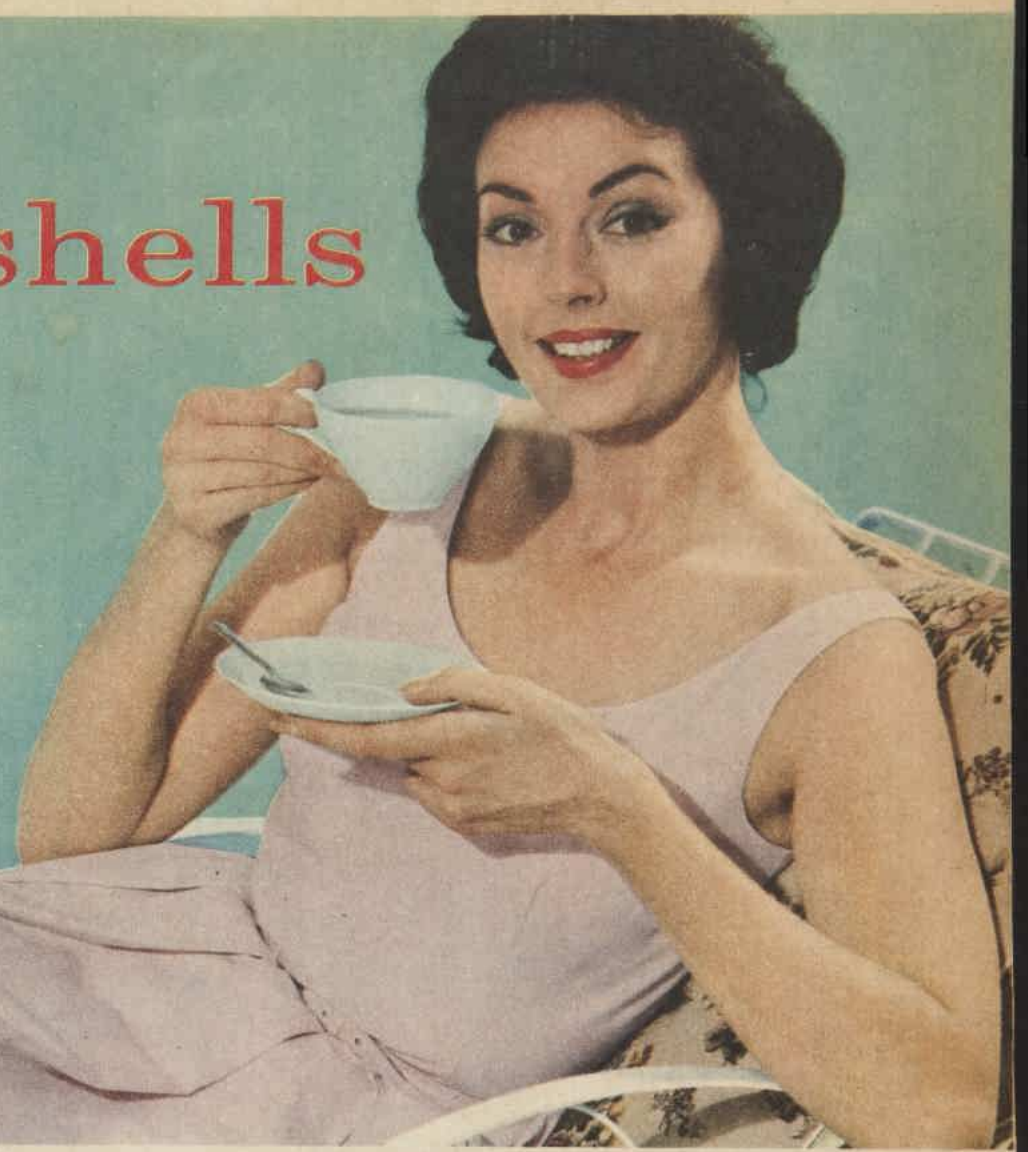
Enjoy a "Bushells Break"!



STOP

FOR A "BUSHELLS BREAK"

STOP — and make yourself a cup of Bushells Tea . . . or Bushells Coffee. Then sit back, put your feet up . . . r-e-l-a-x . . . and enjoy a "BUSHELLS BREAK".

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The short rest, together with your cup of Bushells gives you the lift you need. You GO refreshed!

Buy the **FAMILY-SIZE ECONOMY JAR** you get double the quantity **Save 9d.**

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You'll get more done . . . feel less tired . . . when you STOP for a "Bushells Break" several times during your day. It's wonderfully refreshing with Bushells Tea or Bushells Coffee.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

March 22, 1961

Teenagers' WEEKLY

ESKIMO JERKIN Pattern, page 9

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Too much criticism by adults

FAR too many adults criticise the younger generation. They are also inclined to compare the youth of today with their own youth. But times have changed so much and our environment is so different that there can be no accurate comparison. The young people of today have a bigger responsibility to bear than their fathers, for the discovery of the atom bomb has completely changed history. It is the young people who will have to govern the world of the future, make the decisions, and learn to live in harmony with their international neighbors. Instead of offering useless criticism, which only arouses resentment, older people should concentrate on preparing a good world for us tomorrow, and directing our education and the early training of children so that we will be prepared for the difficulties in store. — *W.F., Balwyn, Vic.*

"I am myself"

I AM beat! Yes, I admit it. Do I hear a gasp of surprise from the over-30s who have strayed into the depths of this teenage precinct, from those who are reading this section to see if they can learn why teenagers are? I do not consider myself a beatnik (I don't wear a beard or smoke a pipe), but have been told so often that I am, and guess that is how the modern terminology classes me.

But I am an individual. You see, I like to wear what I like to wear, I do what I want (as far as my parents will allow without taking up a crossbow), and I hold my own views. That is why we are different; we think what we want, we do what we want, we say what we want, and we do not wear what a Parisian designer says we must.

None of my friends are beat. No, they are so conventional, so nauseatingly conventional. And I am not. But they are my friends, not because I like the way they dress (I abhor it) but because I like them for themselves. They wore Black Watch because it was in; they wore Brigitte Bardot frocks because she was so far out she was in; and their hair was piled high on their heads because all the models wore theirs so.

I don't swear — it doesn't appeal to me, achieves nothing —and I have never been told not to. I go to church because I like the service and the devout atmosphere — I have never been told to go. I wear slacks so tight that they could have been spray-painted on and jumpers so loose they should have been worn by my papa.

Please don't criticise me for being what I am, for wanting to stay what I am. Perhaps I am the type of girl a boy takes home to mother when he is angry with mother, but why should I (in the eyes of most) become a "normal teenager"? I don't want to be a stereotype of "The Ideal Teenager" or the "Perfect Citizen." I intend to stay as myself. — *K.F., Randwick, N.S.W.*

Become a

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Be punctual?

ONE of the most prevalent features of parties is the late arrival of those attending. It is regarded as bad manners to arrive early and not prudent to arrive at the specified time, but surely it is not unreasonable to expect guests to be at the party within an hour of that time. Further, those same people who arrive late want the party to continue until the early hours of the morning, generally much to the annoyance of the hosts and the discomfort of neighbors. If they had arrived earlier they would have been prepared to leave at a reasonable hour. — *"Party-goer," Albury, N.S.W.*

Disarmament

THE much talked of "Disarmament for Peace" programme seems like a sham to me. How can we have the "peace-bringing miracle" when countries cannot trust one another and propaganda films are being shown even now, 15 years after the war of 1939-45 has finished? Until trust is established between neighbor and neighbor, country and country, regardless of color or church, I don't see where a disarmament plan could work successfully — *Helen Cann, Granville, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"I've seen 'em come, I've seen 'em go, but this is ridiculous."

Going stodgy

SO you "go steady"? Are you sure you don't "go stodgy"? Depressing as it is, the growing trend among teenagers is to latch on to a member of the opposite sex the moment Papa hands over the jalopy keys, Mama the home-perm kit. The years roll by and they settle down to a stodgy dumpling of a relationship, each being merely a taken-for-granted companion. In their heart-of-hearts they promise themselves one day they'll find HIM or HER. But they don't realise they've been going together so long that no one else looks their way — you become fond of a skunk if it's around long enough — so they marry, and sit placidly like stolid suet puddings dreaming of their lost Prince Charming. —*R.S., Trafalgar, Vic.*

Record gift

HERE is a suggestion for a novel and useful gift, or it may be the answer to your own problem of how to keep your records tidy. A photograph album can be bought for a few shillings at chain stores. Sew the leaves of the album together with a strong thread. This makes pockets in which the records, along with pictures and information, can be placed. Stick name tabs on each leaf for the record's name. A wide piece of ribbon should be attached so that it can be tied over the open edge to prevent the records falling out. Half an hour's work, about 6/- outlay, and you have what any record collector will appreciate. — *V. Hird, Gippsland, Vic.*

True friends

WHEN teenagers leave school they forget their friends and immediately start going out alone with their opposite sex. Instead of this I think they should keep in close contact with their old friends and about twice a month go out together in a group. I don't mean to give up dates with their boy-friend or girl-friend. Certainly not! Take them along by all means! By doing this strong friendships will flourish. It is lovely to have friends to talk over your troubles, to share your fun and experiences. Friendships will build character and help you to develop an understanding that will help you in many phases of life.—*Anna K. Murphie, Fivedock, N.S.W.*

First job

MOST of the younger teenagers who are starting work this year have already started their jobs. With the bitter experience of my own "early days" I would like to gently warn those to whom at first it seems that everyone is against you, and are always seemingly picking faults with your work. Don't worry about it. The mistakes you make now may not amount to much; but in a few years' time, when you are doing a responsible job, a mistake could mean thousands of pounds to your employers. Because of this possibility, most firms feel it is better to be severe at first and so get a better type of employee than to have their employee make such a mistake and lose their job over it. — *Mrs. Ilma Espler, Forest Hill, Vic.*

"The meaning of life is love"

● Nineteen-year-old "Undecided" of Queensland lost the use of both her legs in a car accident. She wrote (T.W., 18/1/61) that she was afraid to marry the man she loves because she feels he asked her not from love, as he claims, but out of pity. The many readers who answered were unanimous that "Undecided" should marry her man, and this letter is typical of their views:

SOME will tell you you're being silly to think such nonsense, but I sympathise deeply with you. I admit freely that, although I haven't as yet had a proposal, I have had those same thoughts and fears in my mind, too.

You see, I, too, am handicapped—to a lesser degree, you may think, but just as badly, in my opinion. Poliomyelitis has left me with a fair amount of use still in the lower right arm, but none in the left. Although I can walk, both feet aren't quite the correct shape, so I have to wear boots.

I have had years on my back in the past, pondering about the various situations that might arise, but always I would say to myself, "You're not the only one."

In a way I was thrilled to read your letter, because it raised again that very problem which I keep repressing; and yet the conclusion is the same as ever. In my feeling that this was a unique fear peculiar to my own case, I was afraid and a little ashamed to voice it. So, "Undecided," a heartfelt "Thank you."

You say you are confined to a wheelchair for life. What do you mean by "CONFINED"? That wheelchair is the means of your getting from place to place, to say the least. You're not confined except in your own mind. Where are all the plans you made before your accident?

It may hurt a little, but I suggest you bring them out again. It is amazing what you can do if you want to. You know the old saying: "Where there's a will, etc." Where's your will? What do you do with those hours each day, apart from thinking of yourself? Believe you me, the heart and mind rule the body's actions, not the other way round.

Your personality can develop inwardly and hurt like an ingrown toenail, or be outgoing to other people. Learn something new, be a joy to be with. It depends on your way of thinking, your attitude to yourself and to other people. Your will was given to you for your own free use.

I have found that the meaning of life is love, too, just like you. But don't delude yourself into thinking that the object of your love is the full meaning of life. Even though you will always keep a special love for him, don't forget that others need love as badly as you, as deservedly as him.

This "burden" business: Your young man sized you up, weighed the pros and cons, long before he asked you to marry him — he's had 12 months to make up his mind on whether he loves you for yourself. I have found that men who take you for what you are, right from the start, are few and far between.

I have lived three years longer than you, but I consider myself far from being "on the shelf" and am enjoying life immensely.

Best wishes for your future married life to you both. May you find joy and lasting happiness. — *"Most Decided," Dandenong, Vic.*

of this paper shade. Single

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A.B.C. OF TABLE MANNERS

● Our A.B.C. of do's and don'ts at the table has been specially designed to help you mind those P's and Q's — dining out or eating at home.

REMEMBER, it's no good having one set of manners in your own dining-room and another "Sunday-go-to-meeting" set for eating out.

You'll never feel really at ease in a restaurant if you have to be thinking of every move you make, wondering if you're doing the "right" thing.

These 26 rules ignore the basic elements of good table manners. Let's hope you know those — which are:

1. Chew silently and, please, with your mouth CLOSED.
2. DON'T talk with your mouth full.
3. ONE mouthful at a time.

Now check through the alphabet to see how you rate as a table mate.

A Asparagus-eaters know that asparagus is eaten with a fork. The soft end is cut with the side of the fork and eaten *from* the fork. The thick part is taken up in the fingers and eaten.

B Bread rolls are broken with your hands—NEVER cut. Butter and eat a small piece at a time. Bread is cut into small pieces, and each portion is buttered just before eating.

C Crooking that little finger when you hold a cup or a spoon is strictly out. Too much refinement is as bad as too little. CHICKEN-IN-THE-BASKET is eaten in the fingers. Your hands will be greasy, so rinse them in the finger-bowl always provided. CORN-ON-THE-COB is usually given with cob-holders. Butter and season one row of corn at a time, *not* the whole cob. CHIPS may be eaten with your fingers.

D Dunking. Horrors! *Never* do this with biscuits or bread or (despite the American custom) doughnuts.

E Elegant little cakes and scones must always be taken from the serving-dish and placed first on your plate. Don't eat them directly from the main dish.

F Finished eating? Right, your knife and fork should be put down across the middle of your plate, handles towards you. The ends should be inside the rim of your plate and the fork prongs turned *upwards*.

G Grape seeds and cherry pips are difficult things. If these fruits are in a compote, they are eaten with a spoon, and there is a simple rule that says what goes in with a spoon comes out with a spoon. So, hold the spoon close to your mouth and DROP the seeds *(don't spit)* into the spoon. If they are served in a bowl, take the seeds from your mouth with your fingers.

H Habits — good and bad — are ingrained in us from childhood. Take stock of your own by seeing yourself as others see you. Try eating a meal in front of a mirror. You may be surprised.

I Implements — your knife, fork, and spoon must be held correctly. Knife handle must be held in the palm of your right hand and your forefinger on the handle, NOT the blade. The fork is held in the left hand, and, once again, keep those fingers away from the eating part of the fork. Remember, too, that an implement used by one person must never be used to serve food to another. For example, never put your coffee spoon into the sugar-bowl or your butter knife in the jam dish.

J Jam and honey and all other stiff sauces (hard sauce on plum puddings, for instance) must be taken, using the spoon provided, from the serving-dish and placed on to your plate. *Never* put honey, etc., directly from the main dish on to your bread or scones.

K Knives are so often held incorrectly. Remember, a knife is a knife, *NOT* a pencil or a stiletto. Hold it according to the instructions under "I."

L L—bows IN please! Not jammed against your ribs so tightly that you can't breathe—just loosely by your sides. *Never* at right-angles to your body and *never* resting on the table with your knife and fork waving in the air.

M Mouth must always be wiped before you drink from a glass or cup. This keeps the edge of the glass clean. Remember *NEVER* drink with your mouth full.

N Napkins belong on your lap, not tucked into your collar. When you have finished your meal, replace the napkin on the table, but don't fold it.

O Oysters must be eaten whole, no matter how big. Use the oyster fork provided, and when you've finished leave it among the shells, not on the plate. Steady the shell with your left hand as you eat.

P Posture at the table is as important as anywhere else. Don't *slump* over your food, but don't look as if you were facing the charge of the Light Brigade. Be as natural as possible.

Q Quaking at the thought of making a mistake at the table must be avoided. Frantic efforts to correct a mistake or a continuously apologetic manner are just as bad as, if not worse than, the mistake.

R Reaching across the table has been No. 1 table sin for decades. This rule has been relaxed over the past few years, and it is permissible to reach a short distance. *Never* rise out of your seat to reach something. If no one thinks to pass things to you, ask politely or do without.

S Soup-eating is quite an art. When you fill your soup spoon, do it with an away-from-the-table motion: If you want to drink the soup to the very last mouthful, tilt the plate AWAY from you. When the soup is finished, the spoon should be left in the plate holding the soup dish. If soup is served in a cup, it must be drunk. The spoon provided is for your first taste, and then for eating vegetables or noodles when the soup is finished.

Spaghetti is eaten with a fork only. Don't use the fork-and-spoon method. The idea is to spear a few strands of spaghetti on your fork and twist them round until they are wrapped around the fork and mouthful-sized. Remember the rule—only one mouthful to a forkful. It is permissible to cut the spaghetti

strands with the side of your fork BEFORE you begin to wind them. *Never* bite them off—you'll have oodles of noodles all over yourself.

T Two bites from one forkful or two sips from one spoonful are forbidden. This rule is easy if you don't overload your eating implements.

U U will not rate a second date or second invitation if you cannot learn to be gracious about refusing a portion of food you do not want. In most cases it is easier to accept with a good grace if your hostess presses a second helping on you. If you have a violent allergy to some food, it might be a wise move to inform her first. One important rule at a dinner-party is, *never* refuse food that has been specially portioned out. Just grin and bear it.

V Vegetables and meat must be cut in small pieces — one piece at a time. Handle your food, neatly, don't play with it.

W Wonderful, isn't it, to look at your very best all the way through a meal? Nowadays it is permissible to touch up your lipstick and powder unobtrusively. But, please, *never* comb your hair at the table. Long blond hair looks fine on you, but it loses its attraction fished out of the mulligatawny.

X X-cellent way to a man's heart is his stomach, but, even if you can't cook, learn to eat gracefully.

Y Yummy though all those expensive restaurant foods are, please cultivate an air of restraint. Don't hoe into your food the minute it's placed on the table. Wait for others to begin eating.

Z Zactly as we thought . . . from A to Z your table manners are perfect!

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EASTER PARTY

Borrow some of these bright suggestions and your Easter Saturday party will be the brightest and happiest night of the year.

Don't take risks...

Going for a spin in the car with that special guy

He won't have to be told not to take risks driving with extra special *you* along.
And you won't have to be told not to take risks with your personal fragrance, if you use Mum.
Mum Deodorants are the safe, gentle deodorants—the deodorants you can trust.
The special ingredient in Mum Deodorants, hexachlorophene, kills the bacteria *causing* perspiration odour and keeps you protected 24 hours a day.
Mum Deodorants are **the most convenient, most effective deodorants you can buy.** They're absolutely safe for normal skins and cannot damage the finest fabrics.

MUM DEODORANTS

Stay up-to-date dainty, with Mum

Choose from Mum Cream, 1/9-5/3, Mum Stick, 6/3, and Mum Rollette, 7/6, at all chemists and quality stores

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

DO-IT-YOURSELF invitations are cute and different—so how about getting to work straight away on the one we've illustrated?

Trace the Easter Rabbit on to a postcard-size piece of white cardboard (this will fit easily into an envelope).

Paste a photo head of yourself on the rabbit and print the details of your party underneath. For instance, "Come to a party at my burrow on Easter Saturday at 8 p.m. . . ."

(Don't forget to include your address in the bottom corner of the card.)

The photo heads can be reprinted from a negative at any photographic store for approximately sixpence each copy.

Just for fun (and for the convenience of your visitors) decorate the front door.

When your friends are met by a prim story-book rabbit with a balloon head, striped fabric jacket, stiff paper whiskers, and floppy ears, they'll know this is the right day, time, and place.

Make some fancy **Easter egg-heads** to decorate the supper-table. The egg-heads can be taken home as quaint souvenirs.

TO MAKE: Take eggs and pierce both ends to drain eggs from the shell. When dry, take out some watercolor paints and set to work to sketch the faces as shown at top of the page.

The crowns of these egg-folk are painted black and to the girls' heads is added a blue ribbon headband, while a stiff piece of black cardboard forms the brim of the gent's bowler hat.

Also make some **glamor bugs** from milk-bottle tops and marbles. (This idea was sent to us by a reader, Mrs. Helen Brown, of Herston, Brisbane. See picture at foot of this column.)

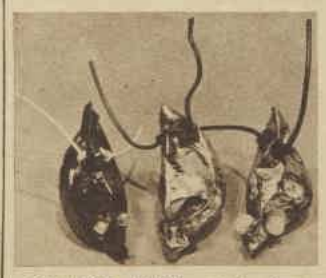
Place them on a large plate, rotate it—and watch their cute antics.

TO MAKE:

For each "bug" you'll need: 1 milk-bottle top, 1 glass marble, 2 beads, 3in. plastic thread, and a few minutes to spare.

1. Rub out printing on milk-bottle top from the inside with the flat end of a pencil.
2. Fold over gently till edges almost meet, forming a point at each end.
3. Insert marble, which will be held in place by the rim
4. Lightly pinch one end to make eye-sockets and the other end to shape the tail.
5. Push a needle through the eye-sockets. From inside pass a threaded needle through one of the holes, then through a bead, back through the hole to pass to the other hole on the other side. Thread this through the second bead, then bring thread back to the inside and tie firmly the ends of cotton.
6. At tail-end, push a thick needle through to make holes for plastic thread. Pass it through and make a knot at each end to hold it.

Handle the "bugs" with care, holding by their tails to keep their crates loose enough for them to roll.



GLAMOR BUGS made from marbles and milk-bottle tops.

KERRY YATES as she appears on the invitations to her own Easter party. After working out the idea she wrote this feature.

What to wear to the party? Why not keep up the Easter theme and try some of these novel suggestions?

Girls, get out that plain dress, buy some imitation Easter daisies.

Stitch a couple on by their stems to the skirt of the dress. Sash the waist with a black velvet ribbon and on the matching hair-ribbon sew a single daisy.

Or circle your ponytail with a ring of daisies.

If you have a full gored skirt in your dress, sew daisies along the seams of the front panels and place an Easter flower on your hair in the centre of your French twist.

And if you don't want to decorate your dress or your hair, sew daisies on your handbag, shoes, or gloves.

The boys will roll up in their casual clothes, of course. But it would be fun to get your gal to make you a big Easter-Bunny bow-tie of four-inch-wide satin ribbon. You might even be game to wear it.

And the big question:

WHAT TO EAT? Well, it's an Easter party so you must have some hot cross buns—the recipe for these will be included in The Australian Women's Weekly cookery section next week.

But here are some other party dishes you can start practising.

PRETTY PARFAIT RABBIT

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts, fairly dry fruit salad, cream, extra chopped nuts.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, then dissolve by standing in hot water. Beat the egg-yolks with one tablespoon of the sugar and vanilla. Beat the egg-whites stiffly, and gradually add the balance of the sugar. Beat to meringue consistency.

Beat in dissolved gelatine, then fold into egg-yolk mixture. Lastly, fold in the thoroughly chilled evaporated milk beaten until thick, and add the chopped nuts.

Chill until it begins to thicken, then spoon into parfait glasses in alternate layers with the chilled fruit salad well drained of syrup. Top with cream and chopped nuts.

TEENS' TOASTED TREATS

Four large oranges, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, ¼lb. marshmallows, chopped walnuts, shredded or desiccated coconut.

Cut a thick slice from the top of each orange and use pieces to obtain the grated orange rind. Scoop the centres of the oranges, using a small sharp-pointed knife. Chop into pieces and place in bowl with chopped marshmallows, walnuts, and orange rind. Mix well, then pile back in orange case and sprinkle with coconut.

Place under a griller and toast lightly for about a minute until coconut is brown. Serve immediately.

FANCY ICE CUBES

This is an attractive finish for the drinks. Fill the ice-trays with fresh water.

In each section of the tray place one of the following:

1. A cube of pineapple.
2. Half a ripe strawberry.
3. A dried cherry.
4. Sprig of mint.

Or any little food knick-knack that you figure will decorate the ice-cubes.

of this paper shade. Single

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Has Saddle, Will Travel

By SHEILA McFARLANE

With his boots and saddles, his shy smile, and a German-English dictionary, 22-year-old Geoff Lane is off to Germany for racetrack conquests which usually go to jockeys in their mid-thirties.

CONGRATULATIONS from Dad and Mum for young Victorian jockey Geoff Lane after he received the offer from Baroness Oppenheim to ride for her in Germany.

IN the success-for-age stakes Geoff is Australia's outstanding winner.

Now, just 12 months out of his apprenticeship, he has become star rider for one of Germany's leading stables with 22 of the finest horses in the country from which to select his mounts for classic events all over Europe.

He has accepted a retainer from Baroness Oppenheim to become first jockey at Schlenderhan, her Cologne stable and stud, during the European summer racing season.

He will have a nice little serviced flat and a car of his own, and all the honor and prestige of riding first jockey for the Baroness, whose family has been among the aristocrats of racing for more than a century.

Geoff believes he is the youngest Australian ever to be offered an overseas retainer, and the offer came as a big surprise.

Last year, in addition to being leading apprentice jockey for the fifth time, he was the first apprentice jockey in 26 years to carry off the senior jockey premiership.

Now he has set his sights on the German racing classic — the German Derby — keeping his ambition just a healthy distance ahead of his thriving career.

Schlenderhan has seven entries in the Derby this year, and Geoff will make his choice of mount from these.

Two horses he's already particularly interested in meeting at Schlenderhan are the young colt Pantheon and the filly Juliet, both heading for brilliant careers.

Always neat

Geoff will ride in the brick-red and saxe-blue colors of the Baroness, but he will carry one of his favorite Australian whips, which, incidentally, he very rarely uses.

In character with his boyish good looks, always neat enough to have stepped from the sporting pages of "Tailor and Cutter," Geoff keeps his riding equipment in spanking condition, and will take pains to pack it carefully before leaving at the end of this month.

He has no qualms about riding for a female owner. He has ridden for several here, and has found that they don't try to "back-seat drive" before a race.

What is more, the Baroness is no ordinary horse-owner. She also owns a few South African diamond mines, a fact which would give a brighter glow to the hopes of any ambitious young man.

The Baroness engaged Lane through her Sydney agent—also a woman—who writes on Australian sport for a German sports paper.

Sydney jockey Jimmy Munro, brother of Darby Munro, rode for the Schlenderhan stable 30 years ago, but they have not had an Australian rider there since.

"German racing is not so renowned abroad as English racing, but like Irish racing it is just as high-class," Geoff said. "It's been in the doldrums since the war, but is now picking up."

German jockeys are generally heavier than Australian jockeys, but that suits Geoff, because he has trouble keeping his weight down to Australian requirements.

His lowest riding weight is 8st. 7lb., which means he is restricted in his choice of rides in Australia.

Geoff's mother, who had been hovering in the background while we talked, chipped in: "He's just too healthy, and he likes food. But if that flat in Germany doesn't include a cook, he'll have trouble, because—good jockey he might be—he's no cook."

Geoff said he planned to learn to speak German. "I'm told most Germans speak English well," he said, "but I'm not going to let that make me lazy."

With a grin he added: "If I can't understand their language, I won't know whether they are swearing at me or praising me."

Geoff is looking forward to getting overseas experience. "There's nothing in particular that Australian jockeys have to learn from others," he said, "but the opportunity of comparing styles and tactics on the track is valuable."

In going overseas, Geoff is following many famous Australian riders.

Scobie Breasley is in London for Sir Gordon Richards, W. Williamson is on his way to Dublin for Seamus McGrath, R. Hutchinson has just arrived in County Kildare (Ireland) for P. J. Prendergast.

But, unlike Geoff, each of these jockeys was in his mid-thirties when offered a first overseas appointment.

Famous rival

Geoff plans to stay in London for a few days with Scobie Breasley, longest established of the Australian jockey contingent overseas.

He is keen to know Scobie better and hopes to ride against him again.

Scobie has been home only twice in his ten years abroad and each time beat Geoff into second place.

Geoff will come home through America after his European season in time for the opening of the Australian spring carnivals, and hopes to ride Dhaulagiri in the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups again. Last year he rode him into second and fourth places respectively.

Continued overleaf

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SYDNEY AND MELBOURN

● *There's a big difference between the b*
and Sydney, but the girls ar

PINK AND PRETTY is the belle of Bondi Beach Julie Sheedy. Her mother made the checked gingham middy-top trimmed with white cotton lace, which Julie wears with white Bermudas.

CHERRY-RED is the brilliant choice of June Murray, who matched her swimsuit, towel, and hat for a day in the sun on a Melbourne beach.

of this paper shade. Single

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BEACH BELLES

es in Melbourne

qually pretty in either city.

***MELBOURNE'S** quiet bayside beaches on Port Phillip have a charm all their own and so do Sydney's stretches of boisterous surf. But no matter what the water's like, everywhere you look on these sunwashed beaches you'll see a pretty outfit. Their clothes are colorful and a little bit different.*

BLUE-AND-GOLD combination was chosen by Nita Cunico for a walk along Deewhy Beach, Sydney. The gay romper suit was made by her mother; beach towel adds color.

BLUE-AND-WHITE-STRIPED terry-towelling trimmed with bobble fringe makes Angela Braham's beach tunic, which catches all eyes on the promenade at Bondi Beach.

BLUE BRAID trims this striped play-suit worn by Martha Walker, of Caulfield, Melbourne, who took her Golden Labrador, Rosie, to the beach with her.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Growing-up

"I JOINED the Girl Guides last June and have found it very interesting, but I am getting a bit tired of devoting my entire attention to this organisation. I also collect stamps, but that does not take up too much of my time. I am 12 years old and have just started high school. Because of this, I have asked if I could join the Girls' Friendly Society, but my mother said that I would have too much homework. I realise this, but I promised faithfully that I would always do at least half my homework before I left and the rest when I came home. G.F.S. finishes at 5.30, so I would not have to stay up too late (my normal bedtime is 8 o'clock). But I think Mum's main reason is that I once belonged to a gymnasium club, which I soon left because I did not like it. Unfortunately, Mum had already bought the equipment, and she says that, although she does not have to buy me a uniform, as soon as I join I will start pestering her for one. This is definitely not true. She will only have to pay threepence a week, and I have promised to see that it doesn't affect my schoolwork. Am I being unreasonable?"

Vivien, S.A.

"I AM Vivien's mother. I think Vivien has tried to present my side of the controversy fairly, but she has missed the main point: I think that she is splitting her energies too much, at a time when she is already complaining that she cannot find sufficient time for all the things she wants to do. She plays with her friends (outside, or in our home), she reads, listens to two quarter-hour episodes on the radio, goes swimming about once a week, to an evening meeting at the Girl Guides once a week (plus occasional weekend activities), plays with her cats, wants to take up tennis. Recently I have taken over from her watering half of the garden, as she complained that the whole garden left her insufficient time for herself. Apart from that, her chores are minor ones, such as polishing her own shoes, making her bed, etc. Even so, I give a hand if she is running short of time. I don't want to imply that Vivien is lazy; only that there seems to be no time to spare without my taking over even more. In fact, if she has time over, I think she might do some studies towards her second-class test in the guides. Her membership there has cost us quite a bit of money and time, and I'd like her to get the utmost benefit from it before increased homework towards her leaving certificate year makes attendance impracticable and new interests take over. The 3d. a week at the Friendly Society is, of course, not a factor. All I am trying to say is that there are only 24 hours in a day, and that I feel that hers is full enough. What do you think?"

"Vivien's Mother."

Everyone in their life has to deal with some kind of authority — children with parents, school children with teachers, workers with employers, husbands with wives, wives with husbands. They have to ask "May I do this?"

One day, Vivien, you will be the authority appealed to by someone. When you are you will realise how very easy it is to say "No." It was pointed out to me some years ago that the person who always says "No" should have a few minutes more thought about their refusal and the reason for it. Many people say "No" just to exert their authority and show their power over the person who asks.

The person who disciplined me for saying "No" when a privilege was asked for said: "Before you say 'No' ask yourself: 'Why shouldn't I say 'Yes?'"

Your mother has told me, and you, very straightforwardly why she couldn't say "Yes." I agree with her.

She has a responsibility to society (which means me and you and all the other people in the world) to bring up her daughter properly and present her to the world when the time comes — educated, able to earn her own living, deal with the social problems that arise, accept responsibility, be well-mannered, and the kind of girl that everyone would like to know.

She has given you jobs to do to teach you to accept responsibility. What happens? You don't do all of them. You have already managed to cut your garden watering job in half, so that you will have more time to yourself. It's a pity your mother let you get away with this. You are spoiled. If you have time to join the Girls' Friendly Society you certainly have time to water the whole garden.

Your complaint about this job shows that you are not prepared to take your share of the family responsibilities.

What about the Girl Guides? It is only 10 months since you joined this organisation and you are "tired of devoting your entire attention" to it. There is no doubt that all of us outgrow interest as time passes. But do you think you have learned all you could from the Guides yet? Why not work hard and pass the second-class test? If you do this, perhaps your mother will consent to your leaving the organisation and joining the G.F.S.

I think it's time you realised a bit more about the value of money, too. You say if you join the G.F.S. "she (Mother) will only have to pay 3d. a week." As it is only that much, surely you should pay it yourself out of your pocket money? It should not be taken for granted that parents pay for everything for you.

The money involved in this case is not affecting the issue. You are, by your attitude. You appear to be prepared to fill your free hours with all kinds of interests as long as you have to accept no responsibility, and drop any of them once you tire of it. Remember the gymnasium?

I don't think you are being unreasonable, just thoughtless. Your mother is quite right about the splitting of your energies. Her plan is not thoughtless, it is a long-term one to get you ready to take your place in the world.

Originally parents presented their daughter to the world as the finished product when she made her debut or "came out" of the shelter of her school and home, able to cope with the world. Today, making a debut is comparatively rare and generally just means that a girl may go to formal dances.

But although the original ceremony of making a debut is now completely out of date, parents still must do their part of the job and prepare their daughter for the world.

I think you should try to arrange your time better, Vivien, so that you have time to do all the jobs set for you by your mother, and get the most out of your many interests. It doesn't sound to me as if you could cope with any more at present.

And please, Vivien's mother, when you give Vivien jobs to do, insist that she does them. Don't help if she is running late, let her pay the penalty for lateness or she'll be unpunctual all her life; don't take over jobs like watering the garden. Loving mothers find it very hard to stick to rules about jobs they give children, but children respect and love them more when they do. When parents are strict about jobs being done, the child knows it has to do it and does so uncomplainingly; but if they're not, the child will try to get out of the job time after time.

"Just a minute, Chuck, I think I hear her coming now."

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

THE noblewomen of ancient Rome bathed in asses' milk for beauty. You needn't go so far, but if you look round the kitchen you'll find some ways to beauty that have stood the test of time.

Here are the prescriptions:

TAKE A LEMON AND

- Drink its juice in warm or cold water every morning on rising to improve your skin.
- Rinse your skin with warm water to which has been added its juice for gleam and glisten.

TAKE AN EGG AND

- Separate the white and the yolk. Beat the yolk and rub it into your wet hair, then shampoo in the ordinary way.
- Beat the egg-white till stiff and apply it to your face. Relax for ten minutes till it dries. Rinse off with warm water and hey presto! you have the same result as you get from a facial.

TAKE SOME BUTTER AND

- Clean your make-up off with it. It is a wonderful cleanser and nourishes the skin, too.

TAKE SOME OLIVE OIL AND

- Warm it in a cup. Soak your nails, then rub some into your hands, put on a pair of cotton gloves, and go to bed.

TAKE SOME ICE AND

- Wrap it in a piece of gauze. After you have cleaned your face, before you apply new make-up, rub the ice over it. It tones your skin, gives you a pretty color, and makes you feel fine.

Shangri-la

"COULD you kindly tell me the meaning of the word 'shangri-la'? I have always understood it to be the aboriginal word for 'paradise,' but I have been told differently. If this is not correct, could you give me the aboriginal word for 'paradise' or the word that means 'paradise'?"

M.W., N.S.W.

"Shangri-la" is not an aboriginal word. The first time it was used that I know of was by a novelist called James Hilton, who wrote a book called "Lost Horizon," in which he called a place that was a kind of earthly paradise, "shangri-la." At "shangri-la" no one grew old, life was without problems, unhappiness was inconceivable.

I have consulted a number of authorities about the aboriginal word. So far the nearest they can find are two words that mean "heaven." These two words are "moroko" and "wir."

- *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

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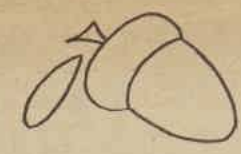
How easy it is to make A JERKIN!



By KIRSTEN WARD

● ***A team of reindeers came all the way from Greenland with this easy-to-make jerkin for you to wear (and look wonderful in) this winter.***

IT'S adapted from the tingmiak worn by Eskimo women. Theirs are made from soft animal skins and ornamented with beads. We made ours from felt.

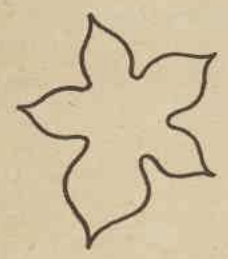
Jerkins were the winter fashion in the United States this year.

YOU WILL NEED: 3yds. of soft felt and bits and pieces in different colors to make the appliques; sewing cotton to match.

Make a pattern, following the diagram below. Each square equals an inch square. Our pattern will fit 34 to 36in. bust.

Pin your pattern on fold of material, but before you start cutting check your measurements against the pattern. Remember, to be really smart the tingmiak should fit loosely.

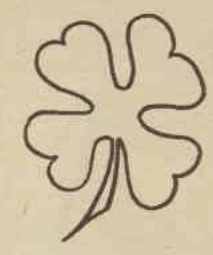
With tailor's chalk, mark the applique section on the material (see diagram).



Pin and tack the front and back pieces together along the sides and underarms from A to B. And pin and tack the seam from D to E. Machine approximately ¾in. from the edge.

Turn right side out and pin, tack, and machine the cuffs on the right side so that the seam will be hidden when the cuffs are turned back.

Press seams open and sew the side-slit facings down by hand.



NECKLINE: Now carefully measure around the neckline and cut the collar 1in. longer. Machine the ends of the collar together, allowing ½in. seam.

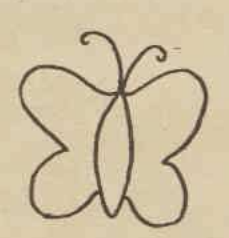
Press the seam open.

Now pin and tack the WRONG side of the collar to the RIGHT side of the tingmiak, so that when the collar is folded down, the seam will be hidden. Machine, leaving ½in. seam.

Press both sides of the neckline seam downwards, so the collar will stand up.

Pin and tack pockets in position, then machine flat on the material about ¼in. in from edge. Don't forget to leave the top of pockets open.

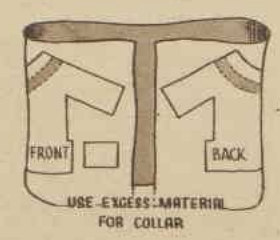
APPLIQUES: Think up your own or use our diagrams on this page as guides. Be wise in your choice of colors — but don't be frightened to be gay.

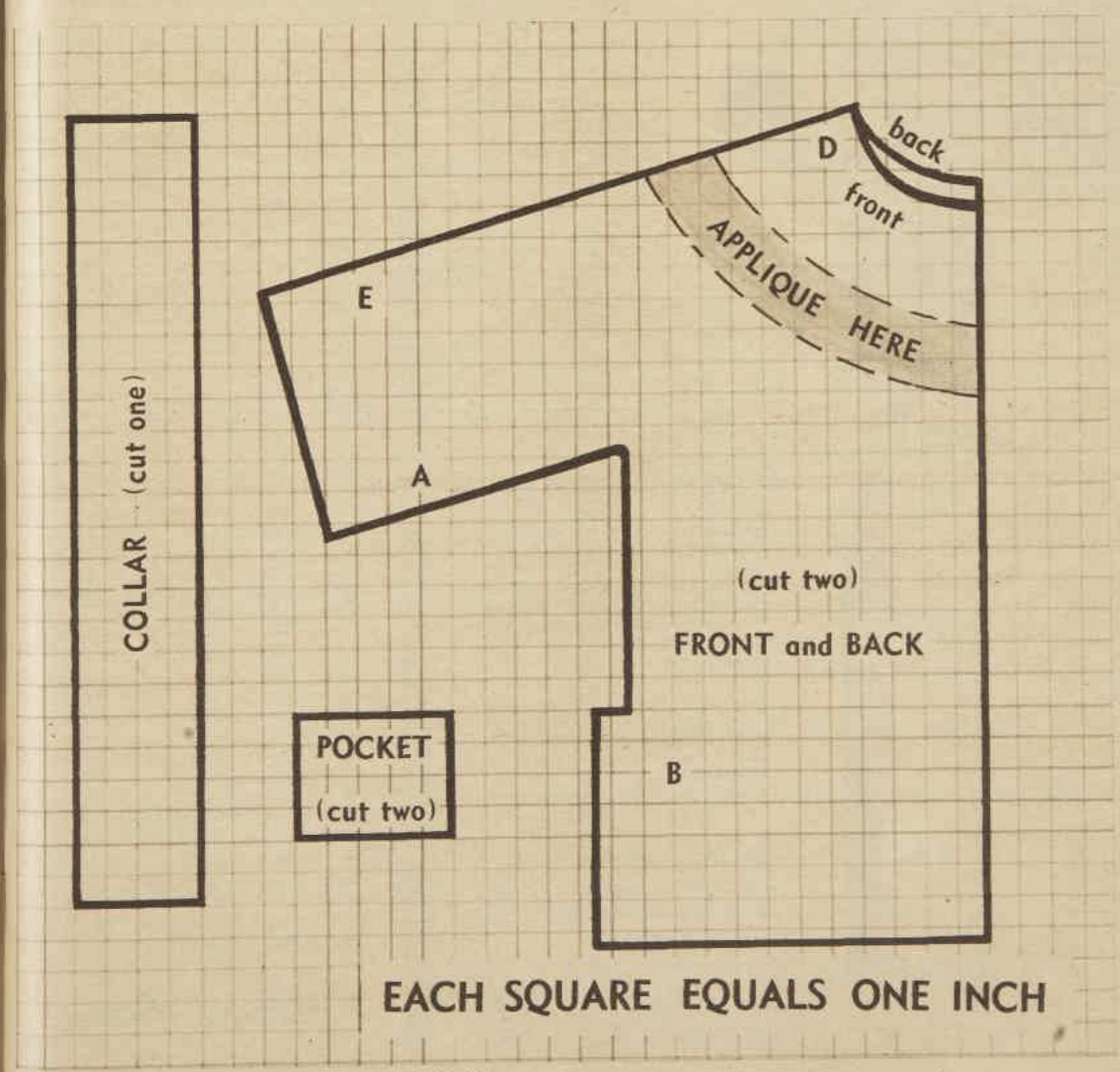


When you have your felt pieces cut out, pin them all on first and arrange to give the best effect.

Hemstitch on neatly with cotton matching the applique. The stitch should only show on the applique. Press lightly.

All eyes will be on you when you team it with slacks for casual parties and barbecues or that week in the snow you're planning.





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Party hands

● *When the invitations are out and there's a gay party ahead, that's the time to spend some extra minutes on pretty party hands.*

By Carolyn Earle

THE surest way to satin-smooth hands in a hurry is to make them up with a suitably tinted foundation that you can powder over. Then add the gleam and sparkle of your favorite polish to your fingernails and presto! you're ready for some nice notices.

Polished fingernails, particularly if the polish is in a pale, frosted shade, make even a not-so-attractive young hand look cared for.

Always take care to pick a shade of polish that "goes" with the color or complexion of your hand, and keep in mind your lipstick and clothes colors.

Dark and medium shades call attention to the nails, are best for long, well-shaped hands such as the graceful ones in the picture.

Light and transparent shades are flattering to short, stubby fingers, give an appearance of extra length.

But, to get back to the business of those pretty party hands—if your own nails simply won't stand the test of glamor, you can always fall back on fake nails for a party night.

Even some of our top fashion models wear fake fingernails when there's the need. You can buy them either colored or plain at department store beauty counters; they're not expensive and you can pop them on quite easily with just a bit of practice.

Beginners will find that it's easier to polish the whole nail than to try to leave the moons uncovered. Two thin coats of color dry fast, last well. For a special evening, add a third coat of the same shade or of a pearly or gilded tone and allow to dry hard.

THE CASE OF THE PRIVATE (EYE)FUL!

● **The story of the "private-eye" is an open book (usually paper-backed) to most people.**

BUT the other day, as I sat in my office waiting for a case to come in (a lot of the people who come in are "cases"!) and fortified myself with a finger of Old Tea (I had to use my finger; there was no spoon to stir it!), I wondered.

Why, I thought, is the private eye traditionally a male?

For, of course, girls are extraordinarily well equipped by everyday actions to be natural private eyes — or eyefuls.

Perhaps I could say every girl as a shamus can shame us and take the Mickey out of Spillane!

For instance, many young housewives have a claim to the fame of a famous name by their Sheer-luck Homes!

Then, isn't a lass often Untouchable because she's an Elegant Mess?

My Pink(erton)-lipped popsies are armed in the thud-and-blunder tradition, too.

I've often seen a girl trying to catch a boy —and a cold shoulder halts-her!

They "shadow" their eyes, also!

And when you're dancing with a damsel, isn't the jig up eventually?

As well as being private operatives, girls, of course, are ably suited to being used more as official police officers.

What could induce a criminal to turn himself in and whine, "It's a fair cop," than just that—a fair cop? Any bloke will go quietly with a cutie — he has to, because she's usually talking enough for both of them!

Yes, unfortunately, in my pretty police force there are no silent cops! Nor, I must confess, are there many volunteers for plain-clothes duty.

Nevertheless, other branches of detection make every girl a potential Black Maria. As any bridegroom will tell you, girls are interested in the consort-ing squad, an arrest by a member of which always ends in a life sentence!

If you don't believe me, the next girl you meet **inspector** age and see how far you get. No, that's arson (squad) for trouble!

And, while few lasses belong to the C.I.B., don't most at some time join the C.I.told-you-so squad?

Well, that's about the end of my file on the private eye(ful) or fair cop and what makes her 'tec.

How have I managed to close the case so brilliantly?

As I said to my girl assistant, Miss Ella Mentary, as we set out on a date the other night: "Ella Mentary, my dear, what's on?"

—Robin Adair

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LISTEN HERE
—with Ainslie Baker

● Fourteen-year-old Sue Adams, who's still a pupil at Kogarah High School, Sydney, has just had the thrill of cutting her first disc, a single for H.M.V.

HER introductory songs are "Secret," all about a teen romance that isn't as private as the participants think, and "Chain of Love."

Though she rocks and rolls with the best of them at parties, Sue's really an old-time-dance fan, and won a Junior Bronze Medal for quickstep, slow fox-trot, and jazz waltz when she was 12.

Her other interests are following the St. George District Football Club, her brown-and-white bulldog, Kippy, and dress-designing, which she thinks might combine well with a singing career when she grows up.

Local talent: You'll find that a big step forward has been taken by **Rob E.G.** with his new instrumental, "Comanche Sunset" (Pye 45). French horns, oboe, cor anglais, a girls' choir, guitars, bass drums, piano, and Rob's own guitar are all heard in Tommy Tycho's arrangement of Rob's original tune. He does a vocal on the beaty-with-a-gimmick flipside, "The Beauty and the Beast."

IF the picture on the jacket of **The Webb Brothers'** EP "The Jockeys Are Striking" looks familiar, it's because you first saw it in this paper, illustrating a story about them at the end of 1959. Queensland's "Gentlemen Cowboys" mix a bit of pop with their own country style.

NEXT time you feel the urge for the simplicity and charm of some folk music, give a thought to the delightful Columbia album of **Kathleen McCormack**, "My Ireland," which, incidentally, is her sixth LP. The way of this talented Irish-Australian with such ballads and traditional airs as "If I Were a Blackbird" and "Cuttin' the Corn In Creeshala" is a joy.

Pops: Hot on the search for a new sound, **Ray Conniff** introduces flamenco guitars on almost half the tracks of his new Coronet LP, "Memories Are Made of This." His usual chorus, of course, is along, too. Among the time-tested tunes supplying the memories are "My Foolish Heart," "Love Me Tender," and "Love Letters in the Sand."

Movie music: "Where the Boys Are" (M.G.M. 45) has a place in any **Connie Francis** collection because it's Connie singing the title tune of her very first picture. On the flip you hear "No One," a warm, throaty ballad that's more grown-up.

MEMORABLE movie themes such as the "Moulin Rouge" song, "High Noon," "The Third Man Theme," and "Colonel Bogey" ("The Bridge On The River Kwai") can be heard in pleasing rearrangements on **Henry Jerome's** "Brazen Brass Goes Hollywood" (Festival LP, mono or stereo).

Jazz: Musicians claim the late **Billie Holiday** (tragic daughter of a Fletcher Henderson guitarist) was the very voice of jazz itself. It's a revelation to hear her early (1935-37) swinging style on "Lady Day" (Coronet LP). A wonderful reference disc, complete with dates and personnels, among which you'll find a galaxy of jazz greats. There's the celebrated "Miss Brown To You," with Billie, Benny Goodman, and Teddy Wilson, and Billie's first session under her own name, "Summertime," "Billie's Blues."

Opera: Australia's own "Merry Widow," **June Bronhill,** starred in the 1960 Sadler's Wells production of Offenbach's melodious "Orpheus In the Underworld," highlights of which are now on an H.M.V. LP. Even if you aren't normally an opera fan, don't be put off. Offenbach's score abounds in melodies you'll recognise, even though you've maybe never known where they come from. (Mono or stereo.)

WORTH HEARING

MENDELSSOHN and TCHAIKOVSKY: Violin concertos.

VIOLIN CONCERTOS tend to come in singles. Although Mozart and the older composers wrote them in numbers, the major composers of the 19th century who wrote violin concertos—Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak—wrote only one apiece. This may be due to chance alone, or it may be that the lyrical outpouring that is typical of the romantic violin concerto comes only once in a composer's life. Or it may be that most of them, being pianists, found the effort of writing a violin concerto too much to repeat.

Of these singleton concertos the most noble and profound are undoubtedly those of Beethoven and Brahms; but the concertos of Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky, both shorter and "lighter" works, rival these in popularity. They are combined on a new recording from R.C.A. with the solo parts brilliantly played by the American violinist Isaac Stern, who has twice visited Australia and is due to tour here again this year. He is accompanied by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.

The two works are well contrasted: the Mendelssohn is the more elegant and polished, the Tchaikovsky more passionate and uninhibited. But both are captivatingly tuneful.

—Martin Long

He gave up the sea to sing chanties

By DIANE ROBERTS

● No more swabbing the decks or polishing brass for 18-year-old Timmy Gaunt, late of the Australian Merchant Navy. Instead he'll be strumming a guitar and singing sea chanties.

TIMMY comes from the Sydney suburb of Mona Vale and is now the third member of the popular singing trio the Windjammers.

With his blond hair and blue eyes he looks slightly Scandinavian, and this was one of the deciding factors in his being accepted for the group.

Timmy was a sailor, and still is in a sense. After leaving school at 16 he joined the Merchant Navy with his brother Mike, intending to do the four-year training course before sitting for his second master's ticket.

He travelled between Sydney and the Fiji Island group, calling in at Queensland and New Zealand, but after two years he has given it up to make a career of singing sea chanties on land.

Still a bit bewildered by it all, he tried to explain:

"Last time on leave I saw an advertisement on television for a 'young man of Scandinavian appearance who can sing and play a guitar' to join the Windjammers.

"I've never had a singing lesson or learnt to play a guitar, but I have blond hair, so I decided to give it a go.

"You see, after a year at sea I bought an old guitar. I wanted something to fill in my spare time between studying and working on board ship.

"Studying was learning the art of seamanship, and working meant chipping off rust and painting.

"So I taught myself to play the guitar. Mike and I would have sing-songs in the cabin we shared or up on deck under the stars.

"Then when I saw that ad I applied for an audition.

"I was terribly nervous at first, but after meeting the Windjammers I was at ease straight away. They just asked me to sit down and sing a song."

Timmy didn't know the results of the audition immediately, so he went to sea again. When he arrived in Suva (Fiji) there were some sheets of music and a note from the Windjammers asking him to learn the songs and see them when he got back.

"I couldn't read music very well, so I taught myself on the way back," he said simply. "Three days later they told me I had a job, so now I'm a Windjammer."

The other Windjammers are two Norwegians, Harald Tusberg, 25, and Sven Erik Libaek, 22.

Harald is the trio's business manager, Sven is the musical director (he is helping Timmy with his guitar), and Timmy is the public-relations man.

Sven and Harald met during filming of "The Windjammers."

The film tells the story of the historic voyage of Leif Ericsson, reputed to be the first white man to set foot on the American continent.

Harald, Sven, and a fellow Norwegian, Kaare Terland, played the main roles, and the story was filmed on the windjammer Christian Radich during a nine months' voyage.

It has been a smash hit in Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and the United States.

When the boys arrived in America they went on the road as the Windjammers and played at the opening of the film in scores of theatres.

Later they stayed together as a group and began a successful TV career.

Last August they came to Australia on a one month's TV contract, and they were so popular their contract was renewed. Kaare, however, had to return to America to finish his schooling.

That gave Timmy his big chance.

The Windjammers specialise in folk songs. They sing songs picked up in the ports of call made by Christian Radich, and most of them have a nautical flavor. If you haven't seen and heard them on TV, you may have heard them on an R.C.A. EP called "The Windjammers."

● For a pin-up of the three Windjammers, turn overleaf. From left they are Sven, Harald, and Timmy.

FEMERITAL

dispels depression, eases period pain, making you feel bright and confident again.

5/6

At all Chemists

Continued overleaf

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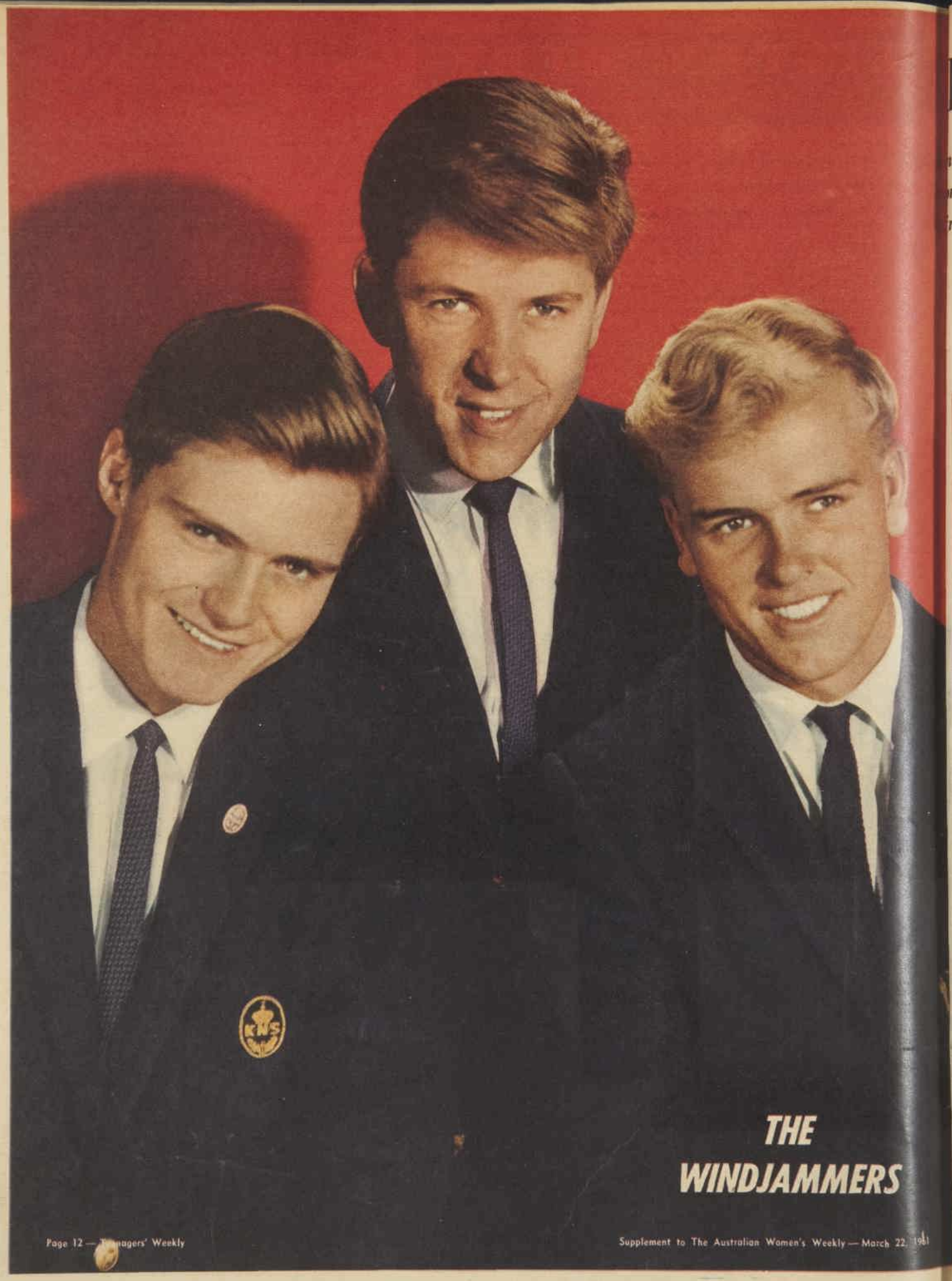

THE WINDJAMMERS

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

● SANDRA, back from modelling in Paris, is told by Major Scott that the next week she will be leaving to parade his autumn collection in Venice! In Venice Sandra is spending a free day bathing at the Lido. A handsome Italian introduces himself. NOW READ ON . . .

By BILL SAWYER

RIVETS

with lines or coils and trimmed with velvet. This is inner lining, but first it must be

Continued overleaf

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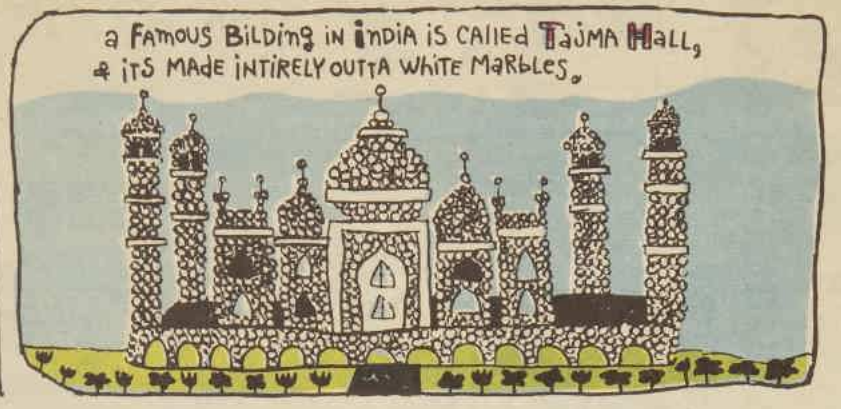
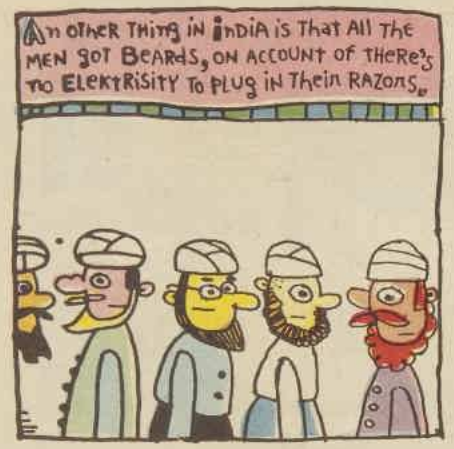
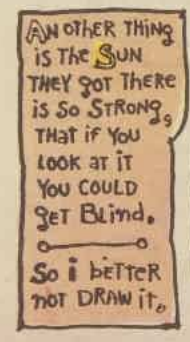
Jacky's Diary.

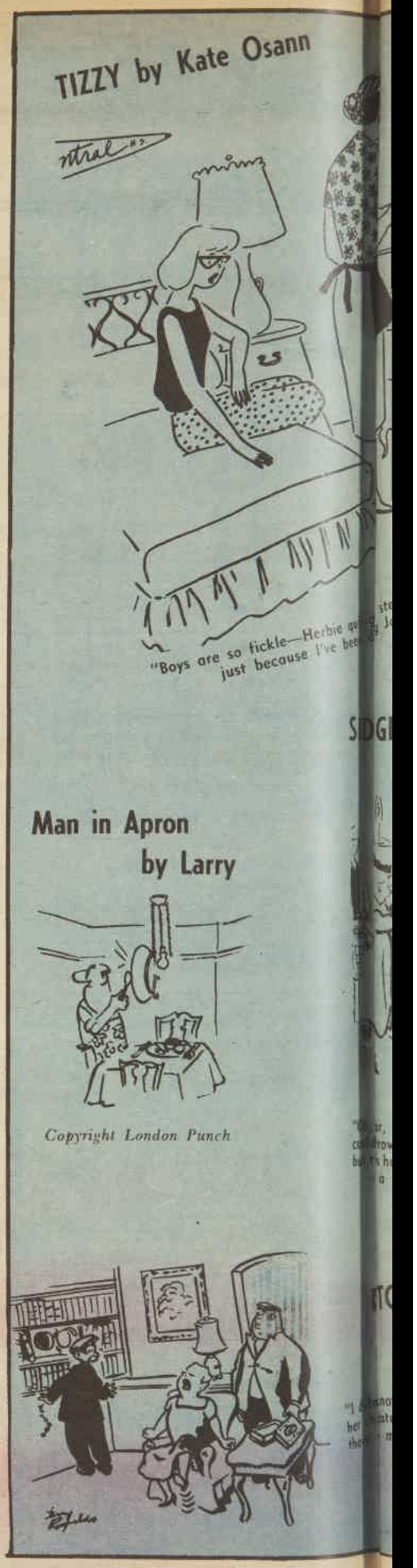
By Jacky Mendelsohn age 33½.







TIZZY by Kate Osann



"Boys are so fickle—Herbie qu... just because I've bee...

Man in Apron by Larry

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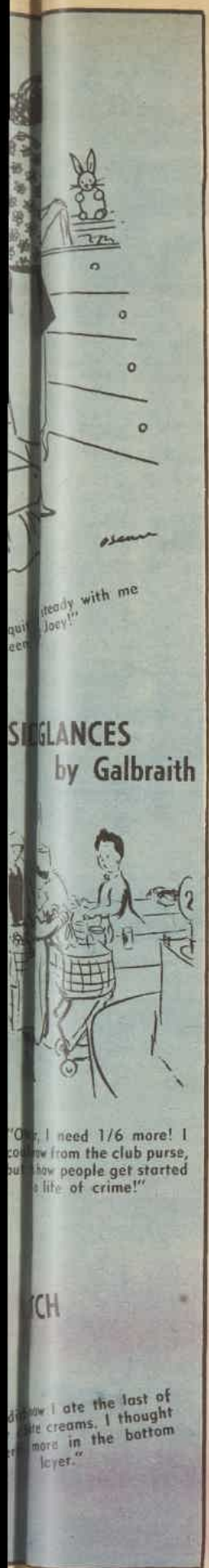

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MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, has summoned, for the first time, the aid of the forces of Magnon, the Emperor of the Universe. He used the Galactic Alarm given him by Magnon in a previous adventure. At first the strange water pirates did not believe Mandrake, but their sensitive radar picked up the alarm and the approach of Magnon's spaceships. NOW READ ON . . .

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